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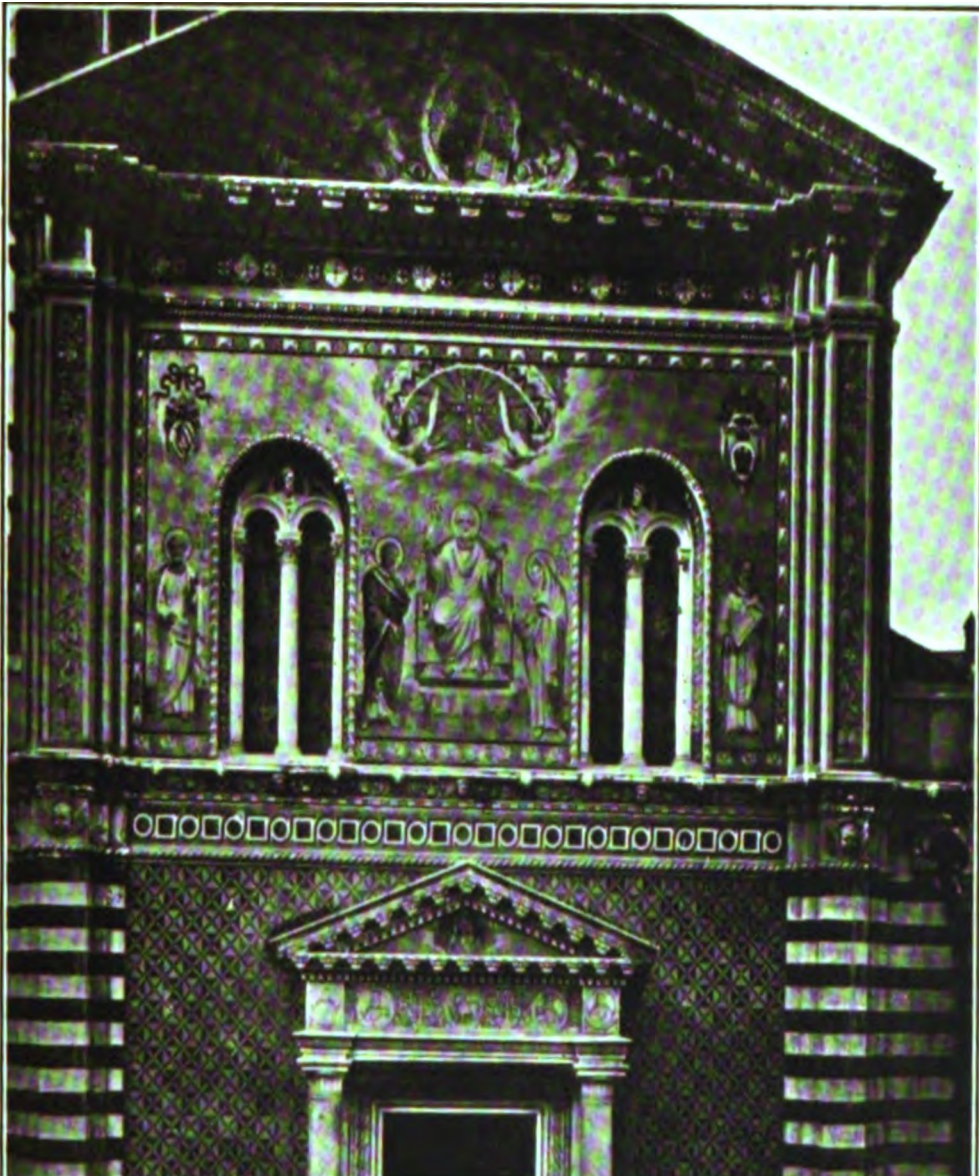
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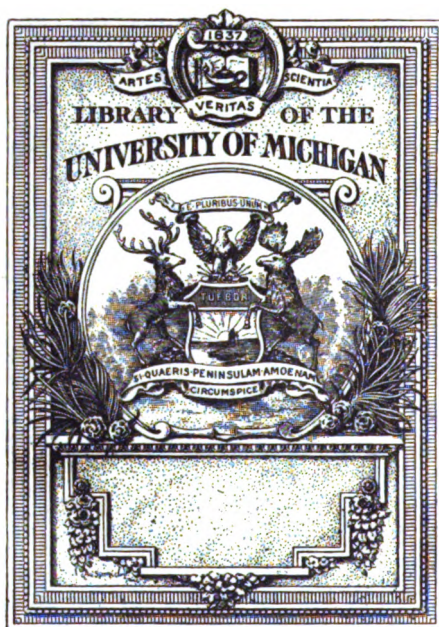
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Saints and places

John Ayscough



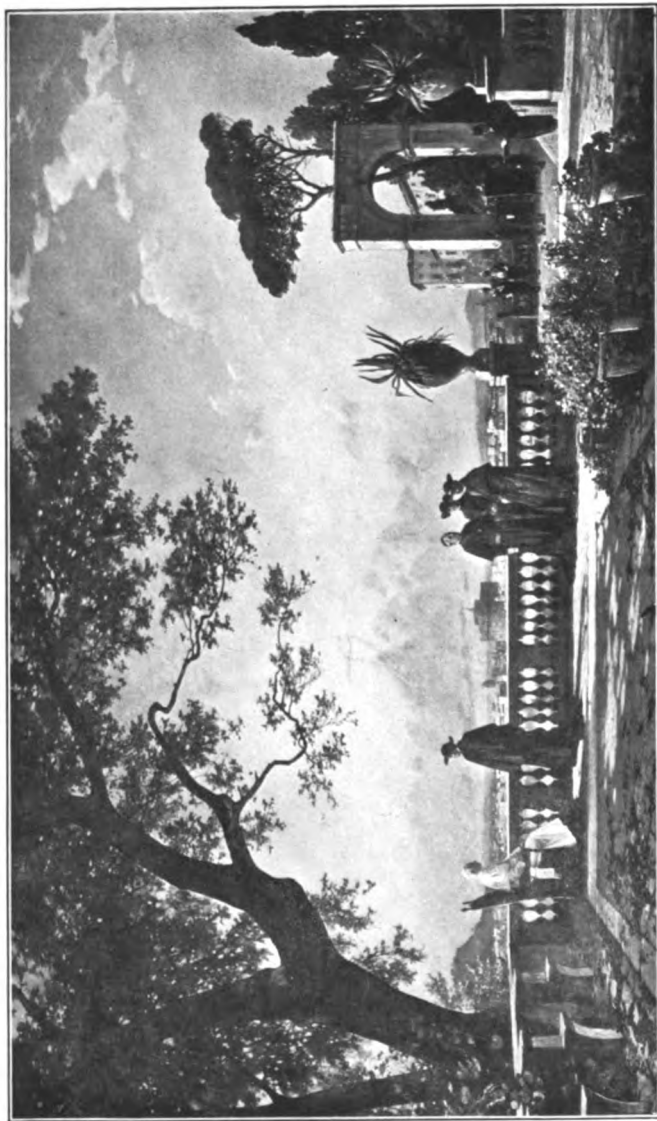
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SAINTS AND PLACES





POPE LEO XIII IN THE GARDEN OF THE VATICAN

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SAINTS AND PLACES

BY

JOHN AYSCOUGH, *second*
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THE VATICAN

LEO XIII

SAINTS AND PLACES

THE VATICAN LEO XIII

IT is well known that in spite of the universal interest taken in him, and in spite of his long reign, Leo XIII is a far less familiar figure to the world than were many of his predecessors. His appearance is less familiar, for he detests having his portrait taken. And Leo XIII from the beginning of his reign has been unprodigal of audiences. Of course there have been times when, as on the occasion of the two jubilees, he has been seen by vast assemblages of fifty and eighty thousand persons at once. But as a rule Leo XIII shows himself to very few persons at a time, and even such audiences are much rarer than was the case under recent preceding pontificates. Latterly the restriction of them has become greater still, and it must inevitably increase. A

pontiff of nearly ninety years, whose health, though marvellous for such an age, is lamentably frail, and who is cruelly fatigued by the exertion and strains of interviews with strangers, is driven to entrench himself against the unsparing assaults of those who come to Rome from the four winds of God, eager to have seen the face and hear the voice of that glorious personality that fills so pathetically the Throne of the Fisherman. The vast majority of mankind must be content to hear of the Pope at second hand, and so it is that, without apology, I write down here the recollection of a special audience with His Holiness.

There were thirty-five of us, a small private pilgrimage—that is, a pilgrimage organized among a party of friends without advertisement in any newspaper. And we were a modern pilgrimage, with no distinctive dress or badge, or method of progression. “You are going, of course, devoutly on your feet?” a lady inquired of the Promoter of the pilgrimage. “Certainly,” he said, “it would be ridiculous to go upon our heads.” But our feet were booted in the fashion of the time,

and we did not walk. Nor were there any peas, except now and then in the soup. One day in St. John Lateran, we saw a real pilgrim, cockle-shell and all, gaunt and travel-worn; she had walked to the Eternal City all the way from Poland; she was *not* to see the Holy Father and we were. It made one feel a little ashamed.

We left our hotel in the Via del Tritone early in the morning of the Sunday of our audience, for we were to be at the Vatican by quarter to eight. Everyone was punctual—except an Irish Canon, who, as the Promoter complained, would never go off at the right moment, and was much too apt to go off of himself. There was an autumn smell on the cool morning air as we drove, rather silently, through the streets that were quiet enough still.

Right and left one saw right along the empty Corso, past the “mine own hired house” of St. Paul, Santa Maria in Via Lata, and along to the “Flaminian Gate” at one end, the Palazzo di Venezia at the other. In all the cortège of carriages scarcely anyone spoke. No one in all our party had ever seen

the Pope and to-day was a day of our lives. "I never thought I should," was the thought of most of us. Our privilege was a special one. We were not only to be received in special audience but we were to hear the Pope's Mass. So, in a tense silence, we drove on—past Monte Citorio, along the Tor di Nona, over the Ponte Sant' Angelo, and so into the Borgo, past the black bulk of Hadrian's empty tomb.

Tiber ran yellow and swift and swollen beneath Bernini's Bridge. How odd the changelessness and identity of things that are changing momentarily! The same Tiber that Horatius swam, and not one drop of water beneath the bridge that was there when we set out. It was cool but very fine and sunny; the sky came down blue to the horizon, and against it the white Roman stone stood out clearly. Down the straight length of the Borgo, out across the Piazza di San Pietro, past the Obelisk that Caligula brought from the Egyptian sands to the flat among the Hills by Tiber, and so to the Porta di Bronzo. Here we stop and leave the carriages. We follow the Promoter of the pilgrimage across

the end of Bernini's Colonnade to the huge Gates of Bronze that are the principal entrance of the Pontifical Palace. He pauses a moment for his little company to close together, and one notices that he too is eager and excited. He is always quiet, but his penetrating blue eyes are full of light and movement. The Swiss Guard turn out to salute him, and he lifts the quaint beaver gravely from his head at once so white and so young.

So we pass on, not continuing along the main approach to the Scala Regia, but turning at once to the right through the great doors that lead by another immense staircase to the apartments of the Major Domo of the Apostolic Palace, those of the Maestro di Camera di Sua Santità, and the Cortile dei Ambascadori.

It is quaint, having come up so many stairs, to find oneself again out of doors, and, so to speak, on the ground floor. But the Palace of the Fisherman stretches its huge length along one of the hills of Trastevere from which it takes its name of Vatican. We cross the Courtyard of Ambassadors, and attack another staircase. The marble steps are shal-

low and very easy of ascent, but they seem endless. At the summit we pause outside a huge leafed door; it opens, and we are in the immense and splendid Hall of Urban VIII, and now we have left far behind the Vatican as it is known to the mere tourist and sight-seer. This is the outer vestibule of the Papal Apartments. The polished and inlaid floor reflects the lights and shadows of quaint and old-world costumes—*bussolanti* in their crimson, *camerieri di spada é cappa* in cloak and sword and ruffle. All is centuries old and of a staid imperial picturesqueness. Through half a dozen halls we follow our Promoter, himself conducted by a courtly and courteous official of the Household, and again and again saluted by sentries in the quaint and splendid uniform of the Pope's Household Troops. For our Promoter himself is "of the Household"—*della Famiglia Nobile di Sua Santità*.

And now they stop. Outside an open door stand two Noble Guards in their gorgeous uniform, with blazing helmet and sweeping plume. Through that open door is the Pope. We gather close behind our Promoter and follow him into the Throne Room of the

Vatican, a large, red room, hung with silk damask and gold, of a "palatial plainness," and fitted for the time as a chapel, as it frequently is, when the Sovereign Pontiff is about to say Mass for a party too large to be accommodated in his own small personal oratory. The altar, handsome but absolutely plain after the manner of a Roman altar in Rome, stands under the great canopy in the place of a throne. To the right is the door leading by a very small anteroom into the sitting-room of His Holiness. On the left, almost in the corner, is a prie-dieu, at which someone in white is kneeling. The Promoter of the pilgrimage is escorted to a place not three feet from the kneeling figure in the white cloth cassock, and I am as near to the prie-dieu as he is. The long white cassock seems empty! The figure it drapes is so slight, so fleshless. The head is bowed upon and hidden by hands as colourless and clear as white wax. Then it is raised a little from the white cushion, and on one of the fingers blazes a ring, much too large for the fleshless finger it encircles; it was the gift of the German Emperor.

And soon the head is further raised; the first Mass, said by Monsignor Angeli, is proceeding, and the thin arm is lightly touched by Monsignor Cagiano di Azevedo, Maestro di Camera, the signal for the oblation of the elements, and the Pope lifts his head and stretches out his right hand to bless the water. Then his head sinks again and he falls back into his prayer, as a child that has been awakened lapses again into its sleep. "It is the Pope!" One says it to oneself over and over again. "It is the Pope," and one is kneeling a yard from his side, as, with unspeakable groanings, he pours forth his prayer for the world, on which only his tired feet rest.

There is something awesome about the prayer of the Pope. Whatever the world may think of him he thinks of himself that he is in it as the Vicar of God—God's Ambassador in the world that is His, that has from the very first been rebellious. He is alone with a loneliness that freezes the very thoughts as one tries to realize it. He is on the mountain top, cloud-wreathed, out of the world's sight, storm-circled, removed from the sound of the foolish plain that he can scarcely see beneath.

And as Moses prayed he prays—with a kind of intimate persistence, wresting his children's needs out of the willing hand of God, who only longs for an excuse to give. Leo XIII prays not only as if he and God were there, but as if all mankind were in their hearts.

The pathos of that sight is beyond all telling to describe. The central Act of Christian worship proceeding, with its lasting but not hasty swiftness, as if, as Cardinal Newman said, the place were holy ground, and it were presumptuousness to linger; and, kneeling, bowed with his years as with his worship, the great central figure of that which is the Corporate Presentation of the Christian idea to the world; the long shadows falling backwards from him over three generations, the nearing lights of another country seeming to touch and break upon the bent, white head. So soon, so soon must King and Viceroy meet!

The big room is very quiet. There is the subdued voice of the priest at the altar, now and then the turning of a leaf or the clink of a rosary, now and then one of those ineffable groanings from the bowed white figure in the

corner, once a low, gasping sob from someone, overwrought and emotional, occasionally the jingle of a sword or some accouterment from a Noble Guard. But in the main a silence so insistent that one resents the heedless ticking of a clock somewhere in the room.

Outside the autumn sunshine bathes everything in light; yellow Tiber hurrying to Ostia to keep its world-old assignation with the Tyrrhenian Sea; weird Campagna stretching out to its meeting with the sky; Ponte Molle, where Maxentius and Constantine came to grips; the flat Flaminian way. At the other end of Rome, in his stolen palace on the Quirinal, the King of "united" Italy is probably at breakfast with his Queen (who would like they tell us, to be a good Catholic like all her family before her) and the guests who came for yesterday's gala. But here are we, silent, thoughtful, *reveux*, in this room of the unequalled palace that was never a King's but has for ever represented a world-empire. And, kneeling in our midst, its master and our own.

The Mass ends. The Pope rises and passes to the altar. At first he seems so feeble that

one's only feeling is compunction at being the cause of a fresh and unnecessary fatigue. The face seems quite bloodless, and hands and neck have the same clear waxen whiteness. His steps are neither wavering nor tottering, but he walks as one weak and weary with long pilgrimage. At the foot of the altar the Pope rests. And the white wool of the cassock is covered by the white flax of the alb. * * * The Mass begins, and moment by moment one's wonder grows at the power of the voice that dwells in such a frail organ. To me it seems much more impressive that it is "Low" Mass, and is said by the Pope no differently from the same Mass that is being said by thousands of priests throughout the world at this moment. The lips of the Church are never silent, but from the four winds the breath of the Sacrifice goes up forever from many lands in one eternal tongue. And now, like holy Job, who stood before the Lord to offer sacrifice for his sons lest they should have sinned, stands the great World-Father, praying for his children, who forget or who are too lazy to pray for themselves.

All too swiftly the great Act is over, and from his station on the mountain the Pope comes down. He unvests and goes back to his place at the prie-dieu, and a third Mass follows—which the Sovereign Pontiff always hears while he makes his own thanksgiving. Then that too is finished, and there is an expectant pause. A throne is set on the predella, underneath the great red baldachino in front of the middle of the altar, and the Holy Father moves quietly towards it and sits down. Close beside him now kneel the Archbishop of Trebizond, head of our Roman Reception Committee, and the Promoter of our pilgrimage, ready to tell the Holy Father our names and some small facts of interest concerning each.

All look of weariness has gone from the wonderful face that watches us all with so alert an interest. The severity of expression has melted into the kindly smile of affectionate, paternal greeting. The Pope listens with attentive interest while he is being told why our pilgrimage is so small; we are not come to “represent” anything, or anybody, we are not “national,” or “diocesan,” or “provincial,” we

are just ourselves, thirty-five ordinary people who have come to Rome to do him honor, and ask for his blessing. His attentiveness is of itself striking and delightful. There is no air of "listless," perfunctory undergoing of a stale and tiresome operation.

Then he calls us to him, and singly each of us goes to kneel before him. He asks our names, our state, our callings; he is full of affectionate interest. He holds the hands of each between his own; he fondles them like a very sweet and tender father; he lays his own hands on our heads, and with a caressing kindness strokes our cheeks and brows. He lets each one go reluctantly, and all the while he seems learning each face by heart with those wonderful, undimmed eyes. When all have kissed his hands, and the little gold cross upon his red shoe; when all have felt his kindly touch and heard his voice addressed to themselves individually, then the Pope speaks a few words of general greeting. He bids us all welcome, and thanks us for our long journey from our little island, lonely in the northern sea; he speaks of what Rome is, of her relics, of her monuments, of her memories,

of himself, whom we have come so far to see. He thanks us for our homage and our filial love. He asks of us our prayers, and finally he blesses us—us and ours, our homes, our families, our work, our hopes—he blesses us all down our life's journey, but, above all, he prays that we may be blest at the hour of our death. Then, assuming the stole, he stands up, and in sonorous tones, gives the Apostolic Benediction.

Still without any look of weariness or lassitude he then sits down once more, conversing with the Archbishop of Trebizond and our Promoter. In a few moments he rises and withdraws, by the door on the right, to his private apartments—to break his fast at last. The audience is over; we go our ways, but we carry with us a memory that will never fade. Time goes also on his way, pulling us, sometimes a little roughly, by the hand, and change jostles us and all the world. But through all the din of the world's rolling, through all the dust and rubbish of change, we keep our quiet memory till we ourselves shall have passed into the place of memories. From many lands there come the silly noise

of war, and sordid wranglings of race and dynasty, but still year in year out, the Fisherman keeps ward in his lonely watch-tower among the seven Hills beside the yellow Tiber, and straining ever eager eyes athwart the waste of waters, tempest-borne and darkling, he watches for his Master, and if perchance he may, to catch the souls of men.

**THE PANTHEON AND THE
COLISEUM**

THE PANTHEON AND THE COLISEUM

THE PANTHEON and the Coliseum are here bracketed together because both are magnificent relics of Pagan Rome intimately connected with Christian worship and sentiment.

Of all pagan buildings in the Eternal City, the Pantheon is the most perfect; there are other buildings originally dedicated to heathen worship and now consecrated to that of the Church, which, like the Pantheon, are not mere ruins; but of them all, the Pantheon is the most important, in size, in dignity, and in the unaltered retention of its original character, plan, and appearance, and in the massive simplicity of its beauty.

It is situated in a small piazza (between the Corso and the large and important Piazza Navona) where the herb market used to be held. In the square in front of the basilica is a fountain surmounted by an Egyptian obelisk, placed here in 1711, by Clement XI

of the house of Albani, whose arms and tiara decorate one side of the base on which it is mounted. The column is of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the oppression, and heard the groanings of the children of Israel, and saw the miraculous darkness of the ninth plague 8,400 years ago.

The Pantheon was built twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ by Marcus Agrippa during his third consulate; his second wife was Marcella, niece of Augustus; and his third wife was Julia, the Emperor's daughter, by whom he was father of the noble Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, whose statue in the Museo of Naples is the most perfect portrait statue in the world. She was banished by Tiberius in the year 80 A. D. to the island of Pandataria, and died there of starvation in the year 88 A. D. Her daughter, the second Agrippina, was as infamous as the daughter of Marcus Agrippa was virtuous, and, by Cneius Domitius Ahenobarbus, became the mother of a more infamous son, the Emperor Nero. So that the good and noble Marcus Agrippa was great-grandfather of that monster.

Thus it will be seen that the heathen founder of the basilica was nephew and son-in-law of one emperor and ancestor of another. By him the temple was dedicated to the honor of all the gods of the Roman mythology; and for four hundred years it was used for pagan worship. Not until the year 391 was it closed as a temple. Two hundred and seventeen years later Boniface IV consecrated it as a Christian Church, A. D. 608, by permission of the Emperor Phocas, under the title of Our Lady of the Martyrs.

The original foundation by Agrippa is still commemorated in the legible inscriptions on the frieze—"M. Agrippa L. F. Cos. Tertium Fecit." A smaller inscription, now nearly defaced, states that the temple was restored by the African Emperor, Septimus Severus, and his odious son Caracalla; this was in or about the year A. D. 202. "*Pantheum vetustate corruptum cum omni cultu restituerunt.*"—"The Pantheon, worn by age, they with all devotion restored."

But the temple had been almost destroyed by lightning in the reign of the Emperor Trajan (A. D. 98-117), and had been rebuilt

by his successor, Hadrian (A. D. 117-138.)

The portico is declared to be "more than faultless; it is positively the most sublime result that was ever produced by so little architecture" (Forsyth). The pronaos is 110 feet long and 44 deep, and is supported by sixteen glorious monoliths, 46½ feet in height. They are of oriental granite, with bases and Corinthian capitals of Greek marble, and are fifteen feet in girth. All are original columns except three; of these, one was placed in 1627 by Urban VIII, and the armorial tree of the Barberini is introduced into the design of the capitol. Alexander VII (Chigi) added the other two in 1662, and they are recognized by the star of his family arms. The pediment originally contained bas-reliefs, and the marks still remain showing where they were affixed.

To the left of the great doorway in the vestibule is an inscription in Latin, telling how Urban VIII, with what was left of the bronze of the roof, had moulded the spiral columns which now support the baldacchino over the high altar of St. Peter's, and also caused cannon to be cast for the castle of Sant' Angelo. The metal then removed was of

450,250 pounds weight. A thousand years earlier, in 668, the Emperor Constans II, had taken away the gilt-bronze tiles which covered the roof, carrying them off to Syracuse, where, when he was murdered a few years later, they fell to the spoil of the Saracens.

The bronze grating over the door has been preserved unaltered from the beginning, and the bronze doors themselves are agreed to be the originals given by Agrippa. The doorway is 39 feet high and 19 wide.

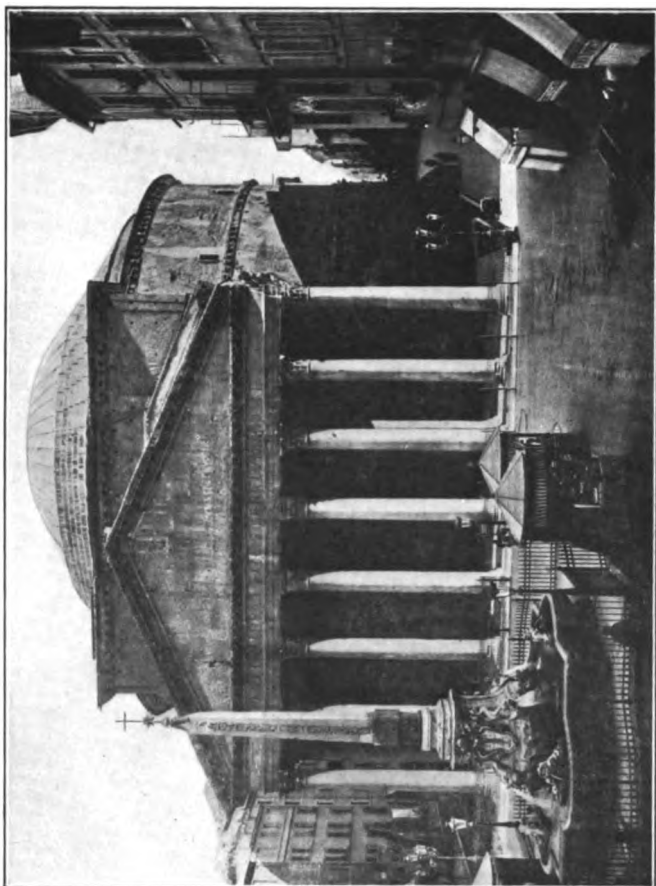
The interior is a rotunda, 148 feet in diameter, exclusive of the walls, which are 20 feet thick. The height to the summit of the dome is the same as the diameter, 148 feet. The walls are 71½ feet, being comprised in the rise of the dome. This dome is wider than any other in the world, that of St. Peter's being 139 feet in diameter, which is the measurements also of the dome of Santa Maria delle Fiore at Florence; that of Santa Sofia in Constantinople (now a mosque) being 115 feet, St. Paul's Cathedral in London, 112, and the Baths of Caracalla of the same dimensions.

The basilica is lighted by no windows, but only by an aperture 28 feet in diameter in the summit of the dome; it is unglazed, and under the porphyry pavement beneath is a drain to carry off the rain which enters by it. Never can this grandiose temple be seen to greater advantage than on a night when the southern moon pours her floods of silver light down through this opening.

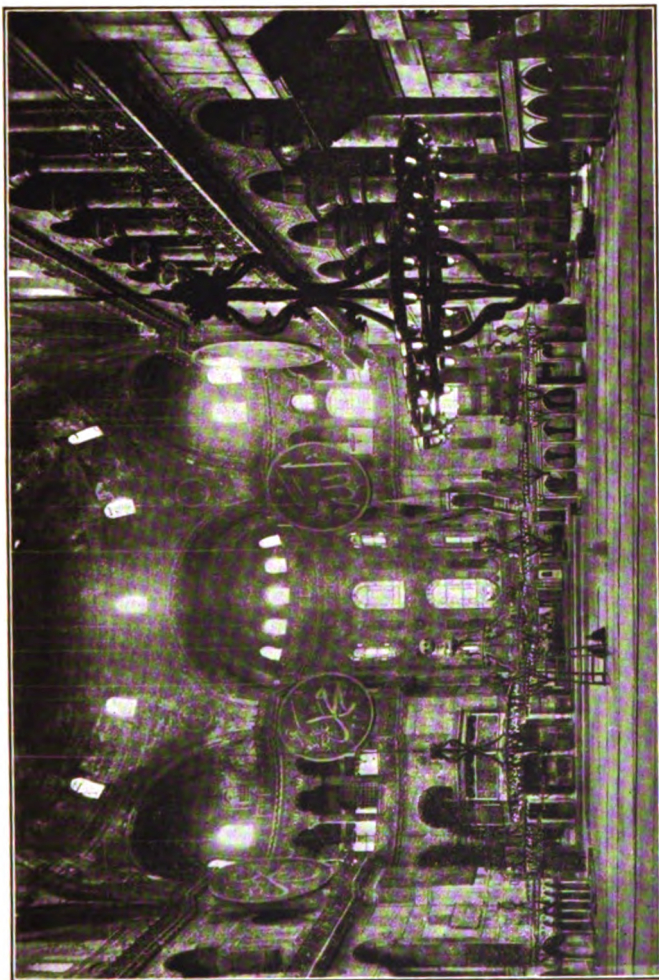
Ten years after the sack of Rome by the troops of Charles V, under the Constable de Bourbon, in 1527, that cold-blooded emperor visited the Eternal City, and ascended the roof of the Pantheon, attended by a crowd of courtiers, among whom was a youthful scion of the great House of Crescenzi. To his father the lad said afterwards: "When I saw him peering down into the depth, standing within a foot of the hole, and minded me of what he had caused to be done to Rome—it was in my heart to give him one swift thrust and send him to destruction!"

"The Crescenzi," his father replied grimly, "should do things, not talk of them."

In the *medio-evo* the Popes celebrated the great offices of Pentecost in the Pantheon,



THE PANTHEON, ROME



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UNDER THE DOME OF ST. SOPHIA'S MOSQUE, CONSTANTINOPLE

and during them showers of white rose petals used to be continually showered down through the opening in the roof, in allusion to the pouring out of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles on the first Whit-Sunday. Originally this aperture had a sort of lid of bronze, a disc or clypeus by which it could be closed.

When Boniface IV consecrated the pagan temple for Christian worship he had eight and twenty carts laden with bones of martyrs brought hither from the Catacombs; and the commemoration of these was the origin of the Feast of All Saints.

There are fourteen altars on the Pantheon; over the high altar is a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin. The third on the left as you enter is the burial place of Raffael. The great painter died on his thirty-seventh birthday in the year 1520, and for three days his body lay in state. On the third day, April 9, he was laid to rest behind the altar in this chapel which he had endowed and decorated with a statue of the Madonna del Sasso, executed for him by his friends and pupil Lorenzetto. As they were about to hide the body from sight, the Pope himself, Leo X,

arrived on the scene, who knelt in prayer, then took the hand of Raffael for the last time, and blessed him with tears —“tra le lacrime.”

Three hundred and thirteen years after Raffael's death the tomb was opened by command of Gregory XVI, on September 14, 1833, in the presence of the great Christian artist, Overbeck. Everything was found as it had been described by Vasari three centuries before. It was evident from the narrowness of the coffin that Raffael had been of a slim figure; the skeleton measured five feet seven inches in height; the skull was of a very noble form. The shroud had been fastened with metal rings and points, some of which the Roman sculptor, Fabris, kept. The bones, enclosed in a magnificent sarcophagus, presented by the Pope, were restored to their place.

In the same chapel another great artist, Annibale Caracci, is buried; and in other parts of the Pantheon several famous painters sleep their last sleep—Baldassare Peruzzi, Giovanni da Undine, Pierino del Vaga, Taddeo Zuccherò, etc.

Near the high altar is a noble monument by Thorwaldsen to Cardinal Ercole Consalvi, the great statesman, Secretary of State, and most faithful servant to Pius VII in the troublous Napoleonic times. It was he who negotiated the Concordat with Napoleon I, and thus obtained the restoration of religion in France; and it was he who, after the fall of the First Empire, represented the Holy See at the Congress of Vienna, and secured the restitution of the States of the Church. His portrait, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence by command of George IV, as Regent, hangs in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle, and is one of Lawrence's finest works. The Cardinal died January 22, 1824, and bequeathed his modest fortune to the poor of Rome. He was buried in the Church of San Marcello, his heart being enclosed in Thorwaldsen's monument here.

Michaelangelo believed that the portico and the body or shell of the rotunda were the original fabrics of Agrippa; that Hadrian's restoration was represented by the first story of the interior, the upper story being the restoration of Septimus and Caracalla. The

attic was lined by those emperors with precious marbles, unhappily removed to adorn other buildings by Benedict XIV (1740-1750 A. D.).

Seven huge niches around the walls once held images of Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Saturn, etc. "Where," asked Reschid Pasha on his visit to the Pantheon, "where are the statues of the heathen gods?" "Of course they were removed when the temple was Christianized," was the natural answer. "No," he replied, "I would have left them standing to show how the true God had triumphed over them in their own house." (Cardinal Wiseman) The niches are now filled by the statues of saints.

All the surrounding columns are of the precious *giallo antico* (Numidian marble) except four, which are of *pavonazzetto*. The pavement is of *pavonazzetto*, *giallo antico*, and porphyry, in alternate round and square slab.

The columns mentioned show plainly in our reproduction of an old engraving of the interior, which also shows the decoration of the interior of the dome; each of the panels was originally filled with wrought bronze.

In 1807 the Pantheon was turned into a fortress by the anti-Pope "Clement III," Guibert of Ravenna, the adversary of Pope St. Gregory VII, and of his successor, Victor III; and from this stronghold the impostor made sorties against his rival and the "great countess," Matilda of Tuscany. 1087

When Martin V (Colonna) became Pope, in 1417 the Pantheon was incrustated outside by piles of mean and miserable buildings clapped up against it, and these the Sovereign Pontiff removed, the work of restoration being continued by his successors, Eugenius IV (A. D. 1431) and Nicholas V (1447 A. D.).

Urban VIII spent 15,000 Roman crowns on the Pantheon; but as he took away the bronze, as stated above, to make eighty cannon for St. Angelo, and to make the baldachino over the tomb of the Apostles, Pasquino said of him: "What the Barbarians spared to do, the Barberini have done." (*Quod pepercerunt Barbari fecerunt Barberini.*)

The ugly little bell-towers, that the Romans used to call the Asses' Ears, which show in old engravings, were also a work of Urban

VIII's—designed for him by Bernini. In 1885 they were finally removed.

The walls of the Pantheon are of the famous small Roman bricks, strengthened by blind arches; they are 22 feet thick. Originally, like the castle of St. Angelo, they were encased in marble. The ground in front of the basilica is now much higher than it was at the date of the foundation; the piazza is now higher than the floor of the church. Originally the portico was raised by five steps above the square.

Our illustration of the interior of Santa Sofia at Constantinople is given so as to enable the reader to judge by comparison of the huge proportions of the dome of the Pantheon. It will be remembered that the diameter of the latter is more by 28 feet than the diameter of the famous mosque. Santa Sofia was built by the Emperor Justinian between 538 and 558, and dedicated by him to the Eternal Wisdom or Logos. When the capital of the Eastern Empire fell into the hands of the Turks nine hundred years later, this glorious church was converted into a mosque.

THE COLISEUM

EVERYBODY knows that the Coliseum was the quarry out of which palaces and medieval fortresses were built; that to such spoilation rather than to the assaults of time its ruin is due: but its ruin has taken little from it, and added more than it has lost. The serene perfection of the Pantheon is less touching and moves the spirit much less than the broken but unspoiled glory of the Coliseum. Reconstructed, as one sees it sometimes in the drawings of architects and archaeologists, it may gain in prim completeness and splendor but it loses in pathos and significance, loses even in beauty, so that it is hard to be altogether angry with those who, however unintentionally, gave it, by their spoiliations, the form it has now and has had for many ages. Had the spoiling gone on it would have been destroyed: stopping when it did, what remains is more beautiful than the original unbroken circuit of its huge monotonous

ellipse. The naked travertine, even, suits its spirit better than the glistening white marble with which it was once veneered. It lost more beauty within a few months, when, after the Italian occupation of Rome in 1870, it was stripped bare of all its exquisite growth of plants and flowers, than in all the Middle Ages. Sebastiani, in a quarto volume—the *Flora Colisea*—described two hundred and sixty distinct species of plants to be found then among its ruins. Deakin in a later work enumerated four hundred and twenty. This brodered winding-sheet, with which in a thousand years Time had veiled the gaunt skeleton, is all torn away: and they who remember the interior of the Coliseum as it was forty odd years ago call it ugly now.

The Flavin amphitheatre was founded in A. D. 72 by the Emperor Vespasian, and Titus, returning from the conquest and destruction of Jerusalem, continued and completed his father's work in A. D. 80, the year of his eighth Consulate.

Christian tradition makes Gaudentius its architect, himself a Christian and one of those martyrs with whose blood it has been conse-

crated. Twelve thousand captive Hebrews are said to have worked at the building of it: the outer circuit of the walls alone costing a sum equal to £1,980,000 (almost \$10,000,000) of our money.

The total area covered is nearly six acres, the extreme length 620 feet, the minor axis 518, the height, according to Taylor and Cresy, 157 feet, according to Grisar, 164. The arena is 287 feet long, 180 feet wide. Thus the Coliseum was only shorter than the whole Roman Forum by about 87 feet, and at its greatest breadth was more than four times as broad as the greatest breadth of the Forum.

The material used was *Lapis Tiburtinus*, /u or travertine, cased, as we have noticed, in white marble. There are externally four stories, the lowest Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, the highest Composite. In each of the three lower stories were eighty arches; the topmost consisted of a solid wall faced with pilasters in which were forty square windows, one in each alternate compartment. The lowest story, nearest to the eye, is about thirty feet high; the second and

third are higher by about eight feet, and the top story is forty-four feet high—as though the architect desired that from the ground it should have the same apparent height as that by which the spectator stood.

Over all was an attic. When used for a spectacle the whole was covered by awnings, stretched on poles, and some of the brackets for the support of these are still visible on the north side. On the same side may be seen remains of the numbers by which the arches were distinguished; each spectator's ticket of admission would bear the number of the arch by which he was to enter and reach his place. On the side facing the Esquiline is an arch wider than the others and unnumbered—between the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth—so this is believed to have been the Imperial entrance.

A similiar entrance on the opposite side had a subterranean passage leading to the Palatine, in which the Emperor Commodus narrowly escaped the assassination that was to overtake him at last.

The floor of the arena was of wood covered with sand, and supported on the solid walls

we still see, which formed four rows of cells in which the wild beasts awaited their appearance in the arena after they had been brought from the neighboring Vivarium. Around the circuit of the arena ran a low wall topped by an iron railing to secure the spectators, of whom there might be 87,000 at a time, from the beasts. Next came a broad passage patrolled by guards during the exhibitions.

Then came the marble Podium or terrace, where the most privileged spectators had their seats—the Emperor, and the Imperial family and court, the Senators, the Vestals, and the great officers of state. The Podium was a covered gallery, thirteen feet high and fourteen broad. Above the Podium came the *Cavea*, in which were three orders of seats: the first order had twenty-four rows of seats, the second, divided by a kind of landing-place from it, had sixteen; then came a wall, partly existing, beyond which was the third order, where the plebeians had their places. Above the third order was an attic or roofed gallery. From the Podium a loggia or *Suggestium* stood out, where, under a canopy, sat the Emperor, Empress, and Imperial

Princes on thrones of ivory or marble, inlaid with gold. Many of these were works of Greek artists, looted from Athens and Corinth; and some of them, during the Middle Ages, became Episcopal Cathedrae, or Thrones. Titus inaugurated the Flavian amphitheatre by a series of games lasting three months; at the dedication five thousand animals were slaughtered, and there were gladiatorial combats in which women, though none of the noble rank, were allowed to take part. The show ended in a sea-fight, representing the contests of the Corinthians and Corcyrans as described by Thucydides, for which purpose the whole arena was flooded. When all was over Titus wept, and looking wistfully at the heavens, as if stricken with a sudden pre-sage of fate, declared that he did not deserve to die: on the 13th of September in the year 81 he actually died, in the fortieth year of his age. Hadrian celebrated his birthday here by a series of shows in which a hundred lions, a hundred lionesses, and eight hundred other beasts were slaughtered. One scene represented a forest, when the whole arena was filled with trees, shrubs and flowers; yawning

clefts appeared among them through which the wild animals leapt forth to combat. The passion for these spectacles had taken such hold of the Romans that Augustus decreed gladiators should not fight without license of the Senate, that Praetors should not give these shows more than once a year, and that neither Knights nor Senators should contend in the arena. Later on, Commodus brought the Imperial dignity to its lowest public degradation by displaying himself to his people as a gladiator in the arena. He often fought in the Coliseum, dressed in a lion's skin, with hair powdered with gold-dust, calling himself Hercules, and with his own hands slew both gladiators and wild beasts.

Among the many Christian Martyrs who consecrated the Coliseum by their blood the most illustrious was St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, pupil of the Beloved Disciple and comrade of St. Polycarp, said by venerable tradition to have been the child specially blest by Our Lord. He was brought to Rome to die here in the Coliseum.

When led into the arena he knelt down, and, gazing round upon the scores of thousands who had come to see him die, he said: "Romans, who are here, know that I am brought hither for no crime, but that by this means I may merit the fruition of God's glory, for the love of which I have been made prisoner. I am as the grain of the field and I must be ground by the teeth of the lions that I may be made bread fit for His table." The lions were then let loose and devoured him, all save the larger bones, which the faithful came by night and gathered up as priceless relics and treasures.

It is said of St. Ignatius that he grew up so clean of heart, so pure of life, that it was given him to hear the angels sing: so that when he became Bishop of Antioch he brought into the church there the custom of singing the praise of God in antiphons by answering choirs, as he had heard the heavenly choirs answering each other. According to the Martyrologies, the glorious fate of St. Ignatius was followed by innumerable other martyrdoms in the Coliseum. One hundred and fifteen Christians were shot down here

with arrows soon after the Celestial Birthday of Ignatius.

In the year 118 A. D., under Hadrian, a Roman Patrician, Placidus, his wife, Theophista, and their two sons were here exposed to the wild beasts, whose mouths God shut, as He had in old times shut those of the lions to which Daniel had been thrown. The Christian martyrs found no protector in the heathen emperor as the Hebrew saint had found one in King Darius; they were shut up in a brazen bull and roasted to death by a fire lighted under it.

In A. D. 258 two Christians from Babylon, Abdon and Sennen, were exposed here to the beasts, but not one of the two lions or four bears would attack them, and they were slain by the swords of the gladiators. For three days after their deaths the bodies of Saints Abdon and Sennen were exposed at the base of the Colossus of Nero, outside the Coliseum, the remains of the pedestal of which are still to be seen, not far from those of *Meta Sudans*, a fountain for the use of the gladiators.

The Coliseum (or Colosseum) is supposed to take its name from that very statue

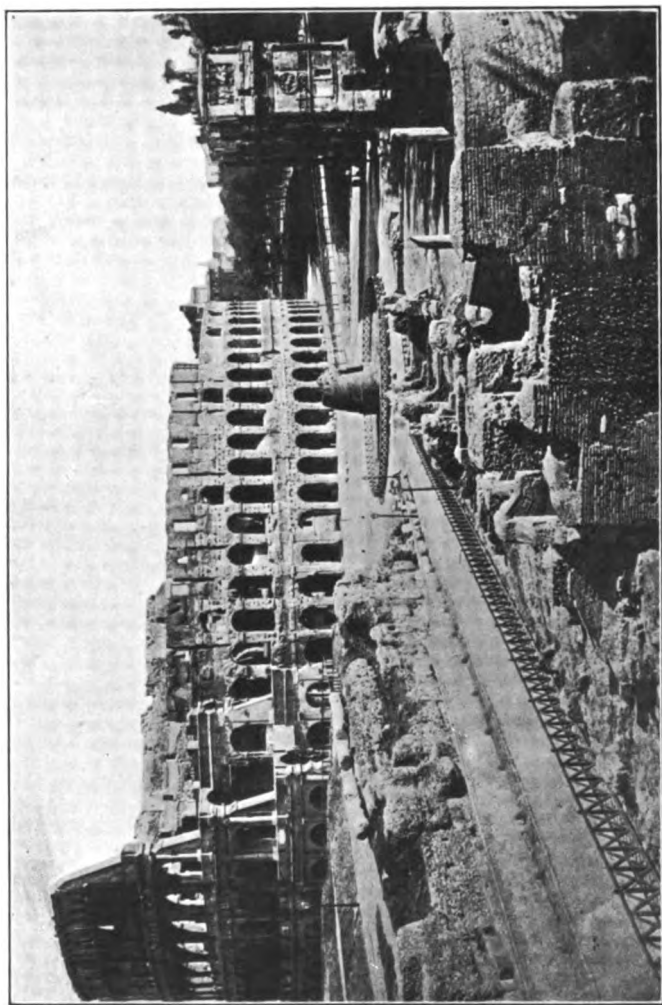
of Nero, as being the Theatre by the Colossus. But this name occurs first in the writings of the Venerable Bede, the English Monk of Jarrow. He records the famous prophecy of the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims:

"While stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall:
And when Rome falls, the world."

At the foot of the Colossus, then long known as the Colossus of the Sun, in the year 259, six years after the martyrdom of Saints Abdon and Sennen, four Christian martyrs were burned to death, Saints Sempronius, Olympias, Theodulus, and Exuperius.

Thirteen years later, in A. D. 272, St. Prisca underwent here her five-fold martyrdom. In vain exposed to a lion, she was starved for three days, then stretched on a rack where her flesh was torn from her body with iron hooks, then roasted in a furnace, and still refusing to deny Christ, she was beheaded.

The Coliseum, in spite of damage from two earthquakes during the reign of Theodoric, stood mainly intact till the eighth century. Its first great devastation was under Robert



THE COLISEUM

1107

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Guiscard, the Norman sovereign of the South, who was eager to prevent its use as a stronghold by the Romans. During the Middle Ages it did in fact become a fortress, and was the stronghold of the great feudal house of Frangipani. With them Pope Innocent II (A. D. 1180-1148), Gregory Pagrareschi, took refuge with his family from his rival, the antipope "Anacletus II," Pietro Pierleoni.

Innocent III (Lothario Conti, A. D. 1198-1216) also fled to the protection of the Frangipani at the Coliseum, and took his brothers thither with him, in the course of his struggles with the antipope Paschal. Under Gregory IX (A. D. 1227-1241), another Conti, half the Coliseum was granted to the house of Annibaldi, rivals of the Frangipani, who already had possession of the neighboring Septizonium, erected by the Emperor Alexander Severus (A. D. 198) in seven stories, as a "frontispiece" to his palace on the Palatine — desiring, it was said, to impress his African compatriots who might come to behold his greatness in Rome. The Septizonium was destroyed in 1588 by Sixtus V, who

wanted its materials for the completion of St. Peter's, and for the base of the Obelisk which he had removed to the front of that basilica.

Gregory's grant of half the Coliseum to the Annibaldi was rescinded by Innocent IV (Fieschi, A. D. 1243-1254), but they got possession of the whole of it during the "Babylonian Captivity" at Avignon. They kept it till 1818, when it became the property of the city; in 1882 it was used for bull-fights, in which, says Monaldeschi, even nobles took part and eighteen lost their lives.

It was never subsequently used for any spectacular show suggestive of its original purpose.

Here and there one may see on its walls the "Stemian" of the Chapter of St. John Lateran, to which towards the close of the fourteenth century the Senate granted part of the ruins for use as a hospital. For a long time the deserted and vast ruin was a haunt of magicians, so that rascally genius, Benvenuto Cellini, declares that he employed one of them to people it with devils for his express amusement.

It was from the time of another great earthquake, which threw down much of the colossal masonry, that the Coliseum began to be used as a stone quarry. And it seems probable that the materials carted away from it lay ready to the hand of the "spoilers," so that perhaps the actual damage done by them to the building was much less than has been taken for granted. The enormous Palazzo di Venezia, the Farnese and Barberini Palaces, and the Cancellaria were all built out of the stone that had once formed a part of its walls. I, for one, would far rather that Rome possessed the glorious Cancellaria and Venezia with the Coliseum as it now is, than that those palaces had never been built.

Paul III, by whom the Farnese Palace was begun, during his cardinalate, and by whose nephew and namesake, Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, it was finished, only gave permission for as much stone to be removed from the Coliseum as could be carted away in twelve hours. The Cardinal set four thousand workmen to the task and got all he wanted, a fact which itself points to the stone lying fallen into the arena and ready for

removal. Undoubtedly the Palazzo Farnese and the palaces of the Cancellaria and Venezia are the finest in Rome after the Vatican, and the city gained incomparably more than the Coliseum lost.

Sixtus V tried to establish a woollen manufactory in the ruins, but, unlike most of the great Pope's schemes, it was a failure. Sixtus also employed the architect Fontana to make designs for changing the arcades into shops, but after spending 15,000 *cardi* upon it this scheme was abandoned. Clement XI (Gianfrancesco Albani, 1700-1721) made an attempt to utilize the ruins as a saltpeter manufactory, but no success attended this scheme either.

Thereafter the popes were the most careful guardians and even restorers of the Coliseum. Clement XI himself consecrated the arena to the memory of the martyrs by whose blood it had been watered, and built a chapel of Our Lady of Sorrows in one of the arches. Benedict XIV (Prospero Lambertini, 1740-1758) had the Coliseum shut in with iron bars and gates after the hermit in charge of the Pietà Chapel had been stabbed in 1742. His

successors did much for the preservation of the ruins, strengthening them here and there with very massive masonry and forbidding any destruction of the remaining walls under pain of excommunication. A most beautiful tradition tells how once the ambassadors of a king brought to St. Gregory VII presents of gold and silver. The Pope, always poor in this world's gear, offered them in return for their master a handful of the earth from the arena of the Coliseum: seeing how they scorned his gift, the Pope pressed it in his fingers, and blood oozed out between them from the sacred soil. Another canonized Pope, St. Pius V (Michele Ghislieri, A. D. 1566-1572), the great son of St. Dominic who founded the Sacred Congregation of the Index, declared that they who longed to possess relics should go to the Coliseum and enrich themselves with a handful of its earth soaked with the blood of so many martyrs.

During the reign of Benedict XIV St. Leonard of Port Maurice, so pierced with the love of Christ's passion, used to draw to the Coliseum vast throngs of eager listeners who went to hear him preach, and obtain from the

Pope approval of his confraternity of the Lovers of Jesus and Mary. For them the Stations of the Cross were set up around the arena, and every Friday, for more than a century, the devotion of the Way of the Cross was devoutly followed here, till after the Italian occupation of Rome they were removed by the government. At the same time and by the same authority the great cross was taken away which used to stand in the center of the arena on the spot where many a martyr had died for it.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century the Coliseum was the only home of the houseless beggar, Benedict Joseph Labré, whose home is now in heaven. Hour after hour he knelt, rapt in prayer, before the stations; he slept by night under its arcades, and by day he asked alms from the pilgrim and the traveler.

Seven churches once hallowed, and were hallowed by, the Coliseum and its immediate neighborhood—San Salvatore in Tellure, San Giacomo, Santa Agata, the Chiesa de Insula, the Chiesa de Trasi, the Chiese de rota Colisei, and the Church of Saints Abdon and

Sennen, just outside by the base of the Colossus of Nero or the Sun.

Many of the old illustrations show the Coliseum from the neighboring Palatine, not far from the site of the Septizonium already mentioned. Far away to the left is seen the Vatican and the dome of St. Peter's; in the middle foreground is the Arch of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, bestriding the road that leads to the church and monastery of San Gregorio at Celio, where St. Gregory the Great was born and where was the family mansion of his family, the Anicii, changed by him into a house of God.

One of our pictures shows the Arch of Constantine, and, through it, the remains of the *Meta Sudans*, once covered with white marble, like the Coliseum itself. At this fountain the gladiators washed before entering the great amphitheater, there to stand before the Emperor and greet him with their tremendous farewell:

Morituri, Auguste, te salutant!

THE MINERVA

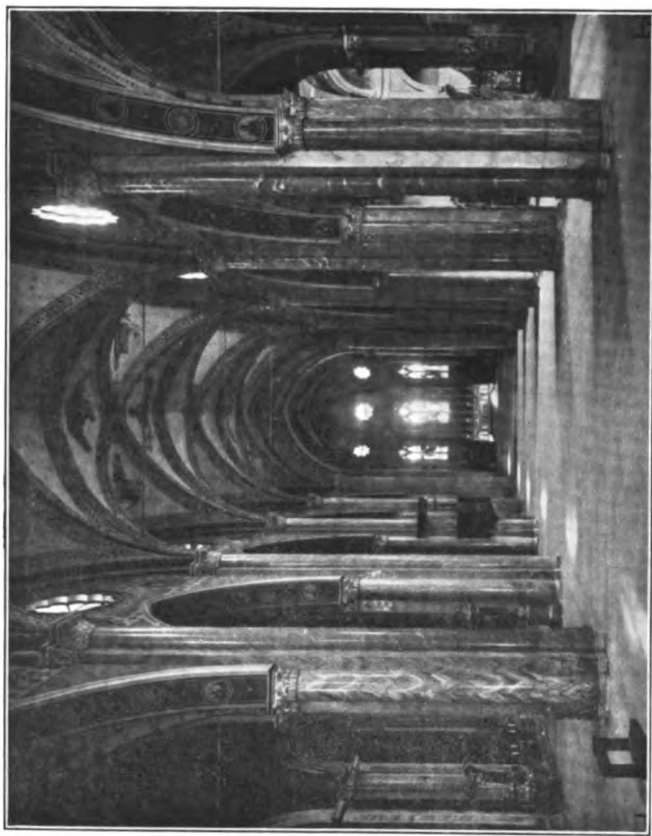
THE MINERVA

WHEN, after adding Syria and Asia Minor to the Empire, Pompey the Great came back to Rome for his triumph, in the year B. C. 62, he showed his gratitude to the warlike Minerva by founding a temple in her honor hard by the site on which, thirty-five years later, M. Agrippa was to build his Pantheon.

When the Empire had become officially Christian, and the deserted temples had at last been closed, they gradually fell, first into disrepair, and finally into ruin, though in the climate of Italy the process was much slower than it would have been in the humid north. Thirteen centuries and a half after the date of Pompey's foundation the ruins of his temple to Minerva were still of sufficient importance to identify and name the spot: so that when, between the year 1280 and 1290 A. D. a church was built there in honor of God's great Mother, it was known from the first as Santa

Maria sopra Minerva, or briefly, "the Minerva," and by the name of Minerva it is famous still after six hundred and thirty years.

But, quarter of a century after the building of this first Christian shrine on the ruins of Minerva's fane, befell the terrible misfortune to Rome which is called the Babylonian Captivity; from 1305 to 1376 the Papacy was in exile at Avignon; and, during the absence from their capital of seven Popes, things in the Eternal City went to wrack and ruin. Even the great basilicas were falling to pieces when Gregory XI came back, and the Minerva, barely a hundred years old, had to be rebuilt. It was then given to the Dominicans, and has been their headquarters in the Metropolis of Christianity ever since. Before quitting the subject of the original use of the site as a heathen temple, we may remark that it was here was found the statue of Minerva, now to be seen in the Braccia Nuovo of the Vatican. The restored church of 1375 was again restored by Cardinal Barberini in the seventeenth century, with Carlo Maderno for architect. For ages the Pope used to come hither in procession, on the Feast of Our Lady's



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANCTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA, ROME

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Annunciation, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and attended by the whole Pontifical Court. The Pontiff rode upon a white mule up to the time of Pius VI (Gian Angelo Braschi, 1755-1800); that Pope's successor, Pius VII (Gregorio Barnaba Chiaramonte, 1800-1823), being too infirm, the custom began for the Sacred Host to be borne by the Grand Almoner riding on the papal white mule, the Holy Father himself following in a glass coach; balconies were hung with rich tapestries and crimson draperies, and flowers were scattered down upon the procession as it passed. All this, of course, ceased in 1870, when the Italian troops entered Rome and installed the alien Sardinian Government.

It was at the Minerva that Galileo, in 1633, recanted his new theory, then esteemed rash and offensive to pious ears, that the earth moves round the sun; and it was here that Molinos, on September 8, 1687, abjured the condemned proposition found in his works. Finally, it was here also that the impostor, Cagliostro, had to do public penance for his flagrant course of magical deceptions, in 1791, after which he was prevented from finding

new dupes by safe custody in the fortress of Sant' Angelo. What interests us most is that two great Pontiffs, Eugenius IV (Gabriele Condulmaro or Condulmerio), 1431-1439, and Nicholas V (Tommaso Parentucelli of Sarzana), 1447-1455, were elected to the throne of St. Peter at the Minerva; and frescoes representing the two conclaves are to be seen over the door leading from the church to the sacristy. Five Popes are buried in the Church of the Minerva: Leo X (Giovanni de Medici of Florence), 1518-1522, who gave to Henry VIII the title of "Defender of the Faith," in recognition of his treatise on the Seven Sacraments against Luther; his kinsman, Clement VII (Giulio de Medici of Florence), 1523-1534, on whom fell all the weary trouble connected with Henry's claim for a divorce from Queen Catherine of Aragon; Paul IV (Gianpietro Caraffa of Naples), 1555-1559, Founder of the Theatines; Urban VII (Gian Battista Castagna of Genoa) 1590, successor of Sixtus V, who reigned only eleven days; and Benedict XIII (Vincenzo Maria Orsini of Rome), 1724-1730, himself a Dominican. The two Medici Popes are buried in the choir,

both tombs being designed by Bandinelli, the figure of Leo X by Raffaello da Montelupo, the figure of Clement VII by Rigio. Close to them lies the English Cardinal, Philip Howard, born 1629, and died in 1694, Lord Almoner to Queen Catherine of Braganza, Consort of Charles II; he was son of Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel, who would have been Duke of Norfolk but for the attainder of his father, the Venerable Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, eldest son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, attainted and beheaded in 1572 for his sympathy and intercourse with the persecuted Mary Queen of Scots.

Pope Paul IV is buried in the Caraffa chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas Aquinas, decorated with beautiful frescoes, that of St. Thomas by Filippino Lippi, those on the ceiling by Raffaellino del Garbo. Over the altar, in a fresco of the Annunciation, appears the portrait of Cardinal Olivieri Caraffa, the donor. The tomb of Paul IV was designed by Pirro Ligorio, and was placed here by Paul's successor, St. Pius V (Michele Ghislieri of Alexandria), 1559-1572, the great and holy Dominican, whose reign was glorified by the

great victory of Lepanto, October 7, 1571, by which Europe was at last freed from the secular menace of Turkish aggression; in this great battle 80,000 of the infidels were slain or made prisoners, 180 Turkish ships taken, and 12,000 Christian slaves set free; in it Cervantes, the immortal author of "Don Quixote," lost an arm.

The statue of Pope Paul upon the tomb is by Giacomo and Tommaso Casignuola, and represents the Pontiff with one hand holding the Keys of Peter, the other raised in blessing. It had been the great and austere Pope's forlorn hope to keep Italy free from the overwhelming growth of Spain. When he failed, and his conqueror, the Duke of Alva, came to Rome after the victories that had made him its master, Alva, having knelt to kiss the Pope's foot, could scarcely bear to look him in the face: never, he said, had he ever feared the face of man as he did that of Paul.

The epitaph is from the hand of St. Pius V himself. It runs thus: "To Jesus Christ, Hope and Life of the Faithful. To Paul IV Caraffa. Sovereign Pontiff. Amongst all distinguished by Eloquence, Learning and Wis-

dom: Illustrious by his innocence, Liberality, and greatness of soul: To the Most Ardent Champion of the Catholic Faith—Pius V, Sovereign Pontiff, has raised this monument of his gratitude and piety. He (Paul IV) lived eighty-three years, one month, and twenty days, and died 14th August, 1559, in the fifth year of his Pontificate.”

Urban VII lies in the Chapel of the Annunciation in a tomb designed by Ambrogio Buonvicino, and opposite is the tomb of his faithful friend, the great Dominican, Cardinal Torquemada, founder of the Annunziata, a society which gives dowries every year to poor maidens, to enable them to enter holy religion, or to marry, according to their vocation. The Confraternity holds its meetings in this chapel, and on the patronal feast the Pope himself used to bestow the dowries, when he came to the Minerva in the Procession of the White Mule.

The tomb of Benedict XIII is in the chapel of St. Dominic himself, the transept on the gospel side, adorned with columns of *bianconera*, the color of the Black Friars. The Chapel next to it has a fine picture of St. James,

Protector of St. Dominic's native land of Spain; and the next chapel again is that of St. Vincent Ferrer, another great Spaniard, Apostle of the Order of Friars Preachers, who died in 1419, and was canonized by his fellow country-man Calixtus III. In the chapel is a picture by Bernardo Castelli, to which many miracles are attributed.

The next chapel was originally the family burial-place of the Maffei, and has fine tombs of various of its members; from them it passed to the Grazioli. Here is a beautiful statue, by Tino da Camaino, of St. Sebastian; but its chief artistic glory is the exquisite head of Our Lord, by Perugino, over the altar. In the next chapel, the Madonna Consolatrice degli Afflitti. The following inscription commemorates the indulgences granted by Pope Gregory XVI: "The Holiness of Our Lord Pope Gregory XVI by brief, of the date 17th September, 1836. I have accorded a Plenary Indulgence to anyone who, having confessed and received Holy Communion, shall devoutly visit this holy picture of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of Comforter of the Afflicted, on the second Sunday of July and its octave,

every year: I grant, moreover, a partial indulgence of 200 days on any day of the year to whomsoever, being at least contrite, shall visit the said holy picture, the which indulgences, moreover, are applicable to the blessed souls in Purgatory."

Finally, in the chapel nearest to the door on the gospel side, is the famous picture of the Crucifixion which spoke to St. Rose of Lima. Close to this chapel are three interesting tombs, that of Cardinal Giacomo Tebaldi, by Andrea Verrocchio; the beautiful one by Mario da Fiesole of Francesca Tomabuoni; and that of Paolo Manuzio, the printer son of the still more famous printer, Aldo Manuzio, of Venice.

On the other side of the entrance-door is the tomb of a Florentine noble, Diotisalivi; and in the chapel next it a fine picture of the Dominican saint, Louis Bertrand, by Bacciccio. The second chapel is that of the Colonna family, the third that of the Gabrielli. The next is the Annunziata, already mentioned, and the fifth the family chapel of the Aldobrandini, to which Pope Clement VIII (1592-1605) belonged: it contains a noble statue of Clement,

who, however, is not buried here, but at St. Mary Major's, by Ippolito Buzi. Close to it is the tomb of the Pope's mother, erected by him as soon as he became Sovereign Pontiff; and that of his father, Silvestro Aldobrandini, erected at the same time. The statues adorning the monuments are by Cordieri, and represent allegorical figures of Charity, Humility and Vanity; the tombs themselves were designed by Giacomo della Porta.

In the next chapel is the grave of Robert Wilberforce, the convert Archdeacon, who died at Albano in 1857. Entering the transept, we come to the chapel containing the crucifix attributed to Giotto; another contains a beautiful altar-piece by Carlo Maratta, in which are represented the five Dominican saints canonized by Pope Clement X (Gianbattista Altieri, 1670-1676), and this is the burial-place of the Altieri family.

The most important chapel in this part of the church is the next, that of the Rosary, a storehouse of art. Over the altar is a Madonna, lovely and devout, as every work of his is, by Fra Angelico of Fiesole; the ceiling, by Marcello Venusti, gives the whole series of

the Mysteries of the Rosary, and on the walls Giovanni de Vecchi has portrayed the life of St. Catherine of Siena, the glory of the Order of St. Dominic and of the Church.

The common glory of every church, simple and grandiose, is, we need not say, the presence of the Master of the Saints Himself; the special or particular glory of this great church is the possession of the relics of one of the greatest saints whose merits ever enriched the treasury of the Church of Christ. Beneath the high altar is a noble sarcophagus of marble, adorned with a lovely statue of St. Catherine of Siena; within rests a considerable portion of her body—the rest of her relics enriching other shrines. Her life was so full, so marvellous, and bore so great an influence on the history of Christendom itself, that the barest and most brief allusion can be made to it here. Our readers can only be reminded now that Catherine's whole life consisted of but as many years as her Master lived in visible human form on earth; that her father was fit to be the parent of a saint by his own unfeigned goodness. He was a fuller of Siena, Jacopo Benincasa by name, who, by

his wife, Lupa Piaganti, had five and twenty children, of whom Catherine was born in 1847, when her native city was at the summit of its power and distinction. The splendid cathedral was being built; then came the plague, and carried off 80,000 citizens and the work on the Duomo had to stand still. At first, in the midst of all these public troubles, the humble fuller's child, one among so huge a family, passed without much notice; but even at six years old she began to show how different she was from other children. She gathered her playmates together, and preached to them touching little discourses full of ardent and wonderful piety. Visions came to her, and she began already to long for the life of entire dedication to God in the life of holy religion. This desire grew with her own childish growth, and nothing changed or weakened it; her mother, a good woman in her fashion, but with a worldly strain, tried in vain to dissipate what she chose to think were the extravagant, wayward fancies of the foredestined nun. Catherine was set to the hardest, most servile works of the poor household; but though they were intended to take up all

her time, and entangle her attention, her mind was always in heaven, no matter how busy her hands might be in the commonest drudgeries of earthly life. If the day was stolen from her, she stole the nights for God, and scarcely allowed any part of them to sleep. In the dead silence of the night she spoke to Christ, and He to her. Not content with the hardship of toil forced on her by others, she laid hardness on herself, eating very little, and that only bread and coarse vegetables; on her thin, starven body she wore rough hair-cloth under her clothing. Often she scourged herself, as though she could not bear that all the blows should have been Christ's. By the time she was thirteen her parents let her have her way, even her mother recognizing that it was useless to fight any longer against the clear call of God, and Catherine put on the white wool of St. Dominic, to become the greatest of his daughters. Her life as a nun was of extraordinary rigor and self-discipline: for three whole years she only left her cell to go to Mass or office, and, except with Our Lord, held an almost unbroken silence. Thus was she prepared, like the great Baptist before

her, for her public life, when God showed her that He had work for her outside the cloister. Now was she able, by the unearthly force of her eloquence, to quell furious mobs and impose God's obedience on them; to toil with marvellous fruitfulness among dying sinners stricken by the ghastly plague, utterly heedless of fear for herself. At the call of duty, and in courageous obedience to the will of her superiors, she undertook, and brought to a successful issue, diplomatic missions and negotiations with the Florentine Republic, and with Kings. But her greatest achievement, that which made her the benefactress of Christendom, was her success in persuading the exiled Pope to go back to his empty throne in Rome. Letter after letter, full of burning faith and courage, did this mere girl send to the Head of the Church, and, not content with writing, to Avignon she betook herself, to urge with undismayed boldness of speech on Gregory the need the Church had for its Sovereign in his capital. There the worldly-minded, the pusillanimous, and the self-seekers, were keen enough to crush her, and only refrained from fear of the Pope himself.

Her plain speaking, which scandalized many, did not anger him, and at length the seed she sowed bore fruit. That glorious fruit was the end of the Babylonian Captivity, and the return of the Sovereign Pontiff to St. Peter's Palace among the Seven Hills beside the Yellow River. The rescue of the Papacy was the gift of St. Catherine to the Church.

When her body, to which she had been ever but a hard Sister, was worn out at last, the toils of a long life crowded into three and thirty years, and she died, as we say, that thin, worn body bore upon it the five seals of her Master's own wounds.

Catherine passed to the unveiled vision of Him Whom she had often seen, with Whom she had walked as a friend all her life, on April, 29, 1386. The glory of Siena was raised to the altars of the church by Siena's greatest son, that most lovable, human-hearted Pontiff, Pope Pius II (Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, 1458-1464), on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, 1461. The Pope himself drew up the Bull of Canonization, and calling her the greatest of the Church's daughters, blessed God that a Sienese had been granted the

happy privilege of proclaiming the sanctity of a daughter of Siena. Pius also used his splendid gifts as a man of letters to do honor to the saint, himself composing her office and more than one Latin hymn in her praise. Her father's home was turned into an oratory by the people of Fontibranda, the region of Siena in which it lay, and it still possesses many of her relics. Her head is the treasure of the Duomo, where it lies in the chapel of San Domenico, her other father, and there Sodoma's exquisite portrait of her is. It was Pius IX who laid her body in its present place beneath the High Altar of the Minerva; and it was he who gave expression to the grateful veneration of the Romans for the saint who did so much for Rome, by helping them to regain their exiled Sovereigns, when, in 1866, he proclaimed her Patroness of the Eternal City.

Not far from her, in the Minerva, under a tomb as humble and simple as himself, lies the earthly part of the unearthly artist, the Blessed Fra Angelico da Fiesole: its noble epitaph the last words written by the great Pope Nicholas V, Fra Angelico's devoted

friend and admiring patron. The sweet holiness of the Dominican painter-friar blossomed in those flowers of heavenly fragrance, which are more than pictures, fadeless as those of the paradise in which he walked on earth; so that we who kneel to look on them feel they were plucked in the garden of heaven, and have heaven's immortality: odors of celestial zephyrs breathe from them, which no winds of time can vex or scatter.



**SANTA SABINA ON THE
AVENTINE**

SANTA SABINA ON THE AVENTINE

THE Dominican Order possesses in Rome two churches of supreme interest, Santa Maria sopra Minerva in the heart of the city, and Santa Sabina on the Aventine. The latter has a special sacredness as having been, during the closing years of St. Dominic's life, his home and headquarters. But the church was already very ancient when the great Founder and Patriarch of the Friars Preachers took up his abode there; for it was built A. D. 425, during the Pontificate of St. Celestine I (422-432). Thus it antedates by fifty-five years the birth of St. Benedict, and had existed for fifteen years before St. Leo I became Pope.

Its founder was an Illyrian, the priest Peter, "*Pauperibus locuples, sibi pauper*;" he is commemorated still in the original mosaic inscription dating from 431, on the western wall of the church inside the entrance. From the terms of the inscription we gather that he

was himself dead when it was placed thus. The mosaic even now is a splendid relic of a very far distant age, and much of it was unhappily destroyed in a renovation of Santa Sabina under Sixtus V, about 1587. There still remains on one side a representation of the Hebrew Church, "*Ecclesia cum circumcissione*," and on the other that of the Catholic Church, "*Ecclesia ex gentibus*." Originally there were figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Princes of the Roman Church, and allegorical representations of the Four Evangelists as the four Living Creatures of the Apocalypse: "the first living creature was like to a lion, the second was like a calf, the third had a face, as it were, of a man, and the fourth was like an eagle flying." St. Gregory the Great came here to hold the first station of Lent, and implored the Divine Mercy on his afflicted people suffering under a visitation of pestilence. Just four hundred years after its foundation it had to be rebuilt, and it must have needed rebuilding again in another four hundred, for Gregory IX (Conti, 1227-1241), the Pope who canonized St. Dominic, reconsecrated the church in 1238.

Remains of the second church are to be seen in the western corridor, or cloister, where are a number of early inscriptions: on one side the original twisted columns of pavonazzetto still support the roof, on the other they have been replaced by granite. It was from a window in this cloister that women were allowed to look out upon St. Dominic's orange-tree, which St. Françoise de Chantal mentions having visited when she was in Rome. The entrance door of the church is so ancient that it is said to be the oldest wooden door in the world; as it dates partly from the fifth century, it may be supposed to have been the original door of the church built by Peter the Illyrian. Hartmann Grisar describes the fifth century carvings upon it: one great panel represents the figure of Christ standing within a circlet of laurel-leaves, the symbol of victory, with the mystic Alpha and Omega on either side of him and the symbols of the Evangelists filling the corners of the composition. In the lower portion of the panel St. Peter and St. Paul hold up the cross within a circle to their Master, and between them, under it, stands the Mother of God with up-

turned face and hands outspread in prayer for the Church of Her Son.

In another panel of the same early date is represented the Christian Roman Empire. There are many other panels, the carvings of which are attributed, some to the seventh century, some to the thirteenth. There is the Annunciation; the Vision of Angels by the Shepherds of Bethlehem; the Apparition of the Angel to St. Zachary, the father of St. John the Baptist, in the Temple; the Adoration of the Three Holy Kings; the Trial of Christ; His Denial by St. Peter, and His Ascension, besides Old Testament prototypes, such as Moses' Miracle of the Rods and the translation of Elias.

It is worth while to kneel here for a moment before entering, and muse on all these holy carvings have seen, on all who have seen them. Before he fled from Rome, fourteen hundred years ago, St. Benedict may have gazed on them; probably St. Celestine I blest them; St. Leo I and St. Sixtus III saw them; St. Gregory the Great certainly saw them and entered by this door to hold his Lenten stations; holy water sprinkled by his hand fell

on it. St. Pius V perhaps lighted down from his mule to knock at it. Long before there was a Christian Church here there was a pagan temple, dedicated to Juno Regina, Queen of the Heathen Olympus. Twenty-four of its marble columns support the nave now. After witnessing countless sacrifices in honor of the much-injured wife of the king of the gods, for a thousand years and half another thousand they have stood in mute procession watching the One Great Sacrifice daily offered here at many altars.

Over these columns there runs a frieze, of *pietra dura* inlaid; it also dates from the time of St. Celestine I, by whom, says Platina, the "Judica me Deus" was prefixed to the beginning of the Mass; by whom, also, he says, Nestorius was strenuously opposed when he "endeavored to sow a new error in the Church, asserting that Christ was born of the Virgin Mary a mere man, and that the Divinity was conferred upon Him of merit." To England St. Celestine sent Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, to combat the Pelagian heresies and reduce the inhabitants to the orthodox faith; and Palladius he dispatched into Scotland to

instruct its people in the Christian religion according to their desire. Near the west door on the left is the tomb of a lady of the great house of Savelli, with her arms in mosaic; Honorius III and Honorius IV both belonged to that family.

Honorius III succeeded Innocent III in 1216, and in that year he approved the Rule of St. Dominic's Order of Friars Preachers. Two years later St. Dominic was preaching in this church, and among his hearers were two Poles, Hyacinthus and Ceslaus Odrowaz, who were moved by it to offer themselves as missionaries; they entered his Order and became the apostles of Hungary and Bohemia. In 1223 Honorius approved the Rule of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic's beloved friend in Christ. On March 7, of the year following, was born at Aquino St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, the glory of the Dominican Order and of the Church. It was to this place he fled from the persecutions of his family, all combined in one useless effort to prevent his entering holy religion as one of St. Dominic's friars. To the very door he was pursued by his mother, as eager as any

of them to thwart the holy desires of her son. It is said that the Pope himself intervened, and even the Emperor, and that thus alone was the obstinate opposition of Count Landolfo and Countess Teodora at last overcome. That Pope, however, was not Honorius, but his successor Gregory IX. Honorius had excommunicated the Emperor Frederic II "because, after his mother Constantia was dead, who was wont to restrain him within his duty, he came to Rome, and without right or reason laid waste the Pope's territory."

Honorius III beautified and restored several of the Roman churches and "adorned the ciborium of St. Peter's with excellent workmanship;" he died in 1227, after a reign of ten years, seven months, and thirteen days.

Honorius IV, also of the great feudal house of the Savelli, became Pope in 1285. He succeeded Martin IV who died at Perugia, where, says Platina, was held the conclave which elected Giacomo Savelli, then a cardinal deacon. Coming to Rome, he took up his abode here at Santa Sabina, "where he built him a curious palace." Apparently Honorius III had always had a house here

“which drew many of the Romans to live by him, so that the Mount from his time began to be very full of inhabitants.” The remains of this palace of the Savelli are still to be seen in the monastery garden. In it Honorius IV died in 1287, after he had been Pope two years and a day. “His body was carried in great state from Santa Sabina to St. Peter’s and buried in a marble tomb, and indeed he deserved all the honor paid to his dead corpse, because he was a very upright man, and a great lover of Christian piety. For he conformed not only the Order of Carmelites, which was not very well approved of in some councils, and changed their black cloaks for white ones, but he did the same also by the Order of Eremites, which was disapproved of at Paris. But the only cardinal he made during his pontificate was John Boccomatius, Bishop of Frascati; for he would say that none but good and learned men ought to be taken into so great a society, not those that were illiterate and ignorant in the management of human affairs.” So Platina, who goes on to say that when Honorius IV was dead the Holy See was vacant ten months; for the con-

clave to elect his successor was summoned to meet here at Santa Sabina, but a great many cardinals were taken sick of a sudden: several died in the monastery and the conclave was broken up. Among the victims was Cardinal Ugo, an Englishman; Giordano Orsini, Count of Milan; Gervase of Anjou, Dean of Paris; and "Antherius, an excellent person." Platina adds that the cardinals had another reason for adjourning the conclave, "because of the earthquakes, which were then so great that they thought heaven itself would be angry with them if they did it"—i. e. elected a Pope—"at that time." However, when the conclave re-assembled, ten months after the death of Honorius, it met again at Santa Sabina and elected as his successor Fra Girolamo of Principatocitra, an Ascolese, General of the Friars Minor, who took the name of Nicholas IV and among his first cardinals created "Hugo Colionius, a famous doctor of the Order of Preachers." When Henry VII, of Luxembourg, came to Rome to be crowned Emperor in 1312, twenty-five years after the death of Honorius IV, it was in the Savelli Palace at Santa Sabina that he

took up his quarters. The Pope, Clement V, was away at Avignon, and Henry was only crowned Emperor by three cardinals; then, demanding a tribute from the Romans which they were unused to pay, he so enraged them that they rose against him, even the Ghibellines of his own party; many of his German lords were slain, and buried in Santa Sabina, and he himself had to withdraw to Tivoli. On August 24, of the next year, he died at Buonconvento, fifteen miles from Siena on the road to Radicofani.

Near the old Savelli Palace at Santa Sabina, Prior Besson, a learned antiquarian, made excavations, in 1856 and 1857, and discovered parts of the wall of Servius Tullius and, among other interesting things, an ancient Roman house. Some of the rooms showed remains of paintings, figures, and arabesques, and were decorated with stucco ornaments; in one that had been, apparently, used as a prison, some one held in captivity there had scratched on the wall, where a little group was represented sacrificing to the statue of a god, very energetic curses against those who had shut him up. Another pris-

oner recorded on the same wall a vow to Bacchus (perhaps a congenial god) if he should get free.

Near the Savelli palace, eight centuries and a half before the residence there of Honorius IV, Marcella, the friend of St. Jerome, "the pride of Romans," as he called her, lived in her own house, some remains of which are still to be seen. This was the hereditary of her family, a splendid and princely mansion. Here she devoted her life to works of charity and divine contemplation. Married young and left a widow after seven happy months, she dedicated herself, entirely, henceforth to holy religion. The chance of entering the Imperial family was offered her, for Cerealis, uncle of Gallus Caesar (brother of the Emperor Julian and nephew of the Emperor Constantine the Great), desired to marry her; but she was determined to consecrate her widowhood to God, and refused every proposal of marriage. Abjuring the pomps and pleasures of the world and society, Marcella lived now a practically cloistered life here in her palace at Santa Sabina, with her mother Albina and her sister Asella and

a group of holy women like-minded with herself. Their time was spent in study, meditation, reading the Scriptures, and attending the divine offices. They lived austere, devoting the superfluity of their wealth to the Church and to the poor. Until he went to the Holy Land and took up his abode at Bethlehem, St. Jerome was the director of Marcella and her friends at Santa Sabina. From Bethlehem he wrote often to her, as did St. Paula and her daughter St. Eustochium, both of them great friends of Marcella's and of Jerome's. The palace thus sanctified by the holy life of its noble mistress was burned down in the first half of the fifth century, but remains of it, as we have said, are to be seen here still. Near them are the ruins of another great Roman house, that of Cosmos, Minister of the Exchequer to Emperor Marcus Aurelius, A. D. 161-180.

The tomb of that lady of the house of Savelli has carried us far in the pleasant by-path of history. Let us go back to the church itself. Hard by is that of a German bishop, who was a benefactor of the church. In the aisle on the left is the tomb of another Ger-

man, a member of the family of Henry VII himself, who was buried here in the year before the coming of the Ghibelline emperor brought so much trouble to others and so little profit to himself. The opposite aisle has more interesting tombs—one of a fifteenth century cardinal “who lived as one about to die, that dying he might live.” At the end of this aisle is a marble slab on which St. Dominic himself used to lie for hours, prostrate in prayer. It did not please the devil to see him there; such prayers have always menaced him, and he so far forgot his lost dignity as an archangel that he flung a huge, round stone, black as his own envy, at the praying saint. But the devil’s aim was bad, as it often is when saints are in question; when he flings true it is mostly because we want to be hit; and the stone did not touch Dominic at all. He was not thinking of Satan, but of God, and he paid no heed. The stone is there still to remind us that the devil can not harm us unless we let him.

At the other end of this aisle is the Chapel of the Rosary, where Sassoferrato’s finest picture commemorates St. Dominic’s vision wherein Our Lady gave him the charge of

propagating the holy Rosary throughout the world. Lacordaire, the greatest preacher of his time, often came here to pray, when he was a novice of seven and thirty at the Minerva. He said of the Rosary: "The rationalist smiles to see long processions of people, all saying the same thing over and over again; he who is illuminated by a better light understands that Love has but one word, and that, saying it always, Love never repeats itself."

The next chapel in this aisle is that of St. Dominic himself, who is not buried here but at Bologna, where he died in 1221 in the fifty-first year of his age. Before that he had lived for several years at Santa Sabina, having come to Rome in the first instance to attend the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215, in company with Fulbo, Bishop of Toulouse. It was then that he sought from Innocent III the confirmation of his Order, which, as we have seen, was accorded by Innocent's successor, Honorius III, in the following year. Later on he was associated in a special manner with the Sovereign Pontiff by being made Master of the Sacred Palace, an office that has been held by a Dominican ever since.

This is not the place to describe that wonderful tomb at Bologna, Niccolo Pisano's glorious work, where so many of the saint's great miracles are commemorated; for Dominic, like his Master before him, three times called back the dead to life and stilled a raging storm by calling on Christ's Mother to pity the terrified sailors. The marvels of such a life as Dominic's can not be treated of in a mere parenthesis. Next to his chapel here is that of his greatest son, the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, who proved for all time that the greatest science is Christian Faith; let the superficial who imagine that Catholic doctrine is a tangled muddle of inconsistent blind beliefs, strung together in one rosary of impossibility, read the "Summa," and see how its inexorable logic builds up into one impregnable fortress the whole mass of revealed teaching.

Beyond the chapel of St. Thomas, and nearest on that side of the church to the entrance, is that of St. Hyacinth, Apostle of Hungary, who received here, from St. Dominic's preaching, the inspiration to devote his whole life to the spread of the Catholic faith.

Born of noble parents in Poland, even as a child he was studious, and later on he excelled in the knowledge of jurisprudence and theology; so that, elected a Canon of Cracow, he was distinguished beyond others in learning and piety of life. Then he came to Rome, and, here at Santa Sabina, fell under the magic influence of the great St. Dominic, by whom he was admitted into the Order of Friars Preachers, confirmed two years before. From him he learned the way of perfection, and walked in it to his life's end, ever more and more illustrious in purity, modesty, humility, and Christian patience. To himself he was harsh enough, living hardly; his bed was the cold stone, and even such rest as that he often thought too much and spent the whole night in prayer; if his body shrank from the night chill he warmed it with the lash. He founded many friaries of his Order and raised up in them men like-minded with himself to carry on his work. Once, on one of his missionary journeys, he came with his companions to the banks of a river, near Visograd, in Hungary; the waters were swollen by a great flood and their way stopped, for there



was no boat; but the saint, unwilling that those they came to teach Christ's truths should be left in darkness, pulled off his mantle and laid it on the stream, stepping on it himself, in full faith that God would bear it up, and bidding his companions join him. They did so, and on this strange raft they were carried safely over the flood to their preaching. By many other miracles did God bless and confirm his teaching. At last his long life of love and labor drew to its close, and he warned his brethren that the end would come upon the feast of Our Lady's Assumption. On that day, all his sacred duties done, down to the saying of the last hours of the holy office, having received the Church's sacrament with deepest reverence, he came, near the end of Compline, to the words—"Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and spoke no more on earth. While the heavenly escort of angels bore his happy spirit home, his brethren said for him—"Now, O Lord, Thou lettest Thy servant depart in peace." This was on August 15, 1257, nearly forty years after St. Dominic had received his religious profession. Miracles attested his sanctity in

death as in life, and by Clement VIII he was canonized.

Let us now cross the nave of Santa Sabina and kneel before the high altar. Five martyrs lie buried under it: St. Sabina herself, whose house stood here, where her holy body has slept for eighteen hundred years; St. Seraphia, by whom she was converted to Christianity; St. Alexander I, the Pope of her day; and St. Eventius and St. Theodulus, his attendant priests who were martyred with him. St. Alexander I was the sixth Pope from St. Peter, succeeding St. Evaristus in or about the year 109. He was a Roman, son of another Alexander, and one would suppose of high birth, for we learn that "he converted to Christ a great part of the nobility of Rome;" and it seems very unlikely that a man of obscure origin would have had much weight with them. How old he was when he became Pope I do not know, but as it is said of him that he was "a person of wisdom and gravity far exceeding his years," it would appear that he must have been young for his exalted office. He it was who ordained that

in the Holy Mass water should be mixed with the wine to be consecrated, in commemoration of the blood and water which flowed from the side of Christ when the soldier pierced it with his lance. He also laid down that in the Canon of the Mass the words—"qui pridie quam pateretur"—should introduce the formula of consecration. Again Pope Alexander I it was who decreed that holy water mixed with salt should always be kept in churches, and also in the houses of the faithful, to drive thence the spirits of evil. As regards the bread to be used in the Holy Sacrifice, Platina says that it was by the Pope that it was laid down that only unleavened bread should be consecrated, "by which all occasion of cavilling would be taken away from the Ebionite heretics, who were very much addicted to Judaism."

During the first seven years of Pope St. Alexander's pontificate the Imperial crown was worn by Trajan, a prince in many ways wise and just; nevertheless, the rapid growth of Christianity caused him to look askance at this foreign faith, and led him to persecute it. Under him the great St. Ignatius of Anti-

och suffered martyrdom. Trajan was succeeded, A. D. 117, by his kinsman Hadrian, who began by persecuting the Christians, though he did not do so throughout his reign. Among those who glorified God by laying down their lives for the faith of Christ at the beginning of Hadrian's reign was a holy virgin of Antioch, St. Seraphia; when she was dead her relics were tenderly gathered together by Sabina, whom she had converted to and instructed in the Faith. Sabina was of high rank both by birth and marriage, "*nobilissima et genere et matrimonio*," the wife of Valentine, a most noble man, "*vir clarissimi*." Sabina reverently buried the holy martyr's remains within the precincts of her own house, where, as we have seen, they still lie after the lapse of eighteen centuries.

Her own martyred body was very soon to lie beside them. The reverent charity she had shown to the relics of her Christian friend was reported to the Emperor, and he ordered her to be arrested, to give an account of herself, as being now suspect in her turn. Brought before Elpidius, who was to examine her he said: "Art thou not the Lady Sabina,

of right noble estate, both as to thy birth and thy marriage?"

"I am," she answered frankly. "But I give thanks to my Lord Jesus Christ, Who by the intercession of His handmaid Seraphia, has set me free from the power of the demons."

Unable in any way to move her or make her change her mind, the Prefect condemned her to death as a contemner of the gods. As soon as she had glorified God by her martyrdom, her Christian friends laid her body beside Seraphia's in the tomb wherein she had buried her Mistress in the Faith.

Alexander was then Pope; in a brief space he was to follow these two holy women to death, though not for two centuries was his body to be placed by theirs. On May 8, A. D. 119, after Alexander had ruled the Church for ten years, five months, and twenty days, he was led out along the Via Nomentana to the third milestone from the city and there, refusing to deny the Christ whose vice-regent he was, they put him to death, together with his faithful attendant priests, Eventius and Theodulus. A Roman matron, Severina, noble and devoted as Sabina had been, buried them,

and over the sacred spot an oratory was built, from which, as we have seen, the three "corpi santi" were removed to Santa Sabina, long afterwards, by Celestine I. So that now all five martyrs lie together in one tomb, under the high altar of the church where once was St. Sabina's house.

As for the "Oratorio di Sant Alexandro" on the Via Nomentana, it was unearthed centuries after, and the separate tomb of St. Theodulus is shown there, inscribed "Martyr;" for it is said in the Acts of these Martyrs that St. Eventius was buried by Severina in the same grave with the Pope, but that St. Theodulus was laid in a tomb apart, "Theodulum vero alibi sepelivit." In this ancient, roofless church Mass is celebrated every year on the feast of St. Alexander, May 8, the anniversary of his martyrdom. Crowds of devout worshipers fill the hallowed spot, shepherds from the wide and empty solemn Campagna outside, and pilgrims from Rome itself. Before the high altar of Santa Sabina, where these holy martyrs lie, St. Dominic knelt in prayer many and many a time; over their relics he offered up the August Sacri-

fice. Under it is a chapel where he spent hours in prayer every night, scourging himself three times nightly, so that his blood may have added itself to theirs.

We can not tear ourselves away from Santa Sabina without speaking of its connection with yet another of St. Dominic's illustrious sons. There is a legend, picturesque at least, that one wild night the porter heard a feeble knocking at the door and on opening it found outside a way-worn traveler, shabby with long wandering, and bowed down with weariness; by the bridle he held a sorry mule as miserable and jaded as himself. Roman porters have acrid tongues, and the tired stranger was greeted with a bantering question: "Well, father, so you've come—to see if the cardinals would like to elect you Pope, eh?"

"I come," said the stranger simply, "because the interests of God's Church bring me to Rome. When my work here is done I shall leave it again. All I ask here is a little hospitality and some hay for this mule of mine."

He was not sent away and his cell at Santa Sabina, a chapel now, richly decorated, is visited three centuries and a half after his

death by many pilgrims. This shabby traveler was Michele Ghislieri, Inquisitor of the Holy Office for Lombardy, where his strenuous efforts to root out the ever-menacing heresies of the time had caused the ill-disposed to rise against him, so that for a time he had to flee and betake himself to Rome to report matters to the Pope, Julius III, by whom he was presently appointed Commissary of the Holy Office. At the time of his arrival at Santa Sabina he was forty-six years old, having been born at Bosco, in the Duchy of Milan, on January 17, 1504. At twenty-four he was ordained priest, having been a Dominican ten years. He was a prior of one convent after another, always strenuous in enforcing discipline, and opposing everywhere with all his vigor of talent and character the pestilent growth of the pseudo-reformation.

The times called for such a man and such measures; whether he himself were popular and admired he did not care at all. Outside the Church, and on its confines—among those who had not yet finally decided on separation, and halted between two opinions—there was the spirit of revolt; and rigid loyalty had to

be enforced. Lax discipline in the crew of Peter's bark must end in mutiny and shipwreck, and Ghislieri was for no weakening of authority. Authority, to be obeyed, must be sure of itself, and Michele Ghislieri saw clearly that easy compliance, winking at insubordination, must be ruinous in the long run. Such men make saints, but not the saints that even the unsaintly will praise; there are saints whom they affect to admire, for some picturesque accident or romantic half-legendary halo, condoning their sanctity as a pardonable weakness in men of their age and surroundings. Thus, St. Francis has always been popular among a certain class of those who hate what he loved best, certainly not because he was a glorious servant of God and the Church, but because his gracious figure smiles down the ages embedded in a tangle of exquisite flowers.

When Michele Ghislieri, whom Paul IV had made Inquisitor General, became Pope Pius V, he had no gentle pretty task to occupy him. The Middle Ages, turbulent and recalcitrant, but believing, were over; kings had to hear the stern voice of denunciation not for

stealing the Pope's provinces, but for stealing the faith of his spiritual subjects. It was Pius V who excommunicated Queen Elizabeth of England and sought to free her hapless subjects "*ex turpissima muliebris libidinis servitute.*" As Pope he was a true reformer, ardent and sincere, and like all genuine reformers he began at home. There was much that called for reform in the city of Rome itself, and he set to work at once to do what was necessary; but his great aim in the Church at large was the carrying out and enforcement of the decrees of the Council of Trent; and in external policy his earnest efforts were directed to opposing the menace of the Turks against Christendom. For this purpose he made a treaty with Spain and Venice, and the united fleets of the three powers at last brought the Turk to bay in the great naval battle of Lepanto, on October 7, 1571. On that day, by command of the great Dominican Pope, the Society of the Holy Rosary all over the world were pouring out their supplications for the deliverance of Christendom from the threatening advance of Islam; and the fruit of so many thousands

of Rosaries was the greatest defeat the Turks had sustained for many centuries. In the battle of Lepanto the standard of the Cross was triumphant. Don John of Austria commanded the combined Christian fleets, and thirty thousand Turks were slain or taken prisoners.

As this great Christian victory had been gained in answer to the prayers of Our Lady of the Rosary, so the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary was instituted by Pope Gregory XIII, for a perpetual commemoration of it; for St. Pius V died a few months after the great day of Lepanto, and Gregory XIII succeeded him. The cell which St. Pius V occupied at Santa Sabina, like that of St. Dominic, was after his canonization changed into a chapel, as we have seen.

SANTA PUDENZIANA

SANTA PUDENZIANA

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has received for his title the most ancient church in Rome and the world, "*Omnium ecclesiarum urbis vetustissima*," and one of supreme interest. In death St. Peter lies in the Vatican Basilica, in life he exercised his function of priest and sovereign bishop in Santa Pudenziana. It stands over the house of St. Pudens, a Roman Senator converted by the Apostle himself, where St. Peter and St. Paul were both sheltered, according to the tradition of eighteen centuries and a half. That house was the house of a family of saints: there lives St. Pudens himself, his wife, St. Claudia, their daughters, St. Pudentiana and St. Praxedes, and their sons, St. Novatus and St. Timotheus. Of these two are mentioned by St. Paul himself in his second letter to St. Timothy written from Rome. "Eubulus and Pudens and Linus and Claudia, and all the brethern, salute thee."

St. Pudens, according to tradition, laid down his life for Christ under the same Emperor Nero who crucified St. Peter and beheaded St. Paul: he is buried now in Santa Pudenziana, as is also his son, St. Novatus, as is St. Pudenziana herself. Forty-six years ago excavations brought to light portions of his house and of the baths of Novatus, which formed part of its precincts. The chapel to the left of the tribune in Santa Pudenzia is believed to be the original Titulus Pudentis, and its mosaic pavement to have been part of the flooring of the actual house of the Senator. And thus this chapel is on a lower level than the more modern parts of the church. In it is a part of the wooden altar on which St. Peter said Mass, the other portion of which is at San Giovanni in Laterano, the Pope's Cathedral. On that same altar all the popes up to St. Sylvester's time (A. D. 314-336) offered up the Divine Mysteries: among the rest St. Eleutherius, "to whom in the beginning of his pontificate came suppliant letters from Lucius, King of Britons, begging that he would receive him and his into the number of the Christians: wherefore

he sent Fugatius and Damian, learned and holy men, to Britain, through whom the King and the rest might receive the Faith."

Of the thirty-three Popes who said Mass here all were saints, and by far the greater number martyrs. It was here, according to Roman tradition, that St. Peter consecrated St. Linus and St. Cletus, who followed him upon the throne of the Fisherman, of whom the former is mentioned in that message of greeting we have quoted already from St. Paul's second letter to St. Timothy. Hence it was that the Prince of the Apostles sent forth upon their mission the other Apostles of the West: here, too, St. Paul, who also was a friend of the holy Senator and his family, must have often worshiped and sacrificed.

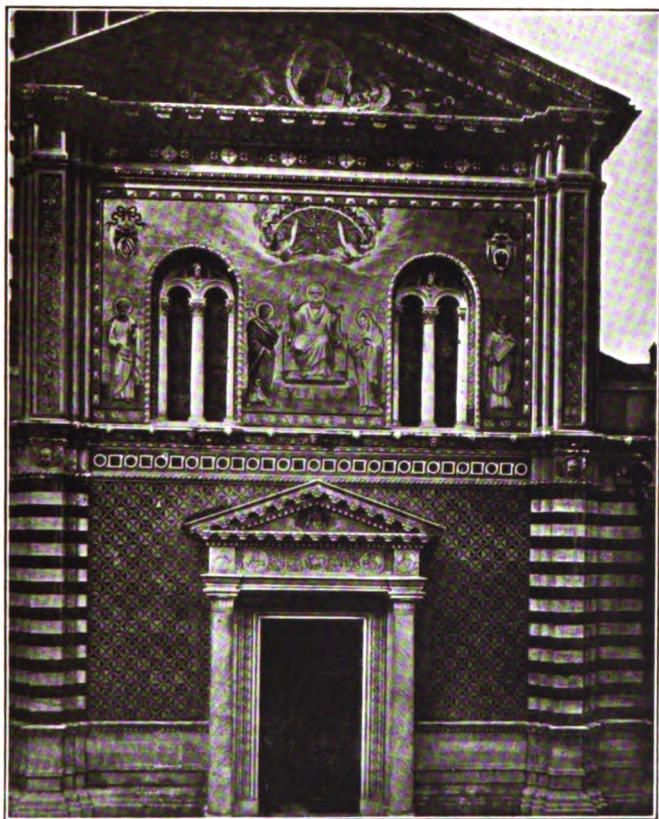
This humble chapel was the forerunner of the Lateran Basilica as the Apostolic Cathedral of the world.

St. Peter lived seven years in the house of Pudens and here he baptized many of the first Roman Christians.

Under the high altar of the Basilica lie the bodies of St. Pudenziana herself and her brother, St. Novatus, the holy children of a

holy father. St. Pudens himself is now buried under the altar at the end of the right aisle. After her martyrdom he was buried on the Via Salaria, in the cemetery of St. Priscilla, and the bodies of his daughters, St. Pudentiana, who died first, and St. Praxedes, were laid beside him in the same tomb: long afterwards, perhaps after the conversion of Constantine, the relics of all these saints were translated to their present resting places. In the same way we know that the bodies of the martyrs Pope St. Alexander I, St. Eventius and St. Theodolus, at first buried outside Rome on the Via Nomentana, were translated under St. Celestine I to Santa Sabina on the Aventine.

In the tribune behind the high altar are the most ancient Christian mosaics in existence, which De Rossi held to be also the best. Long before De Rossi's time Panvinio, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (of virgin memory), declared they were the most beautiful in Rome. Our Lord is shown enthroned, with one arm outstretched in blessing, the other holds a book with the words "Conservator Ecclesiæ Pudentianæ" inscribed upon



FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF S. PUDENZIANA, ROME

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its open page. Beside Him stand the sister saints, Pudentiana and Praxedes, holding wreaths; beneath, but standing forward, are the Princes of the Roman Church, their beloved friends, St. Peter and St. Paul and other saintly figures, all clad in the garments of classic Rome. In the air, above the head of Christ, is a jewelled cross between the mystic symbols of the Four Evangelists. Behind, through an arcaded portico, are seen intensely interesting presentments of a basilica and baptistery of the day—398-417: for the mosaics were begun by Pope St. Siricius, who is buried in Santa Pudenziana, and finished under St. Innocent I, who reigned from 401 to 417: both Popes ruling the Church after the official conversion of the Empire. St. Pastor, brother of St. Pius I, tells us that when the Senator "Pudens went to his saviour," martyred, as we have seen, by Nero, he left his daughters Pudentiana and Praxedes strengthened with chastity and learned in all the Divine Law. They sold their goods and gave the proceeds to the poor, persevered strictly in the love of Christ, and guarded intact the flower of their virginity: for glory

they sought only in vigils, fastings and prayers.

Later on they desired to have in their house a baptistery, and the Blessed Pius (Pope St. Pius I) not only consented but with his own hand made the plan for the baptismal fountain. Besides their house in Rome they must have owned estates out in the country, for St. Pastor says that they called together their slaves from town and country—that is, the house slaves who belonged to the city household and those employed on their lands outside—and gave their freedom to those who were already Christians, and urging the truth of the Faith on those who had not yet accepted it. By the Pope's advice the declaration of freedom, with all the ancient usages proper to it, was made in the oratory founded by Pudens, their father: then, at Easter, ninety-six neophytes were baptized: so that thenceforth in that oratory constant gatherings were held, and night and day it resounded with hymns of praise. Many of the pagans came thither gladly, and found there the Faith and received baptism.

When the Emperor Antoninus Pius (A. D. 138-161) was made aware of all that had taken place he put forth an edict by which all Christians were ordered to live apart in their own houses: they were not to mix with the rest of the people, nor might they go to the public shops, nor frequent the baths. Praxedes and Pudentiana did not now forget those whom they had brought into the Church, but gathered them into their own home and housed them, nourishing them for many days, watching and praying. The blessed Pius himself visited them constantly with joy, offering the Sacrifice for them to the Saviour.

"Then," says Pastor, "Pudentiana went to God. Her sister and I wrapped her in sweet perfumes, and kept her hidden in the oratory. Afterwards, at the end of eight-and-twenty days, we carried her to the cemetery of Priscilla, and laid her by her father, Pudens. Novatus, eleven months later, died in his turn: He bequeathed his goods to Praxedes, and she then begged St. Pius to erect a title in the Baths of Novatus, no longer used, where was a large and spacious hall. The

Bishop made the dedication in the name of the blessed virgin Praxedes: and in the same place he consecrated a baptistery."

But after two years a great persecution against the Christians was decreed, and many obtained the crown of martyrdom: Praxedes hid a great number of Christians in her oratory, nourishing them both with food of this life and with the Word of God. But, when the Emperor Antoninus heard that these meetings took place in the oratory of Praxedes, he had it searched, and many Christians were taken, especially the priest Simetrius and two-and-twenty others. They were all martyred, and by night the blessed Praxedes collected their bodies, and buried them in the cemetery of Priscilla, "on the seventh day of the Kalends of June. Then the virgin of the Saviour, worn out with sorrow, only prayed for death * * *." Let us pause a moment over that holy and human grief: she, who as a child had known St. Peter and St. Paul and had seen them go forth to their glorious death, was now old, old woman, the last of the once large and happy family. Father and mother, sister and brothers were

all dead. She had been the spiritual daughter of many Popes, who had all celebrated the Mysteries in her house: they were all dead, all but one martyred; and now the sanctuary of her house was broken up: the refuge she had made there for those she had helped to the faith was no refuge now, but a sure stepping-stone to death.

“Her tears and her prayers reached to heaven, and fifty-four days after her brethren had suffered she passed to God: and I, Pastor, the Priest, have buried her body near that of Pudens, her father.” Where, it may be asked, does that noble body sleep now? Not very far from her sister’s, though not in her sister’s “title”: but in a title of her own, that of Santa Praxede, built, according to tradition, in another part of the baths of her brother, St. Novatus. As all these saints, Pudens, Novatus, Pudentiana and Praxedes were buried at first in the cemetery of St. Priscilla it is of touching interest to remember that Roman tradition makes Priscilla herself the mother of Pudens.

There is yet another tradition that connects Pudens and his title, Pudentiana and her title

with our own country; it is that Claudia, the wife of Pudens, the Claudia who sent greeting by St. Paul to "Timothy, his own son in the faith," was a native of Britain, the daughter of a British King.

In the church of St. Pudenziana, our Cardinal's title, there is a reminder of the famous miracle of Bolsena, immortalized for ever by the Cathedral of Orvieto and by Raffael's fresco in the Stanza d'Eliodoro of the Vatican. Just as at Bolsena a doubting priest found the Host he had consecrated bleeding in his hands, so, at Santa Pudenziana, a priest who doubted whether that which he had consecrated was in truth Christ's Body, dropped It, and It fell, leaving the miraculous imprint of Itself upon the stone less cold than his heart.

Very hurriedly we have tried to recall the august memories that cling about this most venerable Christian sanctuary, linking us with the far-away past, and it is easy to see how exquisite an appropriateness it has for the title of an English Prince of the Church. The first Pius made it a "title," the latest Pius has given it to our Cardinal Archbishop, as the last who bore his name and the intolerable bur-

den of the keys gave it, as his title, to the first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Neither Pius IX, of holiest memory, who constituted anew the Hierarchy of England, nor Pius X, who has completed it, can have forgotten the tradition that makes this holy place the home of a British Princess who knew St. Peter: and the sanctuary whence St. Eleutherius sent St. Fugatius and St. Damianus from his side to convert the Britons. Between Cardinal Wiseman, of the title of St. Pudentiana, and Cardinal Bourne of the same title, came Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Vaughan, who each had for his title the Church, upon the Colian Hill, of St. Gregory the Apostle of the English: our first Cardinal Archbishop and our latest have been given the no less privilege of having their throne in Rome where over seventeen centuries ago was that of St. Eleutherius, Apostle of the Britons.

SUBLACO—A MEMORY

SUBIACO— A MEMORY

THERE are days in our lives which never fade into age, but keep, in our deepest memory, a perennial youth; and such days have mostly been marked, not by any great event of special importance to our earthly career, advancement, wealth or what not, but simply by a peculiar beauty that hangs about them—like an aura. They were not worldly days; and so, as we olden with our passage through the world, they stay young, and we love them as pure youthful things are loved.

On such a day the present writer first saw Subiaco; in such a golden haze hangs his memory of the first sight of the cradle of Western Monasticism. It was not from Rome that the little pilgrimage was made, but from Olevano. We had been staying there for a week or two, and one night resolved that on the morrow we would find our way over the mountains to Subiaco.

Of the journey itself there is not space to speak here; a lovelier one can scarcely be imagined. All day long we were among the solemn hills, passing by no towns, and by very few villages, through a country that has been the paradise of painters ever since Salvator Rosa's day. It was September, and hot enough down in the plains; up there, in the Sabine highlands, it was only brilliant: a day of golden light, sapphire sky and wholesome breezes.

We did not talk much by the way: we were too good friends to need such protest of politeness; and we had St. Benedict to think of—it was like going to visit at last a friend long well known at a distance.

There are three ways from Olevano to Subiaco: one by Rojali and Affile, near to which St. Benedict's miracles began; a second, below the Serpentaro, rocky and wild; and another, which we took, by Bellegra and Roccadi San Stefano, rough in places but always most lovely. It brought us first to the town of Subiaco; whence it is about two miles and a half on to the monasteries by a beautiful road, with olives and ilexes thickly set along it.

If one turns to look behind, the views of the town are almost incredibly beautiful: the houses piled higher and higher among the rocks and reaching a climax in the huge castle and palace of the archbishop perched on a pyramid of rock. The low hills are rich in corn, or draped with chestnut groves, dark and velvety, or olives silver-gray, sombre and penitential. The noise of the river comes up from its gorge of trees; high on a cliff, here and there is a bright shrine before which Nature is forever strewing flowers. At the very fine, not ancient, Ponte San Mauro, the foot-path begins which leads to the monasteries. Now and then there is a little votive chapel, everywhere the wild laburnum trails from the rocks, like tapestries hung out for ever, for the unending procession of pilgrims from all parts of the world.

The first chapel is in memory of one of St. Benedict's countless miracles. Among those who came to him, to learn his way of happiness, were the Roman Senators, Anicius and Tertullus, both men of high rank like himself. They brought the saint their sons, Maurus and Placidus, destined to become famous

saints themselves. Maurus was a lad of twelve then, Placidus a toddling child of five. On a day in the year 528 the little Placidus fell into the River Anio, close beneath this place. Benedict saw the child fall, and cried out to Maurus to try and save him. Maurus walked upon the water, and seized Placidus by his long hair, and drew him, at the point of drowning, safe out of the river.

Then St. Benedict praised God for the holiness of Maurus, but Maurus declared it was the prayer of his master that saved the child. When he could speak, Placidus said that over him as he struggled in the water he had seen St. Benedict's sheepskin cloak hovering in the air.

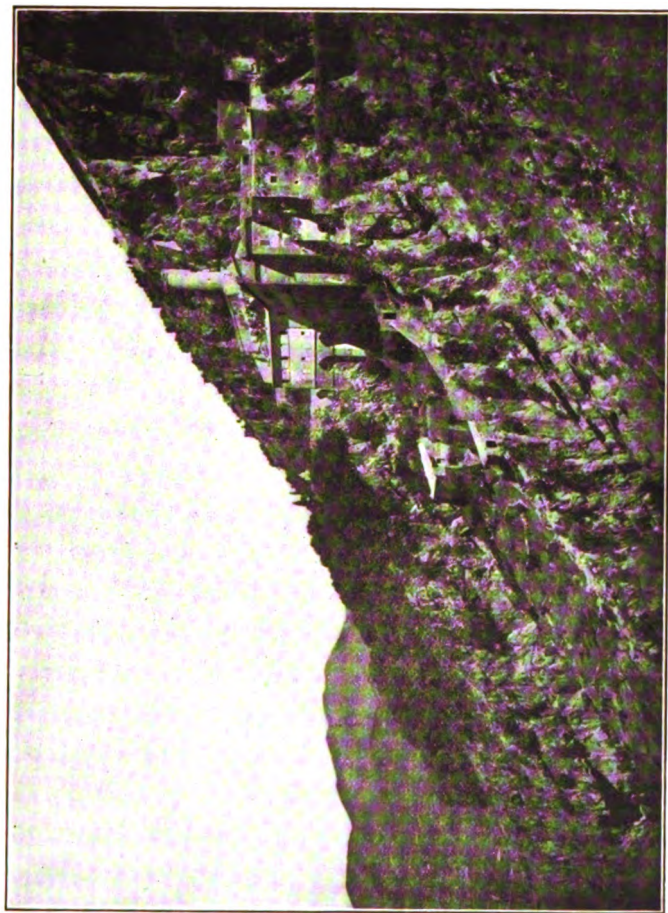
But if we tried to recall, even in a dry list, the miracles of the great Patriarch this paper would have no room to spare for even the barest description of the place where the Benedictine Order was born. And, before becoming the Saint's guests, we must remind ourselves of the life of him we come to visit. Alas! that life, too, we can only glance at, in brief parenthesis: a story so full and rich can never be compressed. The reader who wants

to know Benedict must go to his illustrious son, St. Gregory the Great.

Of a good family and wealthy, Benedict was born about the year 480, at Nursia, near Spoleto. Very young he was sent to Rome, to study in the schools: but Rome and earthly science soon wearied him and he fled. The old world was sick, and seemed dying. The empire was falling to ruin, and the faith of Christians, no longer proscribed and persecuted, was spread wider but grown shallower: the emperors themselves had long professed it, some as obedient sons of the Church, some as heretics. Of course the courtiers were Christians, too—it cost them nothing now. When a man may be called to die for the religion he holds, he does hold it, close and fast: when it may be the path to honor and high places he can hold it just as truly, but he may wear it only as a garment of fashion. The world was noisy, selfish, self-absorbed, weary, self-indulging, rich, pushful, just as now: with wandering, unsteady outward eyes, and ears that could only hear loud or sharp voices, proclaiming novelties or teaching profit and pleasure. Its need was inwardness, as it is

to-day: the faculty of listening instead of talking, doing perhaps less, thinking much more—contemplation: that is attention to God, listening to Him, considering Him, waiting for his opinion.

And Benedict began with himself, like all the humble and all the wise. So he fled. Rome is set, an island of action and ambition, in the midst of the Campagna, beyond which are the silent hills. To their silence he betook himself to listen. Only forty miles, but a distance incalculable in anything but miles. When he was only fourteen, and the nurse his father and mother had sent with him as attendant followed him to Mentorella, which was the first flight of only five and twenty miles out of the ultimate forty. She could not bear to think of the child, as he must always seem to her, alone, with none to tend him. So Cyrilla begged for him, and cooked such scraps of food for him as her begging produced. One day he heard her weeping, for a great trouble had fallen on her. Having none of her own, she had borrowed a stone sieve, such as the mountain folk make bread in, and it had fallen from her hands. It was broken, and she



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would have the shame of telling the poor owner that she could not give it back.

Neither she nor Benedict had money to buy another, but Benedict prayed over the pieces, and they came together so that the sieve was whole again. Then everyone talked of the miracle and the sieve was hung up in the church where all the village went to look at it, and stare and wonder. Benedict could not bear it, and fled again: this time to Subiaco, and so secretly that Cyrilla could not follow him. The gorge of Sublagneum was lonely and untrodden then, unless, as some said, the ghosts of Nero and his courtiers haunted it. Four hundred years before the devil-driven emperor had sought here the rest he could never find, so long as he took himself with him; he built here a beautiful villa, and made three lakes beneath it, to fish in with golden nets; he was here while his outraged people in Rome were slowly and surely weaving the plots that were to end his outrageous life. Here he bathed and let the people have the priceless privilege of drinking the water that had washed their emperor's body. Here he sat at meals, in the hall of his palace, with all

his chosen intimates about him (dreading lest Brazen Beard should choose to sing or recite his own poetry), and the lightning of heaven came down and consumed the priceless delicacies with which the prodigal table was spread. In those days no omen could have been more terrific: and it fulfilled itself with brief delay.

But Nero and his crew of parasites were gone, the villa was gone: only the innocent empty wilderness was left when Benedict fled hither from his new trouble—the fame of sanctity. Above the falls of Anio, among the rocks that had often seen Nero, Benedict found a cave, so deep that not at noonday or at dawn, or day-fall, could a ray of the sun pierce its chill gloom. There he made his home. Only one human being knew of his retreat. Romanus, a solitary, who with a little colony of other anchorites had a shelter among the ruins of the Imperial villa. Tradition said St. Clement had been their founder. Romanus gave the lad a garment, made of the untanned hide of an animal: and day by day Romanus came to the top of the rock above the cave and rang a little bell to warn

Benedict of his presence, then by a string he let down half a loaf, for Benedict to pull in; and then went away, and the boy was alone for another four and twenty hours. Sometimes he got no food at all. Romanus did not fail him; the string was let down, but the angry fiend, who recognized in Benedict a foe who would do him unspeakable harm, cut the cord just above the loaf, and it went bounding down, from crag to crag, and was lost among the thick undergrowth of the gorge. To what pitiful spites can fallen archangels come! And we, who never were angels, ah me—to what meannesses can jealousies and thwarted ambitions and desire bring us. We are fine creatures to disbelieve in Satan's petty tricks.

But Benedict's hiding-place was found out. God chose that the light of that cavern should shine out upon the darkling world. One Easter a country priest, seated with his friends at a table well spread with the holiday fare to which the long Lenten fast entitled them, heard the voice of God telling him that, while he and they were faring thus festally, His servant Benedict grieved with hunger for sheer bread. The good priest rose and left the sim-

ple banquet, gathering into his arms a bountiful supply of the best, and his steps were led miraculously to the cavern where the saint lay weak with famine, not knowing how days sped or what lordly triumph of her Master the Church was keeping. At first Benedict would not touch the good things brought to him, till the priest convinced him that it was indeed the Day of Christ's Resurrection. Then he ate, in honor of the day and to please the kindly charity of his visitor.

Leaving the cave, the wonder-struck priest came upon shepherds, watching their "silly sheep" like those of Bethlehem at the first Christmas. And he told them where he had been, and with what a servant of God he had been in converse. They had already seen the hermit lad, never near, for they had been frightened, taking him for some strange half-human beast, a creature with long, matted hair and nails like claws, and a loose hide. Henceforth they had no fear, but would creep up to him and listen amazed while Benedict told them of the wonders of the Shepherd, poor as they, who had borrowed the poverty of the earth to lend it the inexhaustible

wealth of heaven. As their sheep and goats cropped the grass and shrubs, hanging on the terraces of the rocks, they, "pagani" (country-folk, for the townsmen were mostly Christian now, and the word for heathen meant such as they), learned of the light yoke and easy burden of the Poor Man of Nazareth. So they, too, heard of the greater Pan: and fit it was that Benedict's first-fruits should be gathered among shepherds, since shepherds had been the first lowly ambassadors of this world to the cavern court of Bethlehem.

From the shepherds Benedict's fame spread wide among the villages of the hills: pilgrims from far and wide came to the valley, some to carry away to others the King's message they had heard, others to stay forever, and learn from Benedict his way of life; so that gradually, out of the necessity of the case, his rule grew and took form, becoming the basis of all Western Monasticism.

Here, among the rocks of the Anio gorge, twelve monasteries arose, each at first having only a few monks; their names, then, or later were as follows: St. Victor's, where the priest became a monk who had brought the Easter

food to Benedict; St. John of the Water, so called because in answer to the saint's prayer water gushed forth from the rock to assuage the thirst of the monks in one long parched summer; St. Clement's, to which the children Maurus and Placidus were brought by Anicius and Tertullus. It was close to one of Nero's lakes, and one day a monk, a convert from the Goths, was cutting weeds upon its banks, when his sickle-blade came loose and fell into the water and sank. But Maurus prayed and held the wooden stock over the water, bidding the blade come back, and it rose and swam on the surface till he drew it in. Then there was the monastery of St. Cosmas and St. Damian, the two Arabian doctors martyred under Diocletian, in whose honor the Rotunda of Romulus and the Templum Sacrae Urbis on the Roman Forum had been turned into a Christian church by Pope Felix IV, in A. D. 527. There was the monastery of St. Blaise, where Romanus, the friend and benefactor of Benedict, was a monk.

There was St. Mary's, called afterwards San Lorenzo in honor of the thirteenth century recluse, San Lorenzo Loricato. In the

monastery of St. Angelus Benedict saw the devil trying to carry off, in the shape of a black youth, a monk who had been indevout during the holy offices in church. There was St. Andrew's, called *Vitae Aeternae*, ruined afterwards in one of the ever-recurring invasions of the Lombards. St. Michael's was built under the cavern which had been Benedict's original cell; and there were, besides, St. Jerome's, rebuilt in 1887 by order of Urban VI, another St. Angelus and St. Donatus.

In the course of ages these different "cells" became united into one great house dedicated to Benedict's sister and colleague, St. Scholastica. Thither came Benedict VII in 981 to consecrate it. A hundred and twenty-eight years earlier Pope St. Leo IV had come to consecrate the many altars of *Sacro Speco*. In 1052 Leo IX made a visit to Santa Scholastica and by Bull declared it "*Caput omnium monasteriorum per Italiam constitutorum.*" Alexander IV, who had been Count Rinaldo Conti di Segni in the world, then a monk of St. Scholastica, and was Pope from 1254-1261, added many privileges to the monastery that

had been his happiest home. Urban V, also a Benedictine, a hundred years later, also befriended St. Scholastica. The last Pope to visit it in person was the last who ever left the walls of the Vatican, and he hastened thither in the first year of his reign. Our present Holy Father is himself Abbot of Subiaco.

Now we come to Santa Scholastica: resting like a little city on the great rocks, the Anio, out of sight, foaming over its crags far beneath; tree-tops spread like green carpet about its feet. It was founded by Honoratus, Abbot after St. Benedict, before the middle of the sixth century. It was over and over again sacked, burned and destroyed by Lombards and Saracens, but always was rebuilt, and grew with each new birth. When Benedict VII consecrated it in 981, it had been wholly rebuilt; lands and villages, towns and castles were bequeathed to it, and its abbot became a feudal prince with jurisdiction over wide territories. Cardinal Torquemada, was its first Abbot in Commendam, Pius X being, as we have seen, the last and present. Torquemada erected here the first printing-press in Italy, just as the first in England was set

up at Westminster in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter. After Torquemada, Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, later on Pope Alexander VI, was commendatory Abbot: a pontiff whose wisdom and capacity is less remembered than his defects.

The fine façade is not ancient, but its tower was built by the Abbot Umberto, in 1053. The second cloister was built a year earlier and has beautiful bits of ancient Gothic work, with a lovely arch decorated with spiral columns and little figures. The first cloister is not so old, but has a very interesting series of portraits, Popes and Kings who were benefactors of the abbey. The most touching to the English pilgrim is that of the saintly James whom Thackeray, supposed by his admirers to have the eighteenth century at his fingers' ends, accredited in "Esmond," with all the profligacy of his uncle, Charles II. The third cloister, surrounded by a lovely arcade of twin columns, like St. Paul's outside the walls at Rome, has an inscription, dating from 1235, stating that the work here was done, under Abbot Lando, by Cosmo Cosmati, and his two sons, Luca and Giacopo.

The church, restored out of all antiquity, is fine and imposing; under its high altar lies the mortal part of St. Onoratus, who saw the soul of his master Benedict rising to heaven, on the day of his death far away at Monte Cassino; just as Benedict himself, forty days before, had seen the spirit of Scholastica winging her heavenward flight, like a dove, only two days after she and he had met for the last time.

Even at Santa Scholastica we cannot linger: St. Benedict himself calls us on to the "Sacro Speco." Leaving the monastery the path grows steeper, the scene wilder and more austere. Presently we reach another chapel where the aged and infirm may fulfill their pilgrimage and gain its spiritual rewards.

Half a mile from Santa Scholastica we enter the famous grove of evergreen oak, where no ax has sounded for fourteen hundred years: it hides the monastery until one is quite close to it. The trees, bent and twisted with immemorial time, make a cool shade among the rocks, on which the southern sun blazes all day long. Through them a steep stair, hewn

out of the rock, leads up to the terraced front of the abbey.

The churches and cells of the monastery cling to the precipice like swallows' nests. "The sparrow hath found herself a house, and the swallow a place to lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts."

Over the door by which one enters is written, "Here is the cradle of the Order of St. Benedict, Patriarch of the Monks of the West." The corridor, hanging over the precipice, on arches built against the rock, has frescoes of Benedictine Popes, five hundred years old, and beyond it one enters a small room adorned with an ancient fresco, of the Umbrian school, of our Lady and the Bambino between the Four Evangelists. Here a statue of our host, St. Benedict, welcomes us to his house.

From the gallery one enters the Upper Church, a little cathedral, as Gregorius describes it: it was built by Abbot John V in 1116, and is a treasure-house of frescoes dating from 1220. The whole life of Christ is told in them, and the prophets of the Incarnation are portrayed. The Crucifixion, on

the eastern wall, culminates the Drama of Redemption: here angels are shown catching the Precious Blood, the Five Great Rivers which bear the saved on to the tideless sea before the Throne of God. Another angel receives the soul of the Good Thief, St. Dismas, while that of the impenitent robber, Germas, falls a prey to the evil spirit he had made his master to the last.

Under the fresco of the Crucifixion St. Benedict is represented throned in glory and surrounded by his court of Benedictine saints; the bare rock of the mountain-side is seen through the arches under it.

Now we go down to the Second or Middle Church, by stairs cut in the rough rock; and on our way visit a succession of chapels, all rock-hewn, often with the natural rock for one at least of the walls. All are sanctified by frescoes, hundreds of years old, dim and devout, and much more by their association with St. Benedict and his first followers.

The holy water stoup of the Middle Church, with carvings of birds in low relief, is an ancient sarcophagus, once in the tomb of a Roman child. Here there is a martyrdom of

St. Sebastian dated 1486, a Massacre of the Innocents and a Death and Burial of Our Lord, and a Madonna Enthroned by the Umbrian Concioli, dating from 1220. There are four chapels hewn out of the rock, to right and left of the high altar of this church; out of one of them we pass into a succession of others, all burrowed in the mountain-side, and cut out of the rough rock, that is often left in its primitive nakedness. The most famous decoration in them is Giotto's picture of angels making jubilee over the glories of St. Benedictine's virtue, while the demons torment St. Romanus, and cut his rope to rob Benedict of his loaf. This lovely picture is six hundred years old.

In front of the high altar of the Second Church is a curving stair leading down to the Under Church—the Sacro Speco itself. At the first turn of the stairs is a large fresco of Innocent III, who first granted the privileges of an abbey to Subiaco. The Abbot John of Tagliacozzo is also represented here in fresco: it was under his abbacy (1217-1227) that most of the paintings in this part of the monastery were carried out. From this landing a

passage leads in which are many frescoes—one of Santa Clairdonia, an anchoress whose hermitage was perched among the rocks above the monastery. When Pius II (1458-1464) came here, one of his chaplains scribbled a quaint inscription on this fresco. In another painting in this passage Christ is represented throned in judgment with a lily in His hand; the side turned towards the west bursts into bloom, the side turned to the east has no buds.

Among the hosts of visitors to Subiaco none more illustrious ever came than St. Gregory the Great (1590-1604) and St. Francis of Assisi (1216). And now we enter the hermitage occupied during his stay by St. Gregory—himself a Benedictine. Its walls are covered with frescoes; one depicts the saint writing his Commentary on Job. The most precious is a portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, painted during his stay at Subiaco by an artist engaged on the chapel. It is a most beautiful portrait. It shows St. Francis quite young, with features regular and fine, though lean from long and vigorous fasting; the eyes are large and tender, the lips have a peculiar sensitiveness and sweetness.

Continuing our descent, we come to the second landing where the figure of St. Benedict confronts us, enjoining silence, with his finger on his lips. To the left is the monk's choir, to the right the Sacro Speco itself.

This is St. Benedict's first cave, that of which we spoke above. Here, on his flight from Mentorella, he spent three years in physical darkness, the Light of Lights breaking more and more upon him—to the clear shining of perfect day. Let the pilgrim remember that he was no old man turned from a world that could give no more pleasure, whose fires were sinking to ashes, whose lamps were flickering low; but a lad, a boy of fourteen at the beginning of those three years, only seventeen at their close; one who had not even tasted the cloying sweetness of the cup of death so many call "life"; who would not look at the riches of the world and the glory of it.

Behind a rich altar, precious with many gifts, the low-roofed cavern stoops till a man could not stand upright in it. There, on the very spot where the holy youth knelt through twelve changing seasons, unwitting of their

change, kneels now his counterfeit presentment. The statue is by Raggi, but I do not think any one cares to know the sculptor's name; we can think only of the original. Kneeling beside the marble figure, in the mild light of the holy lamps, our thoughts run back fourteen centuries, and Benedict holds them. From this hard womb of rock the great Benedictine Order was born, destined to hand on to the new Christendom its heritage of learning and civilization—all worth keeping of the old world that was swiftly dying, but not yet dead when Benedict prayed here.

It is hard to leave the place, hard even to think of the touching relics it contains—its basket and its bell; Benedict himself absorbs us.

But we go down the Scala Sancta, the steps so often trodden by his naked feet; the walls brushed by his sheep-skin cloak are aglow with marvellous and holy pictures now. One shows us Death, reaping with its scythe the young and eager, seeming to forget for another while the old and tired. But here, as in the Sacro Speco itself, it is only where there are smooth, flat spaces that the wall is frescoed; often the rock juts out in its original rugged forms.

Here, too, are portraits of many saints who were sons of the great Patriarch, Romanus, Maurus, Placidus, Honoratus, and Gregory the Great.

On the left is the little chapel where San Lorenzo Loricato lies buried, and in it a wonderfully touching painting of Our Lady and her Child, older than Benedict himself, and loved and venerated by him when he was a child.

Now we reach St. Benedict's second cave. After he had been for a time Abbot of Vico-varo, between Subiaco and Tivoli, he came back to the gorge of the Anio and hid himself alone with God in this cavern. Here it was that the jealous Florentines tried to kill him with a poisoned loaf, but Benedict flung it on the ground and his tame raven carried it away and dropped it high among the rocks where it could harm no one. It was here that he pondered the Twelve Steps of Humility, by which ladder man climbs to God.

We have noted how the monastery hangs against the precipitous rock on arches; below them is a tiny garden full of roses, descendants of those planted by St. Francis

among the thorns, which grew still, in his time, on the place where, seven hundred years before, Benedict used to roll his naked body in sharp thorns. Here we stood a while looking down into the sunlit valley, our thoughts entangled in memories of Benedict and Francis. Then our friendly monk, who had shown us everything, led us up again and took us down to the refectory of Santa Scholastica to give us the hospitality of St. Benedict. On the way he told us how the Abbot is Ordinary and Bishop; so that the chapel is a cathedral, and spared by the Government of Italy in that capacity, and as a "National Monument."

One of those who visited Subiaco and stayed longest was Pius VI (Gianangelo Braschi, 1775-1800) and his great gift to it was the road to Tivoli. The first part of it followed the line of Nero's road, Via Sublacensis; then it is carried on for a time by another classic road, the Via Valeria, four centuries older than Nero's time. The latter part, nearest to Tivoli, was entirely the work of Pius VI: the Popes were great roadmakers, and, by carrying their splendid roads through the mountains, they performed a most practical, as well

as munificent work of civilization and utility.

Everybody knows that St. Benedict did not end his days at Subiaco. After six and thirty years there, persecuted and tormented, he left it and the twelve monasteries he had founded there: each had its own superior and could stand alone. Led through the heart of the wild Apennines by two angels and two birds, he came to a spur of the bare mountain above Cascinum. This was much further from Rome, and the people were mostly pagan, at all events the hill-folk. On the summit of the rock was a grove where Venus was worshiped, and a temple of Apollo. Here Benedict preached, no longer a lad, but a man near fifty years of age. His preaching was sanctified by miracles, and the statue of Apollo was broken. His hearers suffered him to destroy the shrine of the god who could not help himself, and the grove of the Cassinese Venus was cut down. In place of them he built two small chapels in honor of St. John the Baptist and St. Martin, around which grew up the great monastery of Monte Cassino. St. Scholastica established herself hard by, giving to

her community of nuns her brother's rule. Only once a year did they meet. Of their last meeting, prolonged by the miracle of a terrific storm sent in answer to her prayer, there is no space to speak here, in a paper with Subiaco for its theme. The reader knows how Benedict rose to leave his sister, who entreated he would stay, that she and his monks might talk of God all the night through. But he could not, for the rule bade him be in cloister when night fell. Then she bent her head into her hands and prayed, and the clear sky blackened; it had been cloudless and serene, now the water floods were let loose and the lightning filled the valleys, the mountain shook with the deafening clamor of such thunder as men had never heard.

"God be merciful to thee, sister," cried Benedict, seeing that he and his monks were prisoners, "what hast thou done?"

"God has been more merciful than you," she answered boldly; "you refused my prayer, He granted it."

So all night long the saints and their companions talked of God; it was the last favor Scholastica ever begged of her brother. Two

days afterwards she was dead, and he saw her white spirit, like a dove, flying heavenward. Then was Benedict filled with joy, and his gratitude flowed forth to God in hymns and praises. But he bade his monks go fetch her body and lay it in the grave made ready for himself. Forty days later he lay beside it to receive Holy Viaticum, at the foot of the altar: and the Companion of his journey Who had been the Companion of his whole life, having come to him, Benedict stretched out his arms to welcome Him, and they set forth together.

CORTONA

CORTONA—ITS CHURCHES, MONUMENTS, AND PICTURES

THE traveler who is not in a hurry (never to be confounded with the tourist to whom haste and bustle are rules of life) will not, once he has been there, grudge the time spent in a visit to Cortona. He will have seen views remarkable even in Italy for their loveliness: works of Fra Angelico and of Luca Signorelli not surpassed elsewhere: a city that was ancient before Troy was besieged: and one of the very finest and most important examples of Etruscan art that the world has to show.

One may now very easily reach Cortona by train from Arezzo, though formerly it was reckoned a somewhat inaccessible spot, and was therefore often neglected: it is often still, because the modern visitor to Italy is possessed by the notion that he can "do" that country in a space of time that would not suffice for a glimpse of one quarter in Rome alone.

Cortona was undoubtedly one of the oldest of the twelve cities of the Etruscan league:

perhaps it was founded by the Pelasgi who were once, far back in the grey dawn of history, the intrepid colonists of southern Europe; they came, men said, from Thrace, and with the Hellenes joined to form the Greek nation. By the Pelasgi Argos and Lycosura were founded, two thousand years before the birth of Our Lord. Pausanius declares that all other cities have been built from this model. But Dionysius of Halicarnassus states that Cortona had been built by the Umbri, the earliest known inhabitants of Italy, who are believed to have been a Celtic race, and that the city was only captured from them by the Pelasgi. Anyway, Cortona is quite one of the most ancient of Italian cities, of which Rome herself was only a younger sister.

Virgil calls the place Corythus (*Æneid* VII, 205) and it was so named after Corytus, King of Etruria, father of Iasius whom Dardanus slew in hopes of obtaining the throne. Dardanus, though reputed son of Corytus, had Jove for father!—so we may conceive how ancient a place is Cortona.

Some very old cities have little that is very ancient left, but Cortona has still nearly the

whole original circuit of its walls, two miles in extent. They are formed of huge rectangular blocks of sandstone, fitted together without cement in horizontal lines. In one place where the wall is still twenty-five feet high, there are blocks as much as fourteen feet in length and five in height, and this for a hundred and twenty feet. In places there are gaps of Roman restoration, but on the whole it is the original wall that one sees.

Outside the gate of Sant' Agostino is an Etruscan sepulchral chamber, called the "Grotto of Pythagoras." The sockets of its original stone doors are still discernible; it measures about seven feet each way, and its sides and roof are built of immense blocks of sandstone, rectangular and fitted together with extreme exactness and precision. The roof is formed of five enormous, wedge-shaped blocks of huge length.

The Accademia Etrusca, founded in 1726 by the illustrious archæologist Ridolfino Venuti, has a Museo housed in the Palazzo Pretorio. Here is the famous bronze candelabrum, or rather lamp, found in 1840 in a ditch at La Fratta, and brought from that

town by Signor Tommasi—another Tommasi, Gianbattista, created by Pius VII Grand Master of Malta in 1803, lies buried in the Cathedral. This lamp consists of a large bowl, 170 pounds in weight, and about six feet in circumference, of beautifully wrought bronze. Around the brim are sixteen lamps, and between each is a head of Bacchus. At the bottom of the bowl is a Gorgon's face with an expression of extraordinary fury.

There are many other bronzes and coins in this Museo; the best of which is the figure of Jupiter Tonans. There is here a fine MS. of Dante; and a curious local work in twelve folios called the *Notte Coritane*.

There are two other museums.

And now for the churches. There are beautiful views over the Chiana valley, if one but turns to look at them as one climbs the steep and winding street, but the loveliest is from the height on which, embowered in cypress groves, the church and convent of Santa Margherita stand.

On the tower are inscribed the names of its architects, Niccolo Pisano and Giovanni Pisano. Of course its greatest feature of

interest is the Shrine and Tomb of St. Margaret of Cortona, dating from the thirteenth century. The front is of finely wrought silver, and was the gift of Pietro Berretini, who, like the saint, was a citizen of Cortona. When, in recognition of the eminence he had attained as a painter, Pietro da Cortona was given the rank of a noble, he made a thank-offering of this silver altar-front to the shrine of the great saint of Cortona. And also he gave a gold crown for her statue.

There are here fine works by many painters; a Dead Christ, praised by Vasari as among the rarest achievements of Luca Signorelli, who was born at Cortona in 1440. His lovely paintings on the walls of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican are worthy of the company in which they find themselves. Michelangelo not only praised him but paid him the sincerest form of flattery, for he took the idea of the many figures in his Last Judgment from Signorelli's work in the Duomo at Orvieto: a St. Catherine, by Baroccio (1528-1612) whose picture of St. Margaret at Urbino caused Pius IV (Giangelo Medici, 1559-1566) to call him to Rome and employ him,

with Zuccherò, in the decoration of the Belvedere: an Immaculate Conception, by Francesco Vanni, introducing St. Margaret and other saints: Vanni was invited to Rome by Clement VII (Aldobrandini), who decorated him with the Noble Order of Christ for his picture of St. Peter confounding Simon Magus: and several works by Jacopo da Empoli (1554-1640).

The Duomo of Cortona dates in part from the tenth century, but was much restored by Galilei in the eighteenth. Here is an ancient sarcophagus called locally, but incorrectly, the tomb of the Consul C. Flaminius, killed in the battle of Lake Trasymenus, fighting against Hannibal. It represents in bas-relief the Centaurs and Lapithæ.

Luca Signorelli is represented here by important paintings: a Deposition from the Cross, in his early manner: a Last Supper, in his most finished.

Pietro of Cortona (1596-1669), is represented by a fine Annunciation: his best known works are in the Barberini Palace at Rome and the Pitti Palace at Florence.

In the twelfth-century Gothic Church of San Francesco is one of the finest works now extant of Ludovico Cardi (1559-1618), commonly called from his birthplace, Cigoli. His best work was St. Peter healing the cripple, in the Vatican: but damp, and ignorant cleaners spoiled it. Cigoli's picture here is a St. Anthony.

In the Church of Sant' Agostino is a very fine example of the work of Pietro da Cortona, a Madonna, attended by St. Francis, St. James, St. Stephen and St. John the Baptist—and a good specimen of Jacopo da Empoli.

The Church of San Domenico has a glorious Gothic altar painted in compartments, dated 1440: Cosimo and Lorenzo de Medici presented it to the friars of this house on condition that they pray for the souls of the donors. As Lorenzo died in that year, it seems as if his brother completed the gift as a memorial of him. Cosimo and Lorenzo were the two sons of Giovanni de Medici, born 1360, the founder of the great fortunes of this splendid house. Lorenzo, who, as we have seen, died in the year (1440) in which this lovely altar was given to the Dominican friars of Cortona, was

the ancestor of the branch of his family that became absolute and hereditary rulers of Tuscany. Cosimo, the elder of the two brothers, was the first to draw to himself the authority of tyrant of Florence, and that without revolution, without *fracasso*. He died twenty-four years after his younger brother, and was grandfather of Lorenzo the Magnificent, whose youngest son, Giovanni, mounted the Papal throne as Leo X in 1513.

Besides an indifferent Assumption by Pietro Panicale, the Perugian, and another by the younger Palma, in this church, there is an exquisite example of Fra Angelico, worth all the other pictures in the church put together.

But in the Church of the Gesù are three Fra Angelicos and a beautiful Signorelli. One of the Angelicos is an Annunciation, a subject in which the Dominican's seraphic piety and devotion seems always to make him peculiarly happy. It is not easy to divine how such an intense effect of reverence and sweetness can be produced by means so simple—but so incommunicable. If the angelic friar, painting Our Lady on his knees, caught in his brush the color and the form of

worship, and held them fast in a picture, they shine out again forever: as the sunlight of long dead and buried summers breaks out again in light and warmth from the hard coal. There are here also lives of Our Lady and of St. Dominic, told by the brush of Angelico: unsurpassed works of his. For these alone it would be worth while to go to Cortona. One should not look at any other pictures for some time after seeing these: it is better to wander out and stroll through the cypresses on the hill-top of Santa Margherita: not one view lies spread out there for us, but a chain of views, linked each to its neighbor.

"Your city is lifted so high it seems like an island," we said to an old priest who had looked up from his Office-book to smile as we passed.

He thrust a lean old finger (with a very long nail, of which he was proud, for did it not prove he belonged to the leisured classes, the noble?) into the place to keep it.

"Yes," he said, with complacence, "that is true; it makes us all insular." He seemed as much flattered by the soft impeachment of insularity as an Englishman is.

"Perhaps," we suggested, "the insular position of so many Italian cities explains their independence, their long struggles to be 'free'—i. e., to have nothing to do with any other city—to be little countries, 'paesi' in themselves—Siena, for instance; Perugia, *per esempio* * * *"

"Heh! heh!" said the old priest, not tolerantly. "Siena! Perugia! Scusi, signore! With permission I will finish my Office." He nodded and smiled and bowed, but he opened out the shut book with a plain determination to hear nothing of Perugia or Siena.

"Siena! Perugia! Heh, heh! *In exitu Israel de Egypto* * * *." And through the old cypress trees, that let black and white stripes of shadow and sun strike across his face as he moved, he ambled away with his breviary.

BOLSENA

BOLSENA

NO ONE who has visited the Vatican, and has any love for art, will forget the Stanza di Eliodoro, and Raphael's fresco on the right wall as one enters from the Stanza of the Segnatura,—the last fresco painted by Raffael for Julius II, and representing "The Miracle of Bolsena."

The present writer was one day studying the glorious fresco, and close beside him stood an English paterfamilias, with a guide-book in one hand and a daughter on each arm.

"What's that?" demanded the daughter on the left.

"'The Miracle of Bolsena,' by Raffael," replied her parent, in a tone condemnatory of miracles.

"Oh!"

"And who are the men kneeling down in the corner?" inquired the daughter on the right.

"Pope Julius II and his nephew, Cardinal

Riario," answered her father—out of the guide-book; "they were at it," he added—out of his head.

Giuliano delle Rovere became Pope Julius II in 1503: the miracle at Bolsena took place in 1268, two hundred and forty years before there was any Pope Julius. The Pope who might have been "at" the miracle was Urban IV, who started life as Jacques Pantaléon, son of a cobbler at Troyes; had been more than once a Papal Envoy under Innocent IV, and then Patriarch of Jerusalem under Alexander IV; and mounted the Pontifical throne in succession to Alexander, on August 29, 1261, having been elected by the conclave at Viterbo.

A Bohemian priest was saying Mass in the church of Santa Cristina, at Bolsena. While he consecrated he yielded to a temptation of unbelief and doubted whether the host in his hands had really become the body of Christ. As he bent over it, while yet he held it between his fingers, the blood that Christ had sweated in His agony in Gethsemane oozed from the Host and dripped down upon the linen of the altar.

Urban IV was then living at Orvieto, ten miles away: and the repentant priest, convinced, and deeply bewailing his sin, betook himself to the Pope to confess his great fault and entreat absolution. He took with him the blood-stained altar linen; and Urban, to whom word of the miracle had already come, attended by Cardinals, went out to meet the relics of it, at the bridge of Rio Chiaro. It was at once decided that a great church, worthy of its purpose, should be built to commemorate this event; and the result was the Cathedral of Orvieto. So it is at Orvieto, not at Bolsena, that the relic of the Santissimo Corporale is venerated. At Bolsena, however, one still sees the gloomy chapel where the miracle occurred.

It was in the following year, 1264, that Urban IV instituted the great Feast of Corpus Christi in memory of the miracle, and in reparation for all the sins of doubt or indevotion, neglect or irreverence that ever had been committed, or should be committed till the end of time, against the patient majesty of the Divine Prisoner of the Eucharist.

Bolsena has now a population of only about three thousand souls. But long before the Roman power grew, it was a great and opulent city of the Etruscans. Volsinii was not the least powerful city of the Etruscan League. And its inhabitants must have been not only wealthy, but men of artistic taste; for when at length it fell before the arms of Rome, it boasted, according to Pliny, the possession of two thousand statues. The tutelary deity of the Etruscan town was the goddess Norcia, or Nortia; and Livy tells us that the Volsinians marked the passage of the years by nails driven into the walls of her temple. The remains of this temple, consisting of a number of granite columns, are shown near the city gate.

Perhaps the knowledge that the Volsinians were a people devoted to art gave the idea that they were inclined to softness, and accounts for the accusation of their so sinking into luxurious easiness after their conquest by the Romans as to suffer themselves to be mastered by their own slaves. Niebuhr explains the story to mean no more than that the Volsinians gave the freedom of their city to the



FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ORVIETO

1904



serfs attached to their lands, who had made common cause with them against Rome.

From the upper town of Bolsena there are in every direction magnificent views. Of the lake we shall speak presently.

At Volsinii was born Ælius Sejanus, the favorite and minister of the Emperor Tiberius. His father was a Roman officer of equestrian rank only; his mother was a member of the Junian house. Sejanus first attracted the notice of the Prince Caius Caesar, grandson of Augustus and son of the Emperor's daughter Julia by her second husband, M. Agrippa Vipsanius, the builder of the Pantheon. When, however, Tiberius succeeded his step-father and father-in-law Augustus, Sejanus found it convenient to transfer his services to the new Emperor, who was step-father to his first master. Silent and secret as Tiberius was with others, Sejanus, by some charm he had, was able to make the Emperor free and open with him. He gained, and for a long time kept, the confidence as well as the mere favor of Caesar; and he made such dexterous use of it as to arrive at the position of universal minister, practical governor of the

Empire, and, as he and perhaps some others thought, next heir to it.

Having seated himself firmly, as it seemed immovably, in the favor, affection and trust of Tiberius, Sejanus set himself to win first the army, then the Senate. As commander of the Praetorians, he was second only to Caesar in importance; and he made subtle use of his official connection with the army to bind it to his interests, by artifices and insinuations as mean as they were clever and unscrupulous. Who so affable and free as Sejanus with the common rank and file! Who so sedulous to reward with promotion merit that leaned to his side!

To gain the Senate, he used some odd means; for it is said he began with the wives of the Senators, promising under inviolable secrecy to each lady separately that he would marry her whenever the sovereignty of Rome should be in his own hands. But he was not forced to deal in promises only: the public treasury was in his hands, and boundless powers of patronage. He could reward not only by the bestowal of offices whose income would make a needy aspirant rich, but by

those that would advance the obscure to dignity and consideration.

His success was amazing: and where he seemed to fail, it was worse for his enemies. In the imperial family were many who opposed his advance to almost sovereign power; but each of them in turn fell a victim. The most conspicuous was the Emperor's own son, Drusus, a valiant and illustrious soldier, who was so carried away by anger as to strike the omnipotent upstart. With that blow Drusus slew himself. Sejanus was little likely to forget or forgive it, and he revenged himself doubly. Livia, the wife of Drusus and mother of his children, Sejanus totally corrupted, so that the princess not only became his lover but carried out his plot for the assassination of her husband, one of her eunuchs poisoning the prince by her contrivance.

Drusus being dead, Sejanus tried to cajole his imperial master into allowing the widowed princess to console herself by becoming his own wife; but this Tiberius would not hear of, and the favorite next resolved to get rid of the embarrassment of his presence. Once aware of the minister's wish to marry the

widow of the Emperor's son, it was likely that Tiberius would watch both favorite and princess so long as he remained in Rome. Sejanus, therefore, persuaded his master to quit for a time the anxieties and toils of his imperial office, and retire to the secure seclusion of the island of Capreae, where he might rest and enjoy himself far from the plots and rancors of Rome.

When Tiberius was gone, Sejanus was left in virtual occupation of the imperial throne; for every function of government, every exercise of patronage, was in his hands. It turned his head: he could not be content with the substance but must have the phantom title, too. He *was* Emperor, so long as he would not say so: but he did say so, and Tiberius was told. Sejanus had declared that he was Emperor and Tiberius only Prince of Capreae! The whole Empire was scandalized, and Tiberius was changed into a relentless and implacable enemy. Insult was added to injury; for Sejanus had his master held up to the scorn of a Roman theatre by introducing him in a ridiculous manner on the stage.

Such friends as such a man makes are soon lost: and when Tiberius sent word that the once almighty minister's day was done, its sun set obediently. He was seized by the soldiers he had cajoled and fawned upon, and, helpless and unresisting, was thrown into prison, where on the same day he was strangled, A. D. 31.

Of course the great feature of the scenery round Bolsena is the lake called by its name, which Pliny speaks of as the Tarquinian Lake. It is nearly twenty-seven miles in circuit, and its outlet is the little river Marta, which falls into the sea below Corneto, at a place called Clementino—or, in full, Porto San Clementino,—where grain and salt are shipped for export. In winter the little seaport is alive and busy; in summer the Maremma fever empties it. The shores of the Lake of Bolsena suffer from the same dread enemy. The laborers who till the soil migrate to the hills every night in summer, as one sees them doing from the lovely lands far away in the south. Whether these lonely waters do really, as has been said, fill the mouth of an extinct volcano, we must leave geologists to determine. The shape of the lake suggests the theory as

do the volcanic rocks that shut it in. There are two islands, Bisentina and Martana, on which the great Farnese family had villas, on which Leo X was a guest, coming to Bolsena to fish after hunting parties at Viterbo. The Lake of Bolsena has for ages been noted for its fish, and especially for its eels, which, according to Dante, were the cause of the death of another Pope, Martin IV. If the poet's tale be true, the staleness of the fish may have been the cause of their disastrous effect; for Martin IV died at Perugia, March 5, 1285.

The island of Martana links Bolsena with world-history in the days of Gothic rule in Italy. In four years Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, conquered Odoacer the Hun, King of Italy since the 23rd of August, 476, when Romulus Augustulus, the last Roman Emperor, ceased to reign. On March 15, 493, Theodoric treacherously slew Odoacer, who was his guest at a banquet; and Theodoric himself became King of Italy. When he died, August 30, 526, he was master also of Spain and the southern half of Gaul, but he left no son. He had two daughters, Amalasontha and Theodegotha, who had each

a son. Amalaric, Theodegotha's son, had for his share of his grandfather's quickly-earned empire the Visigothic kingdom in Spain, and in Gaul a slice reaching to the foot of the Pyrenees, the Lot, and the Rhone.

Amalasontha was regent for her son Athalaric over the Ostrogoths in Italy. Athalaric was a child, and he died in 534, eight years after Theodoric. His mother had done her best for him and for the people over whom she had to rule in his name. But the boy was a weakling, easily led astray by the licentious Gothic nobles, and at sixteen his brief career of dissipation had brought him to the grave. Then Queen Amalasontha married her cousin Theodahadus, and joined him with herself in the government. His return for her confidence was to cast her into prison on this small island of Martana, in the Lake of Bolsena; and in April of the following year (535) she was strangled in her bath by her husband's orders. The steps in the rock leading to her prison are still to be seen.

The other island, Bisentina, has a church founded by the Farnese, in which are venerated the relics of Santa Cristina, the virgin saint of Bolsena.

SAVONA AND THREE POPES

SAVONA AND THREE POPES

FROM Bolsena, of which my last notes treated, to Savona is, in every sense, a far cry. But for its miracle, and Raphael's picture of its miracle, and for its supposed identity with Etruscan Volsinii, Bolsena would be as remote from the memory of men as it is from the beaten track of the overleaping tourist. Savona sits by the sea on the very highway of travel, and all who entered Italy by the Corniche road had to pass by her. The town is populous with thirty thousand inhabitants; prosperous with foundries, glass-work, potteries, and a brisk export and import trade. She has an illusively modern appearance, though down by the sea are plenty of Old-World bits of buildings, tall machicolated mediaeval towers and the like.

Savona and Genoa are rivals and bad neighbors. When Mago, Hannibal's brother, during the second Punic war, captured Genoa in the year 205 B. C., he made Savona receiver

of his stolen goods. In 1528 of our era, Genoa sank hulks laden with stones at the mouth of the harbor of Savona, and spoiled the port for a long while.

Hard by Savona, at Varazze, was born, in A. D. 1230, Jacopo da Varagine, who became a great and famous Archbishop of Genoa. He is still known as the author of the *Legenda Aurea* which the wounded Iñigo Lopez de Loyola read in his long and tedious convalescence in his father's old castle, when he had grown weary of the family stock of romances and tales of chivalry. The reading of the Golden Legend and of the lives of saints changed him into *Saint Ignatius*. He was born at Loyola in 1491,—the year before Columbus, in the Santa Maria, set sail from the bar of Saltes to discover America. At Cogoleto, just beyond Varazze, Columbus is said to have been born in A. D. 1447. That which claims to be the home of his father, Domenico, is shown there, and carries this legend:

HOSPES, SISTE GRADUM. FUIT HIC LUX PRIMA

COLOMBO

ORBE VIRO MAJORI HEU NIMIS ARCTA DOMUS.

CUM ERAT MUNDUS. DUO SUNT AIT ILLE

FUERE.

But, for us, the peculiar interest of Savona lies in its connection with three great popes. Sixtus IV and Julius II were its citizens; and hither came the saintly, persecuted Pius VII, captive of the iron-hearted Emperor he had crowned and treated all too well.

The family of Della Rovere, which, in two and thirty years, gave to the Church two popes and a whole group of cardinals, was an ancient and noble Ligurian stock, though fallen here into poverty. A branch of it, the Rovere feudal lords of Vinovo, in Piedmont, was still important; and Francesco della Rovere, the year after he became cardinal, alludes in a letter to this branch. Francesco's father, Leonardo della Rovere, had married Luchina Monleone, a pious and excellent woman, and they dwelt for a time at Albisola, a small *paese* a mile or so out of Savona. They moved down to Celle, hard by on the seashore, for better air, at a time when some

infectious disease had shown itself at Albisola. As Leonardo followed St. Peter's craft, the village on the coast must have been slightly more convenient.

They appear to have had at least ten children—four daughters and a half a dozen sons, Francesco was born July 22, 1414, John XXIII being then Pope. Francesco was weakly, and, in consequence of his frequent illnesses, his mother dedicated him by vow to his great namesake, St. Francis. Further, when he was but nine years old she gave him in charge to a very worthy Minorite, one Fra Giovanni Pinarolo. Some worldly relatives of the child, who seem to have had more ambitious ideas as to his future, strongly opposed Luchina in this matter, but she carried her point.

From the good friar Francesco learned to admire the life of holy religion; and Fra Giovanni, on his side, brought out the boy's great intellectual gifts. Presently he was sent for schooling farther afield, to Chieri, whose fine Gothic church of Santa Maria della Scala had just been built. Thence Francesco went on to the famous universities of Pavia

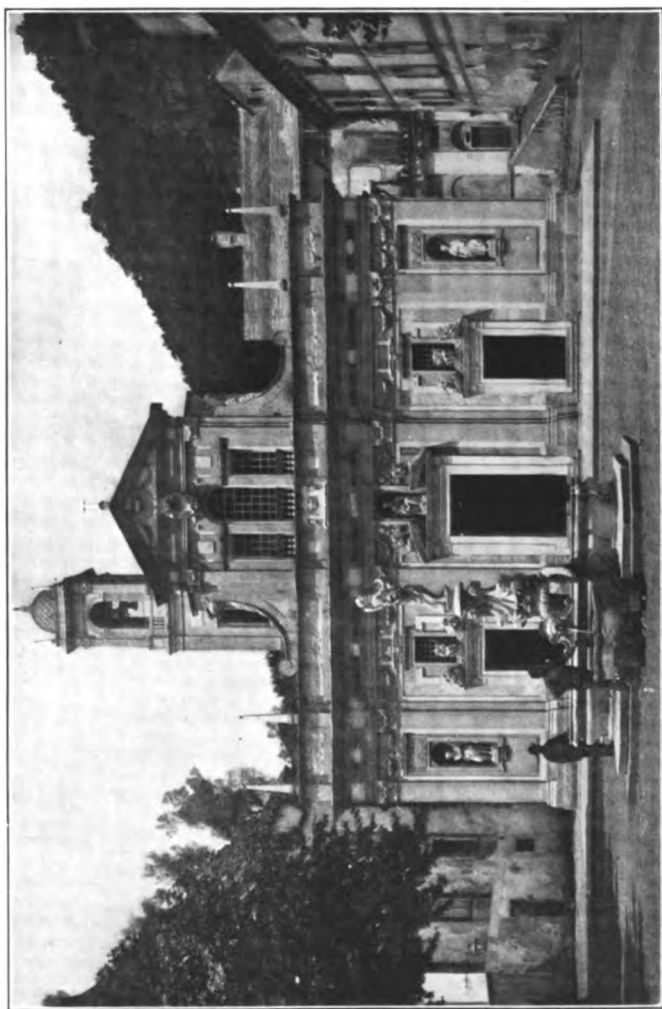
and Bologna, to study philosophy and theology. When only twenty years of age, the brilliant young Franciscan gave proof of his parts and skill in dialectics at a chapter of the Order held at Genoa in 1434. So well did he acquit himself that the General of the Order embraced him with affectionate pride. Just thirty years later he was General himself.

During those thirty years Francesco had completed his education at yet a third university—that of Padua,—and had become, in turn, a teacher at his own three universities—Siena, Perugia, and Florence. Men of genius flocked to hear him lecture,—among them the great Cardinal Bessarion, who held the talented friar in such esteem that he would habitually submit his own writings to him, for revision, before publication.

During those years Fra Francesco was an assiduous preacher as well as a gifted writer and controversialist. Through life he had a strong and tender love of God's great Mother, and he was eloquent and eager in defence of her august prerogatives. When he became General, he set himself vigorously to the work

of enforcing discipline where it was relaxed, and of carrying out useful reforms. At the same time he was a redoubtable champion of the Mendicant Friars; and, by his energetic defence of his institute, succeeded in averting certain drastic measures designed against it by Paul II, who thought highly of him.

In the summer of 1467 the General was at home at Savona, recruiting himself by a taste of his native Northern air. His family was proud of him, and there were many to congratulate him. He was now fifty-three years old. His brothers and sisters were married and had sons and daughters grown up. His brother Raffaello seems to have had five sons. One, Giuliano, now four and twenty, was like his uncle, destined to the highest dignity on earth, and was to be a cardinal in four years. Raffaello's other sons were Giovanni, who became Duke of Sinigaglia, married a daughter of the Duke of Corbino, and succeeded his cousin Leonardo as Prefect of Rome: he died in 1485, and is buried in a beautiful chapel of Santa Maria del Popolo; Cristoforo, who was created cardinal in 1477; Domenico, who became cardinal in 1478; and Bartilomeo.



CHURCH OF THE MADONNA DELLA MISERICORDIA, SAVONA

3456

Francesco's other brother, Bartolomeo, had a son Leonardo, named after his grandfather the fisherman, who married a daughter of Ferrante, King of Naples, became lord of Sora, etc., and City Prefect of Rome.

Of Francesco's four sisters, Bianca, who had married Paolo Riario, was mother of Pietro Riario, created cardinal in 1471; and of Girolamo, Count of Bosco, who became feudal lord of Imola and married Caterina Sforza, daughter of the Duke of Milan. Violanti was mother of Raffaello Sansoni-Riario, who became cardinal at the age of seventeen. Another sister of Francesco's, Luchina, his mother's namesake, had five sons and a daughter. One son became a cardinal, and one entered by marriage into the royal family of Naples.

From Savona, at the end of summer, the General went to Pavia, intending to move on to Venice and lecture there. But on September 18, Paul II created him cardinal. On November 15 he arrived in Rome. On the 9th of August, 1471, he succeeded Paul II and became Pope Sixtus IV. In a paper like this we can not deal with the events of his pontifi-

cate, lasting thirteen years. He is famous as a restorer of Rome, rebuilding many of its churches, and giving it the Ponte Sisto. To the Vatican he gave the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, known all over the world as the Sistine. Here at Savona he built another Capella Sistina, to receive the tomb of his beloved parents. Sixtus IV was also a liberal patron of art and letters; and he refounded the Vatican Library, which had been Nicholas V's labor of love.

During all his reign, and that of his successors, Innocent VIII and Alexander VI, his nephew, Cardinal Guiliano della Rovere, was a strong and forceful member of the Senate of the Church; though the Borgia were detested by Della Rovere, and for a part of Alexander's reign the Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli was in exile. Alexander's death recalled him to Rome, and his elevation to the Throne of the Fisherman was delayed only by the four weeks' pontificate of Pius III.* On October 31, 1503, Guiliano della Rovere became Pope Julius II.

* Francesco Piccolomini, September 22 to October 18, 1503.

At the time of his election Pope Julius was just under sixty years of age, having been born at Albissola, near Savona, on December 5, 1443. Like his uncle, he was schooled in poverty; and like him he entered the Order of St. Francis in early youth. He became cardinal at the age of eight and twenty, and had been a Prince of the Church two and thirty years when he exchanged the red hat for the triple crown. His character was firm, grave, and resolute. The great necessity which he perceived on succeeding to the government of the Church, was to insure the independence of her head by consolidating the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It had almost disappeared, and nothing short of its complete restoration would reduce to order the turbulence, insolence, and intrigue of the many rival States of Italy. How strenuously he labored and fought for this, with what courage and genius, with what self-denial and self-devotion, and with what success, history knows. And with all this Julius was among the greatest of those Pontiffs who have been patrons and encouragers of art. No

one can think of Raffael and Michelangelo without recalling the name of Julius II.

He was no nepotist, but he, too, had a reverence and affection for his native city, and adorned its cathedral with countless gifts and monuments. Among the many benefices he held as cardinal was that of the bishopric of Savona. He spent 27,000 scudi on the cathedral, built a new palace for the bishop, and sent generous help to the hospital and to the work of restoring and keeping up the harbor. He completed the Sistine Chapel here, and was a munificent benefactor to the Holy House of Loreto. He did much for the great churches of Rome. In the Vatican he set Raffael and his companions to work; and the Sistine Chapel he finished and adorned with its glorious frescoes.

Besides all this, there was his work on the fabric of the new St. Peter's; his laying out of new streets and embellishment of old ones; his military works and improvements in other cities of the Pontifical dominions. And yet he was always in straits for money. What he did was not done by the easy magic of wealth, but by the force of indomitable energy, per-

severance and courage. He was an old man when his reign began, and it lasted less than ten years. But he acted as though it were to last forever; and he never held back from beginning any work by the doubt as to who should finish it.

In his religious exercises the great warrior Pope was regular and punctual; in his zeal for foreign missions he was ardent and high-minded; he was a warm friend of the work of the religious Orders; he was a strong enforcer of ecclesiastical discipline; and for the glory of God's house, beside all his benefactions to churches, he showed his care by the foundation of the Cappella Guilia, that the dignity and beauty of the divine offices might shine forth.

His body rests, not under Michelangelo's unfinished monument (though the seated "Moses" on it seems his embodiment), but beneath a slab in the floor of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Peter's, beside the glorious tomb of Sixtus IV. St. Peter's itself is the monument of Julius. And if he needed any other beyond his works there is Raffael's portrait.

The present writer has stood by that plain stone to watch the arrival of the great Pope's great successor from the Vatican. Behind was a crowd of scores of thousands of faithful from the four winds of God, waiting in tense silence for their first sight of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. High overhead, the last gold of the spendthrift day was pouring itself in, a thoughtful twilight beneath. Then down the stairs leading from the palace appeared the plumed helmets of the Guards, the purple of the courtiers, then the *sedia gestatoria* with its precious charge. Almost noiselessly the wonderful group poured into the chapel. From the quaint Old-World sedan chair, the loneliest being on earth, whose feet alone are on it, comes forth and kneels before the Throne that is the only one greater than his own. The white wool of lambs in which he is clad is a disguise from the unheeding world that can not savor or comprehend what it hides, just as is that other white disguise of the King Himself. The Master and the servant are close together,—the servant of His servants and the supreme Imperial Monarch. A brief colloquy, a sigh of reluctant parting, and

the Vice-regent turns to receive the homage of his Sovereign's lieges.

Out of the chapel gates the group, unequalled on earth, and more significant than any other to be seen on it, goes forth into the august Basilica. Presently, on the *sedia gestatoria*, the white robes of universal dominion are lifted up, and there is a gasp of almost intolerable emotion. Then the dusky crowd is whitened as by a snowstorm; there is a flutter of thousands and thousands of waving handkerchiefs; a stifled sigh, "The Pope!" and a rain of happy tears. Thousands and scores of thousands of diverse tongues, of rival nations, of opposing politics, are all united, carried forward toward the shore of that tideless sea, unvexed by any wind or storm, that smiles beneath the great White Throne.

And from its golden strand go up many voices, of those who have held the rudder of the Fisherman's stormy bark, in prayer for him who grasps it now. Among them is the great voice of Sixtus and of Julius, who are gone from this place of shallow peace, whose peace they cared not for, preferring that of Him who

said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world giveth do I give to you." The peace for which the warrior Pope strove is past the understanding of his puny critics.

CARAVAGGIO AND HIS MASTER- WORK

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CARAVAGGIO AND HIS MASTER- WORK

IT HAS always seemed to me that the worst enemy of Amerighi—and he was quick at making enemies even out of friends—was his father, the stone-mason of Caravaggio, who had the unoffending infant christened Michel Angiolo.

For three centuries the fool multitude has turned away from the pictures of this wayward and untrammelled genius on discovery that they were “not by the real Michael Angelo.” Buonarroti, the real Michael Angelo, had been dead just five years when the little village of the Milanese that was to provide his sole surname brought forth the artist of the Pietà.

There are no pretty stories about his childhood; one is given only the dry and barren fact that he was at a very early age set to earn his living as plaster-mixer for the fresco painters in Milan. As he worked he watched, and the desire within him grew and strength-

ened to rival also. So far as we are told, no one helped him, and none of his masters, in the vulgar sense of servitude, became his masters in the noble meaning of art. The lad simply watched and learned, no matter for whom he might be plastering. His principle was to copy; not the works of other painters, not, unfortunately, Nature unspoiled alone; but the actual, as he saw it, whether such actualities were perfections or blots upon the fair scutcheon of perfectness. He was, in fact, a realist, though he was never informed of the fact and his realism was somewhat cramped. For my part, it has always seemed to me that the hand of criticism has been too heavy upon him; should not one rather marvel at his achievements, considering his chances, than insist upon his limitations? At first he seems to have contented himself with the painting of fruit and flowers; which he did with an astonishing accuracy and truth. But soon he attempted portraiture, and his likenesses were marvels of fidelity.

It has been generally and very unfairly said, that Caravaggio was incapable of a "composition," and seldom ventured on one,

and that his sole merit was his breadth and wealth of color, and the extraordinary effects produced by his light and shadow.

Even those who belittle the Caravaggian most are driven to admit his marvellous intelligence in this last particular. In Italy it was a new revelation, and out of Italy there was no Rembrandt yet to surpass and complete it, for Rembrandt had only been born two years when Michel Angiolo Amerighi died. Caravaggio, they complain, took for his models facchini and servants, and was content to let their "unidealized" portraits represent saints and Madonnas. Very likely, one thing is obvious, the figures he paints are those of human beings.

Take the masterwork. In the "Pietà" of the Vatican, who can doubt that these six figures are real people? For me I would give all the conventional insipidities of a whole "school" for the virile individuality of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. And what could be lovelier, truer, tenderer, than the Magdalen? Of the Mother who shall speak! No fainting fine lady, or smooth-faced girl, but a woman of our earth, though so near to

heaven; a woman old enough to be His Mother; a woman, sorrow-worn and life-worn; one on whom the shadow of the cross has not but newly fallen, but who has walked in it, and lived in it, worked in it, and hoped in it, for many a year. A woman without one thought of herself and of the spectator; a quiet, grief-stricken, patient, poor, widowed, childless woman, who even at her Son's tomb remembers the will of God and adores it. Who would need to be told that the face was that of a widow, left sonless in an empty world? Could grief be more truly pictured, or more nobly? And yet it is no insanity, no wild abandonment of grief. There is no swooning despair—why should there be? Was the mother to forget what all this price was paid for; was she, in the ocean of her personal sorrow, to drown all recollection of the old quarrel between God and man that now was healed? And in her own loneliness and sadness was there to be no sense of relief that now at last the horror of death was overpast for Him, that the malice of persecution had done its worst, that He had passed beyond the power of His tormentors?

In what other Madonnas is all this taught better or so well?

Rise up to crush poor Caravaggio with the most august names that have ever been held as royal in the Palace of Art: Raphael's, the "real" Michael Angelo's, Guido's, Domenichino's—which of these has painted a *Mater Dolorosa* more true, and therefore more sublime?

Of the "Pietà" in marble of the great archangel of the Renaissance we do not speak, but of painted presentations of the Virgin-Mother of Sorrows.

To speak now of the mere composition of the picture, of its reverential truth and realism, its restrained but noble coloring, its magnificent effect of light and dark—itself an allegory and a poem; all this would be to fall into an anticlimax after the consideration of its great central living figure.

Of the Central Figure of all we do not argue, but we may admire the art and devotion with which all the other five figures are subordinated to it, and absorbed in it.

If it is realistic, it is a subdued and sober

realism; not the unbearable realism of a crucifix by St. Leonard of Port Maurice.

But if one had time to discourse of the composition, its exquisite balance and exquisite simplicity, where one scarcely knows whether to admire most the absence of effort or the breadth and definiteness of the conception, much might be said.

So of the light and shadow, which is a sermon of darkness to dawn, Death and the day-break that sends its hope into the very blackness of the grave.

Perhaps the world would have heard more of this great masterwork if its surroundings were less painfully august. It hangs opposite Titian's altar-piece, two other Titians are in the room, and two Guercinos, as many Peruginos, a Sassoferrato (the ugliest in the world), a magnificent Melozzo da Forlì, and a Pinturicchio.

And one has just come out of the room where Raffael's 'Transfiguration' hangs, and the Madonna of Foligno, and Domenichino's masterwork.

Who can be expected to have any breath

left for praise of a Caravaggio after their rhapsodies next door? Certainly not Kugler, or Mrs. Jameson, Mendelssohn, or Goethe.

AQUINO OF ST. THOMAS

AQUINO OF ST. THOMAS

ENGLISH tourists by thousands passing yearly between Naples and Rome, along the wide valley that opens at last into the Roman Campagna, as an estuary opens to the sea, between the Sabine and the Hernican hills, pass through the railway station of Aquino, and scarcely any pause there even a few minutes, since tourists are little apt to choose out trains confessedly slow, and the "express" makes no halt. To break the journey between Rome and Naples scarcely occurs to your tourist, who must be sharply distinguished from your traveller: and few know enough to regret all that they are losing by not breaking it.

Along that valley, standing, indeed, backward from it, on the knees and even in the laps of the lovely mountains, as though to gaze down, forever, at better vantage, on its beauties, is a chain of towns most interesting, and precious, especially to the student of Pa-

pal history, which is, in fact, the history of the Church and of the world, her rebel servant.

To travel thus, in huge strides which overleap all but the most commonly known places, leaves every tourist, when his work is done, with the same achievement and the same stale experiences and memories. Before railways were invented, or tourist tickets, these leaping journeys were impossible, so that they were travelers: some lingering here, some there, and each slowly weaving for himself his peculiar arras of many-colored memories. Let us hope even the motor-car may open up again old ways long neglected, and give back to the wanderer's cognizance thousands of cities, towns and *paesi*, about which history clings as intimately as its fragrance to the rose. He who would visit Aquino by the railroad must be content to journey slowly by a train so leisurely that at every station, through half a summer's day, he will have time to remind himself of much worth remembering suggested by the names the porters call out. And, if he be of my mind, he will be in no hurry for the guard and the Capo Stazione to

finish their talk, to hear "Partenza! Partenza!" called out, and to feel the lazy train shake itself half awake at last, and stroll away down the broadly smiling valley.

In far-away classic days, Aquino was a notable place, and chief among the Volscian towns, as Strabo tells us. Cicero calls it a city of much resort, "frequens Municipium." A Roman Emperor was born there, C. Pescennius Justus Niger: but though he tried to reign well, he reigned but one year, and was beheaded A. D. 194. Aquinum was also the birthplace of a man far more in remembrance now than the successor of Pertinax: for, about the year 55, when Nero had first succeeded Claudius, Juvenal was born there. Decius Junius Juvenalis was the son (perhaps really nephew—adoptive son) of a country gentleman, whose estate lay here at Aquinum: but he was educated in Rome, and, like his great fellow-townsmen, St. Thomas, he visited Britain. Aquinum was the last city of Latium, furthest from Rome of all Latin towns. When the "unspeakable" Lombards came, the old Volscian city was destroyed, and the people fled to Castro Cielo at the mountain-top.

Later on they crept down as far as Palazzuolo whose inhabitants claim to be their descendants now.

The line of the ancient walls of Aquinum can still be followed, and one enters the site of the dead and buried city through a well-preserved Roman gateway, the Porta San Lorenzo. There are ruins of a theatre, of a temple of Diana, and of a temple of the "Bona Mater" Cybele, in Christian times converted into the Basilica of San Pietro Vetere. Passing along the Via Latina, outside the walls, we come to a Triumphal Arch, not huge but beautiful, through which now the waters let loose from a mill-dam pour down with a pleasant sound of coolness, life and movement. Hard by is the Church of Santa Maria Libera, on the site of a temple, throned on a splendid flight of marble steps that were the approach to it. Around the doorway the acanthus twines in stone. Inside there is a very ancient mosaic of the Madonna and Santissimo Bambino, and under it, on either side, a sarcophagus. One is inscribed "Maria," the other "Ottolina": in which last were laid to rest the mortal parts of the wife of a brother of St.

Thomas Aquinas—Ottolina, whose husband was Adolfo, son of Count Landulf of Aquino, the father of the great Dominican Doctor of the Church. It was under the feudal protection of the Saint's family that the mediaeval city rose to power and importance. Its bishops claimed a peculiar precedence, and signed rolls of the clergy before other bishops, immediately after archbishops. The Cathedral Chapter, like that of Milan and that of Malta, wear the insignia of bishops, mitre, cappa, and pectoral cross.

It will thus appear that the great doctor of the *Summa Contra Gentiles*, like the great apostle of the Gentiles himself, was a citizen of no mean city. But henceforth its only distinction that history cares to note is that the Angel of the Schools was born there. Many biographers and historians give as his actual birthplace Rocca Secca, three miles or so from Aquino, where is a castle of his family: but it was never more than a "fortezza"; and it is extremely unlikely that a great lady and feudal princess, like the Countess of Aquino, would cause herself to be conveyed from the family palace in the town of Aquino to a

comfortless rock-tower, expressly that her son might be born there. St. Thomas himself, in a letter brought to light in modern days among the archives of Monte Cassino, expressly alludes to Aquino itself as his birthplace. He was about to start on one of his many journeys, and he tells the Abbot Bernard that he intends to pause at Monte Cassino for his blessing, and also that he will take the opportunity of visiting Aquino, his birthplace—for the two places are but a couple of leagues apart. The Casa Reale, the palace of the feudal lords of Aquino, still exists, and here one is shown the room where St. Thomas first saw the lower light and another in which his little sister was killed by lightning, while sleeping by her nurse. St. Thomas, himself a young child, lay in the same room, and we can easily understand how the shock of his sister's death left him with that physical horror of a thunderstorm which clung to him through life.

St. Thomas was born in 1227, or as some say in 1226, within about six years of the death of St. Dominic, whose spiritual son and subject he was to be. Count Landolfo, his father, was maternal nephew of the Emperor

Frederick I, Barbarossa, so that the then reigning Emperor, Frederick II, was second cousin of St. Thomas, who was also a kinsman of the French King, St. Louis IX, and of other sovereign houses.

Near Aquino, but in the mountains behind it, one still sees a small castle, called Loreto, which was another possession of the Counts of Aquino. In the hot summer weather the family would remove thither for the cooler air and hill breezes: and once, while they were staying there, in the boyhood of Thomas, he raided the castle larder, and was carrying off the food he had found there to relieve certain starving peasants.

"Ecco!" cries my cicerone, "here it was! Here on this spot, just here, il Santo Masaccio met his father, the Count—a stern, hard man, and rough, Signore, not considering the poor. Horses and dogs were more important in his eyes than all the ragged contadini of the hills.

"'What have you there under your cloak, Masaccio?'" cries the fierce lord, knitting his shaggy brows into one.

"But the santo giovinotto held his peace, as his way was.

"‘Now, then! Show me,’ calls out the Count, crooking his sword handle between the folds of the lad’s cloak, and pulling them apart, ‘let’s see why, in summer, you go thus muffled up in a bundle.’”

“Ecco, a miracle, Signore! Our Santo Massaccio flung back the cloak to show his father what his arms were filled with—and lo, they were piled with roses, and showers of rose leaves, of most heavenly fragrance, fell from them, and scattered themselves like a pink summer-snow on the summer breeze. Ecco! Thus was it. Ecco, what sort of things God does for His favorite saints like our Santo Maso of Aquino!”

When St. Thomas was but five years old, he went away to school in the great Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino, a couple of leagues away; this was one of the most splendid and most learned of all religious houses: but at twelve years old his masters themselves declared that they could teach him no more, as he knew all that they knew themselves. He then went farther from home, to Naples,

eighty miles away: where it was that he fully decided to throw in his lot with Jesus Christ, to turn away from the greatness of this world, its rank and its riches, and to become a mendicant in St. Dominic's new order of Friars-Preachers.

At an age when most lads think of nought but sports and follies, Thomas was engaged in a hard struggle with "them of his own household" for the mere liberty to live his own life in the most perfect fashion. Had he availed himself of his distance from home, his presence in a huge and licentious city, to plunge into dissipation and sin, not a word of reproach, not a sign of opposition, would probably have reached him from his family. But Thomas had been devout and holy from his first dawn of reason. No sooner was he capable of knowing good and evil than he hated evil, and loved all that was pure and good. Some saints, as his great prototype St. Augustine, have turned to the narrow and steep, rough and thorny way of life from the primrose path of dalliance and death. Thomas of Aquino walked always in the Royal Road of the Holy Cross. So, because he would love

God overmuch, and give God too much, namely, everything, even himself, he met with furious and pitiless opposition from his family. Brothers, father, and even mother became cruel in their blind and obstinate determination to quench the fire from heaven that had fallen upon him.

To remove him from the influence of the Dominicans at Naples they tried to steal him away: when he attempted, by the advice and with the help of his superiors, to get away to Rome and so to Paris, his brothers caught and kidnapped him when he had got only so far as Aquapendente. Landolfo and Rinaldo brought him, in triumph, a prisoner to Rocca Secca, the Countess Teodora, their mother, approving complacently, and there for two whole years he was kept in close captivity for the crime of desiring to be a Friar—he who was of noble and princely birth, allied to Emperors and Sovereigns. At Rocca Secca he was received by Teodora, who, failing to bend him to her will, went off to Aquino, leaving him there a prisoner to the tender mercies of his brothers and the persuasions of his sisters. He was allowed no other visitors. But before

the long imprisonment was over he had converted his sisters, and it is said that one of them effected his escape by letting him down from a window. Another, less romantic, account says that the Pope, Innocent IV (Fieschi) had, by this time, intervened, and that even the Emperor, Fredrick II, who, with all his faults was good-natured enough, pleaded for his young cousin, and expostulated at his hard treatment.

Anyway, his two years' captivity, which began when he was only seventeen, ended, and he took the final vows and black capuche of St. Dominic's Order. Under the famous Albertus Magnus he now studied philosophy and theology in the Dominican house at Cologne: and this with such silence, with so effectual a shrinking from *éclat* and mere external distinction, that some of his shallow fellow-students gave him a nick-name, "The Dumb Ox."

"Ay! call him Dumb Ox," cried Albertus Magnus, overhearing their half-whispered gibes. "Your Dumb Ox shall fill the whole world with his bellowing."

By the time he was two and twenty, he was

himself teaching at Cologne, with his revered master for colleague, and this by appointment of the Chapter General of his Order. Now, too, began to appear the long series of magnificent works which were to culminate in the *Summa Theologiæ*. Three years earlier he had followed Albertus Magnus to Paris, where he found raging a vehement controversy between the University and the Mendicant Friars, both Grey and Black; the pundits of the University, with William de St. Amour for champion, wished to shut the Friars' mouths and prevent their teaching.

When the dispute was referred to the Holy See, the youthful bachelor of theology was chosen as fittest to defend his order, and this he did triumphantly. At last, in 1257, Alexander IV (Conti Anagni) being Pope, Aquinas was made Doctor of Theology at the same time as his friend and comrade in arms, St. Bonaventure, "the Seraphic," champion of the Franciscans as he was, himself, of the Dominicans. His life was extraordinarily full and laborious: besides daily preaching, the writing of homilies, preparation of lectures, disputations, etc., he was constantly consulted

and employed by the Popes Alexander IV, Urban IV, Clement IV, and Gregory X; he was forced to undertake long and toilsome journeys, and the seat of his labors as lecturer was often changed, for the Head of the Church loved to have him teaching close to himself: thus, after teaching with great applause in Cologne and at Paris, Urban IV called him, in 1261, to lecture at Rome, at Bologna and at Pisa. In 1263 he came to London, and was present at the Chapter of the Black Friars held there; 1271 saw him again teaching in Paris, and in the year following he was called to lecture in Naples through the earnest representations made to his religious superiors by Charles of Anjou, who was his kinsman. The king wished him to be Archbishop of Naples, but he refused this dignity as he refused that of Abbot of Monte Cassino: it will be remembered that the ruler of Monte Cassino was a great feudal and ecclesiastical prince, with four bishoprics, two principalities, twenty countships, four hundred and forty towns and villages, two hundred and fifty castles, three hundred and thirty manors, twenty-three seaports, thirty-three

islands, and nearly seven hundred churches dependent on him. In spite of all these journeys and external labors, St. Thomas found time to write his *In Quatuor Sententiarum Petri Lombardi libros*, in which he codified the definitions and theological pronouncements of the Church: his *Duodecim Quodlibeta Disputata* and his *Quaestiones Disputatae*, in which he dealt with undefined propositions; next came his Commentaries on the Four Gospels, the *Catena Aurea*, wherein he summarized the great body of patristic teaching: his profound Biblical studies were illustrated by his three great works, *In Psalmis*, *Super Isaiam et Jeremiam*, and *In Omnes Epistolas Divi Apostoli Expositio*. He made the philosophy of the ancients hand-maiden to Christian Theology by his commentaries on the *De Interpretatione*, *Posteriora Analytica*, *Metaphysica*, *Physica*, and *De Anima* of Aristotle: and finally he enriched divine science and the church for ever by his *Summa Theologiae*, treating, under the three heads of God, Man, and the God-Man, of all human and revealed knowledge. This hurried mention is not a list of his works—the *Summa Contra Gen-*

tiles even, not noticed in it—which in after times filled seventeen huge folios of printed books, published in Rome in 1570, during the Pontificate and under the auspices of St. Pius V, his own younger brother in holy religion, one of the greatest of St. Dominic's sons.

Besides all this St. Thomas was a great poet. When Urban IV, at his urgent instance, instituted, in 1264, the Feast of Corpus Domini, Aquinas composed his four glorious hymns, *Pange Lingua*, *Verbum Supernum Prodiens*, *Sacris Solemnis juncta sint gaudia*, and *Adoro Te devote*, *Latens Deitas*, which must forever make St. Thomas dear to the hearts of all who love the Blessed Sacrament, which the Church will sing as long as this world lasts, and, when this world has run its tired course, will be sung still in heaven.

By these divine outgrowings of his clear faith and ineffable love we, who are not learned, grow to know the Angelic one as nothing else could make us know him: by them millions have been taught the mystery of their own belief, and, what is much more than their knowing and appreciating the spirit of the saint, they have learned from him

all the splendors of the Eucharist Itself: what It is and what It means. In them the whole theology of the Supreme Mystery is summed up, so that those who are not theologians, but faithful children, can learn to gaze into the fathomless depths of the Divine Bequest: how He who had loved His own that were in the world loved them *usque ad finem*, and could brook no end; but when the moment of parting came could not bear to part, ran back to Bethlehem, and hid Himself among us forever in His White House of Bread, that the first incredible act of love, impossible to supersede, might be paralleled by another unimaginable by any flight of human love or fancy.

For these four hymns alone, Aquinas would have merited canonization.

In 1271, three years after the death of Clement IV, Gregory X was elected Pope at Viterbo while absent on pilgrimage in the Holy Land. As soon as he arrived in Rome from Palestine, he summoned a Council to meet at Lyons to heal if possible the division between the Latin and Greek Churches, to consider the wretched condition of the Chris-

tians under Saracenic rule, and for the reformation of abuses. Gregory's first care was to secure the services of the Angel of the Schools, and Aquinas was summoned to attend the Council, which was to meet on 1st of May, 1274. The summons reached Thomas in January of that year at Naples, where, as we have seen, he was teaching. A few weeks before, on 6th of December, 1273, while writing the ninetieth question of the Third Part of the *Summa*, illness had attacked the saint, and he had been compelled to lay aside the work. He was still very ill when the Pope's command to go to Lyons reached him, but he set out on the long weary journey—which was to lead him home. He had not gone above eighty miles when his strength so visibly ebbed that they carried him to the Abbey of Fossanuova, among the Ausonian hills, near Virgil's river Amasenus—the Amasena still.

Ecce, fugæ medio, summis Amasenus
Spumabit ripis * * * abundans.

Æneid, XI, 547.

This monastery was already very ancient, having been founded by the Benedictines before the ninth century: in 1185 it passed to another branch of the great Benedictine family—the Cistercians. So that St. Thomas, who had just left his home to be the guest of St. Benedict at Monte Cassino, came back to be his guest again at the last.

He made them take him first to the church to pray before the Blessed Sacrament: then he entered the cloister, which he was never to leave alive, saying these words: "This is my rest for ages without end."

The Abbot lodged him in his own quarters, and there Aquinas, for many a month lay watching the gentle but sure approach of death: and still he worked even while loosening his harness for the final rest. Weak as he was, his mind, the monks saw, was clear and strong as ever, and they begged him to expound to them the Canticle of Canticles, that mystic love-song of the Soul and her Spouse, Christ. "Get me Bernard's spirit and I will," he answered to St. Bernard's sons, looking at them with ineffable sweet gentleness. Then, with them all about his bed, some on their

knees, the Angelical told them of the Great Lover Christ, of His wooing of our souls, of our coldness and indifference:

"The voice of my beloved, behold, he cometh
on the mountains * * *

"Behold my beloved calleth to me: Arise,
make haste, my love, and come * * *

"For winter is past now, the rain is over and
gone * * *

"The flowers are come out in the land * * *

"The fig-tree hath put forth her green figs,

"The vine-flowers yield a sweet smell * * *

"My beloved to me, and I to him * * * till
the day break and the shadows draw away."

While the dying saint's voice wove these mysteries into a clear pattern, the winter was, indeed, going: it was chill weather when he came, the mountain gorges filled with black rain clouds ragged with the tearing winds. March came, and the promise of spring, clear skies and Our Lady's blue mantle flung over all the heaven, the hills drew a veil of green gauze about their knees, jewelled with a million flowers.

March was come: its first week well-nigh run out, and one day, even while speaking of

the Divine Lover, the Angelical felt the last sands suddenly falling together in his glass of life. He confessed himself again, and begged for the Body of Our Lord: the Abbot, attended by the community, brought It from the Church in comely procession. As they entered the chamber, the saint, with the help of those who tended him, left his pallet, and was laid upon the floor, strewn with ashes, to venerate, in lowlier wise, the Majesty of his Saviour. Before receiving the Manna of this Desert of Sin for the last time, Thomas cried: "I receive Thee, O Price of my soul's redemption, for Whose love I have watched, I have studied, I have labored. Thee I have preached. Thee have I taught, against Thee I have never breathed word: neither am I wedded to my own opinion—if I have held aught untrue regarding this Blessed Sacrament, I submit it to the judgment of the Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I now pass out of life.' Then as the Abbot raised aloft the Host before administering It, the saint uttered, for the first time, his favorite ejaculation: "Thou art the King of



**THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, BY ZURBARAN.
IN THE PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF SEVILLE.**

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May



Glory, O Christ! Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father!"

Early in the morning of the 7th March, 1274, as the day broke among the mountains and the shadows of night drew back, St. Benedict yielded his guest to Christ, the earthly church lost one of her greatest sons, and the Church in heaven gained one. St. Thomas was then scarce eight and forty years of age. In a little while he had filled full a great space.

As miracles had attested his sanctity in life, so they crowned it in death; and his canonization followed his death in less than half a century. John XXII raised him to the altars of the Church in 1323. Pius V proclaimed him Doctor of the Church in 1567.

His death threw Christendom in mourning: cities and princes, universities and religious orders contended for the honor of possessing that part of him that earth could hold. At first his body was carried to Fondi (the Fundi of Horace), miracles attending its passage.

*Occidit hic Thomas, lux et fax amplior orbi
Et candelabrum sic Nova Fossa foret;
Editus ardenti locus est, non fossa lucerna
Hanc igitur Fossam, quis neget esse Novam.*

Finally, the Pope accorded to Toulouse the privilege of possessing the body of Aquinas, the head being granted to the Cathedral of Piperno (Pivernum) within a league of Fossanuova, where he died. At Toulouse, the body of the saint was received by 150,000 persons, headed by Duke Louis of Anjou, kinsman of St. Thomas.

What Aquinas lived to show, what his unequalled writings have proved to a reluctant world is this, that Christian Faith is supreme science.

THE ANGELIC PAINTER

237



THE ANGELIC PAINTER

THERE are some who love change, to whom novelty for its own sake has a charm that is not always sane or wholesome; and there are some to whom change is unwelcome, who accept with slow reluctance, mostly with suspicion, and altogether refuse it as long as refusal is possible. But, whether we like it or shy of it, change comes. The old order changeth, yielding place to new; and the customs of one age become the curiosities of the next, the oddities of one decade were the fashions of the last.

God alone sits above us all, changeless, the selfsame; and because He is eternal He is never old. The Church, His masterwork in time, reflects Him, and her identity knows no vicissitude, so that she never becomes old-fashioned. Her soul, immortal, never changes. Only her visible body, consisting of mortals, is changing from hour to hour, as men are born into her by baptism, and pass out of her

earthly confines, by that last birth which we call death, to enter at once or presently her city on high, where the King's Throne is: the golden city of final peace—*Urbs Beata Jerusalem*,—entered by twelve gates, each a pearl, sorrow's symbol; beyond which no sorrow is. And those twelve gates are Apostolic, whose keys the Twelve He chose hold, with one of them for prince and master key-bearer.

So that the Church, changeless in soul, changing in body, reflects the immutability of God, whose spouse she is; and the movement of man, whose mother she is. Thus her one need, God's glory and man's salvation, is always the same; her many needs reflux, like the human tide on which her Fisherman's barque is ever being borne, through storm and sun, towards the ultimate haven. As man's outward coverings shift and alter, so do her trappings vary, from the poverty of the Catacombs to the splendor of days when the world called itself Christendom, and the Church's Head was the world's master.

So, again, the Church's sons serve her in one age by one method specially, in another age mainly by some other fashion. At pres-

ent there seems no way, outside of her unchanging ministry of sacraments and preaching, by which she can influence men more intimately than by the pens of them that write; so that her Head himself insists on this new apostolate.

Before printing came, or books were many and cheap, readers were few. But all had eyes; and what millions could not learn by reading, the Church knew they could learn by sight. That was the reason for her long, undaunted, vehement struggle for holy images (not statues only, but every kind of presentation, whether by form or color) against the pharisaic folly of the Iconoclasts. Of course the Church has been a generous, often over-indulgent mother of all art; knowing that all true art, whatever its theme, must be religious. But specially was she the foster-mother of that art which turned for its inspiration direct to herself, her Master, and His saints.

Since the Church existed, the greatest sculptors, the greatest architects, the greatest poets, the greatest painters, have all been Catholic. The mere dry list of names would fill up more

than all the space. Among her painters, the world has never admitted that the Angelic One of whom we write was quiet in the foremost rank; for the world has never made much count of angels; and it never missed the consciousness that he painted wholly for the Church and her business, and not at all for the world or the world's matters.

Ruskin, who never doubted his own infallibility, though the Pope's was beneath his contempt, never showed his innate priggish limitation more than when he wrote, of the blessed Fra Angelico, the penultimate phrase in the following dictum: "By purity of life, habitual elevation of thought, and natural sweetness of disposition, he was enabled to express the sacred affections upon the human countenance as no one ever did before or since * * *. His art is always childish, but beautiful in its childishness." His art was never childish, but was what his love of the child made it—unearthly; it is no more childish than it is senile.

He was born in 1387, at Vicchio, in the province of Mugello, in Tuscany. His father's name was Guido; his own name "in the world" we do not know, and this igno-

rance need not fret us: it is more fitting that we should think of him only by his name "in religion." When he was twenty he became a novice in the Dominican convent at Fiesole; the year following, 1408, he was professed, and was for the rest of his life known as Fra Giovanni. Some say he was already a painter and had had Lorenzo Monaco for master. As a novice he was sent to Cortona, and there are still to be seen his earliest existing works. If, as Vasari says, he had already painted in the Certosa of Pavia, those works are there no longer. He stayed some years at Cortona, and there painted his first frescoes (now destroyed) in the church of his patron, San Domenico. In 1418 he was back at Fiesole, remaining there till, in 1438, he was sent to the Dominican convent of St. Marco at Florence, famous half a century later for the preaching of Savonarola,—a man as unlike Fra Giovanni as any man could be. At San Marco, Fra Giovanni painted the altar-piece for the altar of the choir, and many works besides.

During five out of the nine years that Fra Giovanni was at Florence, Pope Eugenius IV

(Gabriele Condolmero, 1431-1447) was living there in exile. It may well be that they met each other. At all events, when Eugenius, in 1445, went at last to Rome, and began his improvements in the Vatican, he lost no time in sending for the Dominican painter, whom he set to work on his new chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the Apostolic Palace.

Eugenius had lived at Florence a very simple, austere and retired life; though accessible enough to those who sought him, especially to such as came to him in poverty or sorrow. The Pope's dinner consisted of one plain dish of meat, with a little fruit or common vegetables; he drank no wine, but only water flavored with cinnamon or sugar; and he ate when he could, as business served, not at any fixed hour. For himself he kept no money, but gave away in alms all that came into his hands.

One day a poor Florentine with a great name, Felice Brancacci, came to Eugenius, imploring help. The Pope sent for some money, and they brought a purse full of florins. Seeing that the man was shy and did not venture to dig deep, the Pope laughed pleasantly at

him and said: "Take plenty. I give you the money very gladly." It is easy to see that, though Eugenius had the character of an austere, grave man, saddened by long adversity and stiffened by opposition, there were in him childlike chords of kindly simplicity, that rendered him and the angelic painter in some fashion congenial spirits.

In the very year of Fra Giovanni's going to Rome, he being then fifty-eight, the Pope had to appoint an archbishop for Florence; and Vasari tells us that his first choice was Fra Angelico himself. Eugenius knew the Florentines well, after a ten years' exile among them; and he was aware also that Fra Giovanni's exquisite character could not be unknown to them; and perhaps Eugenius did not forget how passionately fond of art and beauty the citizens of the Flower City were. Whether they would have welcomed a most gentle, most modest saint for their archbishop is not certain. But the painter-saint had no wish to govern. Dignity and authority were within his grasp, but he disregarded them, affirming that he "sought no other advancement than to escape hell and draw nigh to paradise." If

he was, indeed, offered this high place, he did not accept it. Possibly he suggested some one else, fitter in his own estimation than himself; for it is certain that the new archbishop chosen by Pope Eugenius was another Dominican, a brother friar and colleague of Giovanni.

In 1447 Eugenius died and was succeeded by Tommaso da Sarzana, who, as Nicholas V (1447-1455), is distinguished even among Popes for his eager, princely patronage of art and letters. He kept Fra Giovanni on at his painting in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament,—unfortunately destroyed in the reign of Paul III (Alessandro Farnese, 1534-1550). Later in the same year, Fra Giovanni went to Orvieto, where he painted the Cappella Nuova of the Duomo, with his pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli, working under him. Then Nicholas V called him back to Rome, and set him to paint the chapel in the Vatican that commonly bears his name. There, fortunately, we can still see the exquisite works of the beatified artist.

The Cappella di San Lorenzo, begun at the end of the year of the accession of Nicholas, is very small and is not well lighted; but it has

that other "light that never was on sea or land." For long years its existence had been forgotten, till Bottari, who knew of it from Vasari's *Life of Angelico*, after patient search, in the eighteenth century, found the walled-up door near the Hall of Constantine. It is said to be almost the only part of the existing Palace of the Vatican older than the time of Alexander VI (1492-1503). Bottari, however, did not enter the rediscovered chapel by its door, but by the window overlooking the roof of the Sistine Chapel.

There are eleven frescoes,—six giving events in the history of St. Stephen, and five showing similar events in that of the other great deacon, St. Lawrence. In the upper series there are: 1. The ordination of St. Stephen by St. Peter; 2. The saint giving alms; 3. His preaching; 4. His trial before the council at Jerusalem; 5. His being dragged forth to death; 6. His stoning, with Saul of Tarsus among the lookers-on. In the lower series are: 1. The ordination of the Deacon Lawrence by Sixtus II (the Pope's figure being a portrait of Nicholas V); 2. St. Sixtus II entrusting Lawrence with the treasure of

the Church for distribution to the poor; 3. The deacon-saint giving alms; 4. His apprehension before the Prefect Decius; 5. His martyrdom. The side arches are filled with figures of several saints: St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine of Hippo, St. John Chrysostom, St. Athanasius, St. Leo, and St. Thomas Aquinas. There was a fitness in the introduction by the angelic painter of the Angelic Doctor in a chapel built by a Dominican Pope.

There are other examples of Fra Angelico's unearthly art in the Vatican, and many are scattered about the world. His most frequent themes were the Annunciation and the Last Judgment,—the first scene and the last in the august drama of Redemption. Where he failed was when his subject called for the expression of evil, for he had nothing in himself to draw upon. How can the fig-tree put forth thistles? What is common to all his works is the rare attribute of heavenliness.

In the same year that saw the death of his great patron, Nicholas V (1455), Fra Giovanni also died; the Pope living just long



enough to write with his own hand the epitaph
for the holy friar's tomb;

HERE LIES THE VENERABLE PAINTER,
FRIAR JOHN OF FLORENCE,
OF THE ORDER OF PREACHERS.
NOT MINE BE PRAISE THAT ANOTHER APPELLES
WAS I;
BUT RATHER, CHRIST, THAT ALL MY GAINS
I GAVE TO THINE.
ONE WAS WORK FOR EARTH, THE OTHER FOR
HEAVEN.
THE FLOWER CITY OF TUSCANY BARE ME JOHN.

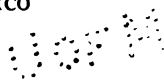
These were the last words that Nicholas wrote. The body of the angelic painter was laid to rest in the church of Our Lady, Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, the Roman headquarters of his Order.

Vasari, dry enough sometimes, breaks forth in praise of him with a heartfelt enthusiasm. "Simple and holy," says he, "was the angelic Brother in his manners. Of his simplicity let this serve for token. One morning, Pope Nicholas offering him refreshment, he made scruple of eating meat without his superior's

leave; forgetting for the moment how the Pontiff had authority to dispense. Shunning the world's commerce and living in holiness and purity, he was as loving to the poor on earth, I think, as his soul must now be in heaven. At his art he worked unceasingly, but he would paint never any but sacred themes. He could have been rich, but cared not so to be; saying that real wealth consists in contentment with a little. Over many he could have ruled, but was not willing; saying that in obedience to others there were fewer troubles and less hazard of sin. Dignity and authority were within his grasp, but them he regarded not; declaring that he sought no other advancement than to escape hell and draw near to paradise. Most meek was he and temperate, and by a chaste life he drew himself loose from the world's snares; saying that he who would study painting has need to live quietly and without anxiousness, and that such as deal with Christ's matters must live habitually with Christ. With the brethren he was never angry, which to me appears a most wonderful thing, and all but impossible to believe. To friends his admonitions were simple, and softened ever by a



ANNUNCIATION BY FRA ANGELICO



1850



smile. If any sought to employ him, he replied with utmost courtesy that, if the prior were content, he would willingly do his part.

“To sum up, this Father, who is never to be praised enough, was most modest in all his words and deeds; and in his paintings devout and full of grace. The saints painted by him have more the air and look of saints than those of any other artist. He was never wont to touch up or amend his paintings, but left them always as they came at first from his hands; believing that, as he said, such was God’s will. Some say that he never took up his brush without praying first. A Crucifixion he never painted without tears bathing his cheeks; and in all his works, in the face and bearing of all his figures, is to be recognized the correspondent stamp of his sincere and lofty appreciation of the Christian religion.

“Such was this truly angelic Father, who spent all the time of his life in the service of God and in doing good to the world and his neighbor. And verily such gift as his could not come down on any but a man of saintliest life; for before a painter can depict sanctity he must be a saint.”

1770

PÆSTUM

PÆSTUM

WHOEVER stays at Cava dei Tirreni will devote a long day to Pæstum. No one can stay at Pæstum itself: there is nothing approaching an hotel, even as hotels are understood in Calabria; there is, indeed, no town or village. The train stops at Pæstum, on its leisurely journey from Battipaglia to Reggio: from Battipaglia the dullest, least interesting town in Italy to Reggio, so painfully addicted to earthquakes; stops long enough for the Capo Stazione to tell the guard that he is still alive though appearances may be against him, and long enough for the guard to express his congratulatory surprise, then the ticket-collector calls out "Partenza!" and the engine-driver blows his horn, and the lazy train slides off towards the furthest south. No one has got in, and only you, yourself, have got out. For nobody lives at Pæstum: there is no such a place, though the station is called Pesto out of compliment to a

town that ceased to exist fifteen hundred years before railways were invented.

The train is slowly disappearing and it is probably about half-past eleven in the forenoon, for the train ought to have arrived at 10:42; the only other time at which you can arrive is 17:46, or about six o'clock in the evening, and at that hour the mosquitoes have begun to bite and the Piana di Pesto is a pestilential death-trap. They sit up all night and continue to bite the whole time.

The train having gone away, the Capo Stazione and his second-in-command have leisure to regard you with apathetic interest. After which, if you know their language, they will tell you how long one may reasonably expect to survive in the Piana di Pesto. They live in a sort of meat safe: that is, every window and door is caged with thick wire-gauze, inside which they arrange themselves like legs of mutton. Since the invention of these defences against the death-dealing mosquito the fatal malaria has decreased marvellously. Still one cannot always remain indoors, even in the cool of the evening, and

when you sally gingerly forth the industrious culex is ready and waiting.

Then you will probably sit down in the little verandah behind the meat safe and eat whatever luncheon you have brought with you. We had ours in nose-bags provided by the landlord of the albergo at Cava dei Tirreni. We had long grown accustomed to them, and they are mostly as follows: The starboard side of a chicken for yourself, the port side (in another nose-bag) for your companion; a slice of *salame* or *mortadella*, two species of raw sausage very sovereign for the propagation of *trichinosis*, vers solitaire and kindred diseases, a *panotto*, or cake of bread, a little fruit, a bit of cheese, and a very little salt. For salt is a government monopoly and very dear.

While you are eating, the Capo Stazione, perceiving you to be a person of consequence, will come and talk to you, presently affording you an intimate acquaintance with the life and death, especially the latter, of the six or seven station-masters who have preceded and predeceased him at Pesto during the last ten years.

Misled by his own healthy appearance, for he is a large stalwart fellow, inclined to brawn, you may unguardedly wish him better luck, and opine that with the aid of the meat safe he may attain an almost fabulous longevity. Alas! You mean well, but he lets you see that you are after all but a foolish person—live long! And at Pesto! Who would live long at Pesto? Who would *wish* to live long there? A pig or a *brutta bestia*! *Grazie!!* No, thank you, Signore! It is a prison, a desert island, a convict establishment, a—well the first part of Dante's *Divina Commedia*.

"It is at all events one of the loveliest places God has made."

"*Iddio! Non faceva Iddio quello-li!*" he declared with lamentable Manicheanism. As for the beauty of the place he hinted it was merely apparent, all on the surface, as indeed it generally is. It is as true that beauty is only skin-deep as that coal mines are mostly subterraneous.

All the same, one could not take one's eyes off it in spite of the resentment of the station-master. To right and left the divine, deadly, green plain, with lush meadows where huge

black buffaloes lay dosing in the shade of immense eucalyptus trees; in front a strip of plain, flat, but broken by green thickets and knots of taller oaks, and beyond it the sapphire plain of sea. Far away in the opal haze beyond it lie Amalfi and all the coast towns that hang against the hills from Vietri to Positano; behind us the plain trailed slowly up into the Apennines.

"There is nothing," insisted the Capo Stazione. "Not even a theatre. Nothing at all."

I could not even point to the ruins of one. There must have been one. What Greek city was ever without one? But the theatre of Poseidonia—for Pæstum is a mere Roman name, a Latin label affixed after the heyday of glory had faded into the sadness of conquest—the theatre of Poseidonia, wherever it was once, has long been quarried away to build a church or a palace somewhere else. But I could point to the temples, and I did.

"There are those!" I said.

"Those! Temples!" he snorted; "and heathen temples too."

It was impossible not to laugh.

("Pagan, I regret to say," one quoted to oneself; possibly the first time that any visitor has felt himself irresistibly reminded of Mr. Pecksniff on the Piana di Pesto).

"Few temples built five hundred years before Christ were Christian," I urged in a pious attempt to recover my gravity.

At this juncture our friend, who was not inhuman, though morose through circumstances, perceived that we had nothing to drink, and good-naturedly sold us a bottle of rough country wine for not much more than three times its value. And presently our early luncheon was finished. But we each held part of our nose-bag in reserve, for the train to take us back to Cava would not arrive till evening, and, though on pleasure we were bent, we had, like Mrs. Gilpin, a frugal mind.

Then we sallied forth into the blazing noon. And the station-master returned into his meat safe.

Noontide! Who has ever known what it means that merely knows an English midday? Its flare of color, its glitter of fierce light, its twang of gold, and fierce pulsation of hot, burning life! The pitiless blue sky, the star-

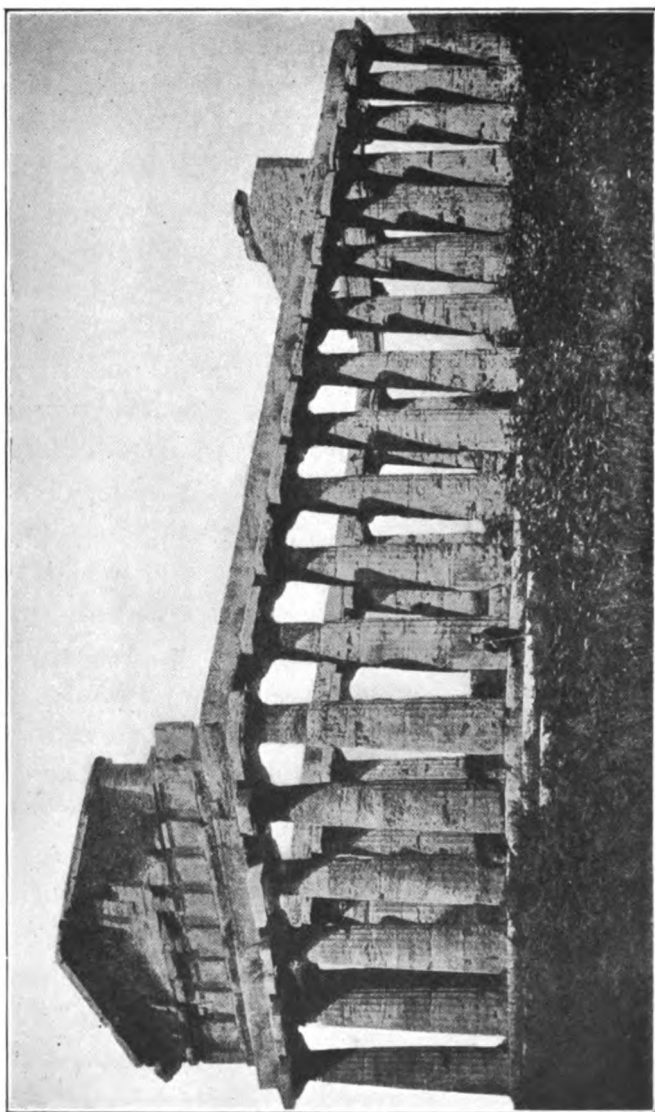
ing blue sea, the verdigris green of the swamps like copper roofs dazzled by the sun, the hot, hot rose-color of the mountains, the drone of a million insect-creatures, the scraping acrid voices of thousands of cicada, that one hears and never sees, the short, hard, black shadows cast by everything that has the sun directly above it, and the immense, evil-looking drowsy buffaloes that lie wherever such a shadow is big enough, lie sometimes in deep rank grass as coarse as rushes, oftener in the swampy pools where mosquitoes breed.

You enter Pæstum by one of its original four gates, the *Porta Sirena*, as it is called now—a gate through which a city's life began to ebb and flow just twenty-five hundred years ago. There were four of these entrances, and this one is still nearly perfect; the city walls can still be traced plainly, often a lofty barrier still, for three miles of circumference. But inside them there is nothing; no human dwellings, no baths, no theatres, nor arches of triumph, no circus or forum or palace; all this has been ruthlessly quarried away to build Salerno and Amalfi, Sorrento and Ravello. But there are the temples.

There are the temples, and no one that has seen them, in the mute appeal of their poignant loneliness, can regret their exquisite isolation.

The traveller remembers that here he is not in Italy, and the reader must remember it also. Italy has for thirty-seven years been all one country stretching from the Alps to the toes of Calabria; but it was never so until then. And in the spacious times when these unspoiled temples were built this was Megalé Hellas, Great Greece. All the south of the Middle Peninsula of Europe was Greece. At Cumæ Greece began, and stretched south across the strait, where the lips of Sicily and of Italy meet, to Syracuse and Agrigentum. Here was Sybaris, here Croton and Tarentum, here Rhegium, Locri, Metapontum and Siris, and Velia. Here in Magna Græcia Pythagoras taught, hence came Archimedes, here sang Theocritus.

At Pæstum one is distracted by no modern sights or sounds. Standing where Poseidonia stood, one sees nothing but what its vanished citizens saw, when they looked around them two thousand years ago. There are the empty mountains and the empty plain, and



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF CERES, AT PAESTUM

yonder is the empty sea. Take your map of Southern Italy, and you will see no towns or villages marked upon it anywhere near the spot marked as the ruins of Pæstum.

This astounding loneliness, for warp, and the unviolated beauty of the scene, for woof, wreathes about the temples of Poseidonia something that is unique and at once indescribable and immemorial. No one that has ever stood here, in this unpeopled plain, girt by the wild barrier of the mountains, and lying in a secular sleep beside the sea, will ever forget it.

Let him enter one of the temples. What the height of the huge columns is matters to nobody, nor what their breadth. What matters is their undying beauty, twenty-five centuries after the death of those that conceived them, and of those that hewed them out and set them up—their august dignity, that makes one think not of kings but of gods; their passionate mute pathos; their poignant desolation. Sit down within any of them and gaze seaward; every two columns frame a picture that you tell yourself must be the loveliest in the world; but to right and left there

are as many more as there are pairs of fluted pillars to frame them. And behind, landwards, the pictures that the temples clasp between their creamy arms are yet more prodigally lovely. What valleys and what hills! What twisted mountain gorges, what crags and peaks, what purple shadow and what gold-rose light!

And, oh what loneliness! Is there, one thinks, no one alive but oneself! Does no eye ever look on these emerald marshes and that sapphire gulf with its ribbon of saffron or of opal?

In this earthly paradise is there no Adam and no Eve? The plain smiles blandly up at the mountains, and the mountains smile on the sea—but no human vision seems to note it.

And yet without this very loneliness Pæstum would be less marvellous.

Not only is this place a part of Greece, but, with the one exception of Athens, it is the most exquisite relic Greece has left us. Except at Athens there is no vestige of Greek architecture to approach in importance or loveliness these scarcely ruined temples in the Campanian fields.

Sit down within the temples and try to think and remember; but as Keats' Greek urn teased him out of thought, so do these sanctuaries of Greek myth. They belong to themselves and to nothing else; they will not be ranged in with other things or compared with other objects. Try and you will fail; they will elude your efforts and scatter your thoughts as the breeze scatters the falling spray of a fountain.

They were built while Jehoiachin, King of Judah, was a captive at Babylon; they were built before Ezra, Nehemiah, Haggai, Zachariah, or Malachi had delivered their prophecies. While these columns were being reared into position and yonder architrave set in its place, Isaias, Ezekiel, and Daniel were living, preaching, and singing, Esther was gaining a throne and running near to losing a head, the Holy Children were being thrust into the Furnace of Fire, and Daniel was sitting unhurt among the lions, Nebuchadnezzar was being driven out of his palace to pasture like an ox, Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall, and Darius the Mede took crown and sceptre from him; the great deeds of the Per-

sian Cyrus were done while these arcades were beginning first to frame in yonder view, and they were all finished before the battle of Marathon, Thermopylæ or Salamis were fought, and before Herodotus read aloud his history to the Council at Athens; they were standing here by the azure gulf before Empedocles or Euripides were born, or Phidias had begun to change blocks or marble into imperishable forms of loveliness. To their priests came the news of the execution of Socrates, of the new theories of Plato and of Aristotle * * * they were old, old temples, venerable with antiquity when Cæsar and Pompey were born; and they had been standing nearly six hundred years on the awful Friday when from noon till three o'clock a horror of darkness held the earth.

Tell yourself all this, and as much more as you like, and you will not have made them seem any older, or relegated them to any particular date or epoch: they will refuse to be localized in chronology, and elude all attempt to be measured by the mere rule of time.

It is far better to let them talk to you than for you to try and talk to them. They have

more to tell you than, with all your memory, you can tell them. Do not pester them with dates, and they will float for you like unwrecked arks on the waste of time, from beyond the dim horizons of history.

Outside the noon is still ablaze, for the southern noon stretches hot figures towards the evening, and neither lowers her staring gaze, nor cools her burning breath for hours after the morning is past. Overhead the temples are roofed—as perhaps they always were—with the hard, unmitigated blue of a sky where no clouds wreath self veils of shadow to fling down upon the throbbing earth. Between the pillars stand immovable pictures of mountain, and sea, or yellow coast and marshy emerald plain. Never come here again; stay here once as long as you may, but stay only once; never blunt your single vision by staler watchings; let this be a day of your life, but only one sealed apart from all other days by the stamp of a unique and incomparable loveliness.

Let the afternoon wane till the shadows begin to fall from the hills, and still sit on and listen to the voices that grow in silence out

of the august past. And then go back with an indelible inscription graven on your memory.

Far up in the mountains the westering light discovers to you a village poised among the rosy crags, too high-alooft to vex you with any incongruous comparison. No doubt there should be people there, who are born and live, and marry and are given in marriage, who talk their trivial while, and then are drawn into the Great Silence that lies about the world; but they are so remote, that, like their nameless home among the meshed gorges of the hills, they are no more than the colors of a picture.

But it seems that here and there about the plain there must be people too, for now you begin to see them wending in quaintest carts, bullock-drawn, upwards to the mountains; for down here, where the mosquitoes will soon begin their Dance of Death, where the White Fiend Malaria rules the poisonous sweet night, no one sleeps, except our friend the Capo Stazione in his meat safe. All the rest make to the mountains when the panting day turns westward to his sleep.

Perhaps you meet the Custode, who all day

long has left you most courteously unharried; the Custode of whom the guide-book says "his residence here means almost certain death."

There is nothing at all deathly in his appearance; let us hope the meat safe invention may prolong his days. Or perhaps he too is flying to the mountains, for he seems at last impatient.

Not very far from the temples is one great dwelling, busily emptying itself for the night: a large and fine specimen of a Calabrian farm-house. It is huge and square and tall, fortified and somewhat grim; not at all like any farmer's house in England; but then neither is its owner, or rather occupier, at all like any English farmer. The whole idea is different. He is a *fattore*, and actor for the representative of another. To our notions more of an agent, but in truth there is no Italian word that accurately translates our word "farmer."

We meet him, and he is very pleasant, most courteous, and frankly eager to be photographed. So we photograph both him and his huge grange, not moated, but as lonely as

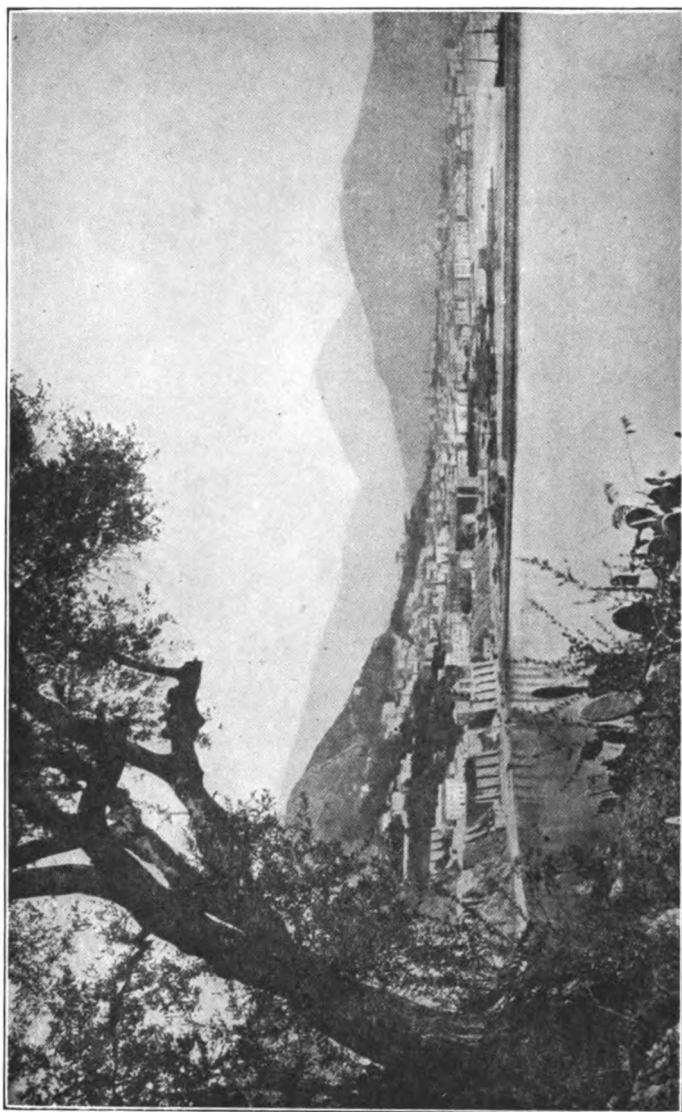
Mariana's. He is youngish, stalwart, very vigorous and alert, riding a good swift horse, and ostentatiously armed. For the Piana di Pesto is famed for brigands.

He talks of them and of the very famous one, Musolino, lately captured. A great deal of romance has gathered around the name of Musolino, for he is quite young, very handsome, astonishingly daring, and deep-dyed in crime.

But the bullock-wagons stand at the door, and into them have clambered the *fattore's* household; it is broad afternoon, but long before they have reached the little town poised on a crag of the mountains evening will have fallen, the gay mosquito will have formed his figures for the dance, and death will threaten every lingerer in the plain. They must be gone; and we too. So we bid farewell to our Calabrian farmer, and stroll leisurely out into the road. Where are the roses? Pæstum was ever famous for its roses that bloom three times every year; but we see neither flowers nor bushes. We do not want them; we have had our fill of beauty, and have no appetite for more. And roses have hard thorns, and there are none in our memories of Poseidonia.

SALERNO

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PANORAMA OF SALERNO

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SALERNO

SALERNO is much better visited, even if it have to be visited more than once, from Cava. The hotels are not sufficiently attractive to allure one to stay in the town itself: the modern Salerno is a squalid place enough; a mesh of narrow, tortuous streets, hot, crowded, dirty enough to be a great deal more picturesque; and holding out little temptation to intimate and sustained friendship. A passing acquaintance is quite enough: and such acquaintance is best made in the course of visits from Cava. The drive thence is quite short, and beautiful enough to satisfy anyone, and has the practical advantages of being very cheap.

However, those who insist on paying ten or twelve francs a day (pension) instead of five or six, can stay at Salerno itself instead of Cava, and choose for themselves between the Hotel Vittoria at the Amalfi or Vietri entrance of the town, and the Hotel Angletterre.

Scarcely any place could have a more perfect setting; and to look at Salerno, from Vietri, from Ratis, or from the sea, one would think of it as one of the loveliest gems in Italy's crown of beauty. Leaving Cava after the early Italian luncheon, or breakfast, if it be preferred so to call it, one is in Salerno by the beginning of our English notion of the afternoon.

Between Cava and Salerno, at the sea-mouth of the valley, stands Vietri, a dream of outward beauty, a nightmare, very likely, of inward dirt. But the dirt one merely suspects, the beauty is patent and incontrovertible. The tangle of color, the orgy of form, the miracle of atmosphere, conspire to produce almost unaccountably a symphony of southern loveliness. One cannot feel that these roofs and domes, these churches and houses, these balconies and archways, were ever *built* here: they must have *grown* to crown the rocks as the myrtle grew yonder, the cistus and the vine. Surely there never was a time when the sea did not reflect them, when the mariner, peering landward, did not see these dateless outgrowths of the cliffs carrying on

and completing their outlines. Abuse who will the tiled dome of the great church, with shining scales of green and gold like a lizard; it is as natural here on the sunburnt rock as the lizard is himself. Color is not afraid of Italy: why should it be afraid of it!

As one drives through the curving street, each gap between the houses frames a tall and narrow slip of landscape that would merit an hour's looking, a life's memory. As for the drive onward hence to Salerno, let John Addington Symonds describe it, though in truth my right to follow him is as good as his to paraphrase and expand Boccaccio. It is enough to say that always on the right beneath the precipice, whereat as it falls the wild fig-tree clutches, the coronilla and the locust-tree, always on the right lies the belt of saffron shore, girding the lovely land; and then the woven broidered azure of the sea; a garment with an underskirt of green, purple broidered, with pale streaks of gold and broad lacings of clearest sapphire.

Always the wide dim circle of the gulf, with its shore of distant palest pink, its nearer beach of ruddy gold: always and above all the

unearthly incredible Calabrian mountains hanging, like cloud ranges, in the aloofness of the sky.

The distance is forever classical, unconverted! A framework of mythology that seems here inevitable, congruous and sympathetic. Chronology has no meaning here, for the scene is primeval and eternal; though in the nearer foreground History seems to lie asleep.

Salerno lies low down, in an elbow of the enormous bay, dozing hot and white in the sunlit afternoon: totally unlike Vietri, that sits crowned above the shore, or Amalfi that seems to be flying inland up the steep.

From Vietri it is all downhill till one reaches the long flat Marina, with a sort of public garden between the promenade and the sea. This is the only street of any, even decent, pretension in all Salerno, and it has, of course, only one side to it. With its tideless sea in front, its glorious ranges of interwoven Apennines behind, Salerno might almost rest her claims to notice on her beauty. But she has a much subtler claim. Beside her History lies asleep. Not the death-like impenetrable sleep of the dark northern night,

where consciousness and sense of life are lost, but the siesta of the south, where one *feels* the light around, and the touch of sun and breeze upon one's cheek; where the unheeding ear still receives the cry of the cicada, the whisper of the olive grove, the creaming murmur of the long waves upon a shallow shore.

Salerno was a capital, knowing successive and illustrious dynasties: a famed School of Medicine—Petrarch calls it “Fons Medicinæ.” St. Thomas Aquinas says it was as pre-eminent for medicine as Paris was for science, or Bologna for law; and it holds in its white embrace the body of an Apostle and Evangelist, and the body of one of the very greatest of those who have sat in the Apostles' seat. For St. Matthew and St. Gregory VII both lie buried in its Cathedral.

There is no more romantic chapter of history than that which tells of the conquest of all Southern Italy—Apulia and Calabria—by the sons of the Norman Squire of Hauteville. Salerno was their capital, as it had been of the regnant princes from whom they wrested it.

“In one generation,” says Symonds, “the

sons of Tancred de Hauteville passed from the condition of squires in the Norman Vale of Cotentin to kinghood in the richest island of the Southern Sea. The Norse adventurers became Sultans of an Oriental capital. The sea-robbers assumed, together with the sceptre, the culture of an Arabian Court. The marauders whose armies burned Rome received at Papal hands the mitre and dalmatics as symbols of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The brigands who, on their first appearance in Italy, had pillaged stables and farmyards to supply their needs, lived to mate their daughters with princes, and to sway the politics of Europe with gold. * * * Of the twelve sons of Tancred de Hauteville, William Iron-Arm, first Count of Apulia; Robert Guiscard, who united Calabria and Apulia under one dukedom, and carried victorious arms against the Emperors of East and West: and Roger, the Great Count, who added Sicily to the conquests of the Normans, and bequeathed the Kingdom of South Italy to his son, rose to the highest name. But all the brothers shared the great qualities of the house; and two of them, Humphry and Drogo, wore a coronet

also. Large of limb and stout of heart, persevering under difficulties, crafty, yet gifted with the semblance of sincerity, combining the piety of pilgrims with the morals of highwaymen, the sturdiness of barbarians with the plasticity of culture, eloquent in the council chamber and the field, dear to their soldiers for their bravery and to women for their beauty, equally eminent as generals and as rulers, * * * restless in their energy, yet neither fickle or rash, * * * these lions among men were made to conquer in the face of overwhelming obstacles, and to hold their conquests with a grasp of iron. What they wrought * * * endures to this day, while the work of so many emperors, republics, and princes has passed and shifted like the scenes in a pantomime. Through them the Greeks, the Lombards, and the Moors were extinguished in the south * * * the republics of Naples, Caeta, and Amalfi, which might have rivalled Milan, Genoa and Florence, were subdued to a Master's hand."

The Cathedral of San Matteo, as we see it now, was built by Robert Guiscard (Robert the Wise), the second of these marvellous

brothers, born a Norman squire's son, who died sovereign Duke of all Calabria and Apulia; he began his church in 1076, on the site of one much more ancient, and 1087 the exiled Pope Gregory VII consecrated it. On the front of it the Norman sovereign, aiming at the Empire of the East, boldly assumes in his dedicatory inscription the imperial title. Before the actual church is a classical atrium, with, however, a beautiful Gothic porch leading down into the street. Around this forecourt runs a cloister or arcade, formed of ancient Greek columns brought by Robert Guiscard from Pæstum.

Against the walls of this arcade are ranged more than a dozen early Christian sarcophagi. There is nothing like coming to Italy for learning the lesson that if Christianity was born in Palestine, its infancy was here. Once, in the middle of this forecourt, there stood a noble granite basin, brought hither from Pæstum; it is now wasted on the gardens of the Villa Nazionale at Naples, which in the old unspoiled days of the Villa Reale were lovely.

Before actually entering the church no one should fail to duly notice the splendid bronze

doors dating from A. D. 1090, and reminding one in character of those at Amalfi, Ravello, Atrani, and Monte Cassino. But, it must be admitted, the desire to hasten is stimulated by the intolerable nuisance of the beggars. In all Italy there are none more insufferable than those of Salerno: and the Atrium of the Cathedral is their pandemonium.

Turning to the left on entering the Cathedral one is soon struck by the beautiful tomb of Queen Margaret of Durazzo, wife of Charles III, one of Bamboccio's finest works, dating from 1412. The Queen lies in a sleep that has no suggestion of death, or of any but happy dreams; while angels gently draw aside her curtains to watch her slumbers.

Close to is the grave of Robert Guiscard's second Duchess Sigilgaita, for whose sake the great Duke set aside Alberada. She was daughter of Gisulf, Prince of Salerno; the unscrupulousness of her race was not, according to William of Malmesbury and Roger of Hovenden, lacking to the haughty Duchess. For she is said both to have poisoned her husband and attempted in the same way the life of Bohemund, his son by Alberada. Wounded

in the Greek wars, the young prince came home to be cured; as has been said, there were no more famous physicians in the world than those of Salerno. But, as day by day went on Bohemund found his strength slowly ebbing away; all the skill of the Salernian doctors seemed mocked by his overmastering weakness. And the prince, a few weeks ago so stalwart, "the boast of all the strong," knew that he was sinking surely into the greedy arms of death.

At last he sent for the Duke; and the Guiscard came. To the lad he was merely gentle, and gently encouraging, but presently, having left the fever-stricken youth, the Duchess Sigilgaita was summoned to his presence.

"Bring me hither," said the Duke, "the Holy Gospels and my sword!"

And in silence Duke and Duchess waited till they were brought. Then Robert seized the sword that had conquered Calabria, and with his left hand on the Gospels swore by them that, if Bohemund died of that sickness, he himself with that sword would slay Sigilgaita. In terror, so convincing was his manner, Sigilgaita hastily compounded an antidote



to the poison her step-son had been taking, and sent it to the prince by his doctor.

Bohemund accordingly began to amend, and was presently cured; but, says the chronicler, "he for all the rest of his life was deathly pale."

There is, near that of the Duchess Sigilgaita, another beautiful tomb, adorned with figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and with the recumbent effigy of Nicola Piscitelli, to whose memory it was placed here in 1471. Another memento of the great Guiscard is a glorious altar, in the sacristy, of carved ivory, wrought in *rilievo* with thirty scenes from the Sacred Scriptures.

The pulpit ambones and Paschal candlestick are magnificent specimens of the same mosaic as the pulpits at Ravello and Cava—the Badia.

Those who, like the present writer, are familiar with certain illustrious tombs and places in India cannot fail to be immediately reminded of them, probably because the tradition is a true one that declares many Italian workmen and artists to have been employed upon the Táj Mahàl, and the tomb of Itmad

ad Dowlah, as upon the Diwàn-i-Kàs at Delhi and the Moti Masjid at Agra. To the right of the chancel is a fine chapel designed by Giovanni da Procida, famous in the Sicilian Vespers, of which we shall have to speak when we come to treat of Palermo. He had been physician, friend, and adviser to King Manfred, the last of the Norman-Hohenstaufen line; and lived to be Chancellor of the realm under Pedro of Aragon.

Manfred is represented, among the decorations of the altar in this chapel as San Fortunato, habited as Roman Emperor, but without the imperial diadem. St. Matthew, whose body lies near, in the crypt adjoining, is represented also with Giovanni da Procida himself kneeling at his feet. St. Priest, by nationality ill qualified to be a dispassionate judge of the Southern patriot who had expelled the Angevins from Sicily, says of this statue that it displays the figure of a man with no elevation of character written in his face, nothing noble or heroic, such as one would look for in a Liberator, a vindicator of National Independence. The forehead, he points out, is low, the eye small, the general effect of the



features is that of astuteness, "finesse" and caution. Very likely! Such qualities are necessary enough when the battle is not to the strong.

Presently we will return to this beautiful chapel; let us now leave it to go down by a light and easy staircase to the crypt where the body of St. Matthew is venerated.

This Apostle and Evangelist "after having," as Alban Butler says, "made a great harvest of souls in Judea went to preach the Faith to the barbarous and uncivilized nations of the East. He was a person much devoted to heavenly contemplation and led an austere life, using a very slender and mean diet, for he ate no flesh, satisfying nature with herbs, roots, seeds and berries."

St. Ambrose tells us that God opened to him the country of the Persians; Rufino and Socrates assure us that he carried the Faith of Christ into "Ethiopia"—meaning, probably the southern extremities of Asia. St. Paulinus says he ended his days in Parthia, and Venantius Fortunatus adds that it was at Nadabar, a city of those parts, where he suffered martyrdom. According to Dorotheus he was first

interred, honorably, at Hierapolis, another Parthian city. But in 980 his remains were taken to the west, and ultimately to Salerno, where in 1080, as testified by Pope Gregory VII, in a letter to the Archbishop of that See, they then lay in a church dedicated to the First of the Four Evangelists.

The crypt or lower church—it is not like one's idea of a crypt, being airy, light, and rather lofty—is entirely lined or panelled with rich marbles, and in the centre is the magnificent and beautiful shrine, altar and tomb of the saint. Here by the blue and tideless waters of the Midland Sea sleeps the Publican, who left his changer's table and his money to follow the Poor Man of Nazareth, who walked with Him on the saffron strand of that other inland sea, and heard Him bid its fury cease. It is strange to kneel here in this quiet place and try to realize that, a yard away from oneself, lies the body of one who often looked on Christ, whose eyes had met His, whose hands have touched the Wounded One's, whose feet have followed Him through the fields already white to harvest. Such thoughts "vex time" and rob the past centuries of their

meaning. Close to the body of the Martyr-Apostle is a pillar, removed hither from where the railway station now is, on which three local martyrs—Aute, Caio and Fortunato—were beheaded in Diocletian's persecution. To these saints there is, naturally, a good deal of devotion in Salerno.

Before leaving the Cathedral let us return to the chapel built by Giovanni da Procida, to venerate the tomb of the Pope who, perhaps more than all the rest, stands for the very name and idea of the Papacy.

If any Pope deserves to sleep his last sleep in Rome: if any Pope's body might be supposed to constitute the pride and boast of some Roman basilica one would say that Gregory VII was that Pope. But, as he died in exile, a Papal Martyr to the Papacy, so he sleeps away from Rome, an exile still.

Rome should be jealous of Salerno, but I do not know that it ever has been; few in Rome, perhaps, grieved at his death, and few since his death have grudged to Salerno the possession of his relics. Rome is not a city of ardent affections, and Gregory never gained them. Perhaps he never cared to; some of us,

the greatest of us, may insist upon what we want; few indeed are given more than they demand. Human affection was a supplement Hildebrand never asked. Some great writers, many great men, have enthroned themselves in the heart of mankind; others, perhaps greater, have mounted higher, to the cold summits of veneration, heedless, as it seems, of the warmer realms of mere human affection.

Gregory VII spent his life in the effort to attain and to enforce an ideal; for all that seemed less he did not care. He succeeded, almost appearing to fail. His austere ambition he achieved, the Papacy was impressed with his seal, and bears it still, the Church accepted the ideals he set before her, and is content with nothing else to-day. And the price paid was his own life of uninterrupted stress and struggle; his unpopularity, contemporary and historical, his exile and his death. No more remarkable personality ever challenged the attention of mankind, few men so remarkable have ever sat in that high and cold place, which has been the home of arresting figures. On the most august stage he played the most

imperial part, and his audience, all posterity, has been too full of wonder to admire, too fully preoccupied by the fascination of interest for mere love.

I do not know that we need care much, on his account. Would he, himself, have cared? He was never at home in this world, would he have cared for the homely affection of those who lived, or are living in it?

All these and many another question one must ask oneself pondering by his tomb in the city that seems in every way so alien to him. He lies, an irrelevant guest, in the chapel built by a stout partisan, a fierce avenger of the Imperial Seralian House with which he was in life-long conflict. The fine statue was the *ex voto* of Pius IX, on whom Gregory's shadow fell softly. Hard by is the older tomb, itself, however, only of the sixteenth century, whence Pius IX removed his mighty predecessor's remains. Gregory had lain five hundred years already in a yet more ancient tomb, built for him by Duke Robert Guiscard and consecrated but a few days before his own death.

Gregory XIII canonized his august name-

sake, and Rome and Salerno, alone, keep his feast.

Close by the Pontiff's resting place lies Cardinal Caraffa, who had prayed that he might be laid, "Where Gregory VII, Sovereign Pontiff, Watchful Guardian of the Church's Liberty, still protects it, though lying in his grave."

The Protestant historian of Latin Christianity writes thus of Gregory and his last days at Salerno by the Midland Sea:—

"Death came slowly upon Gregory at Salerno. He spoke even to the end with undoubting confidence in the goodness of his cause, of his assurance that he was departing to Heaven. He gave a general absolution to mankind; but from this act of all-embracing mercy he excepted his deadly enemies, and those of the Church, Henry, so-called the King, the usurping Pontiff Guibert, and those who were their counsellors and abettors in their ungodly cause. His last memorable words have something of proud bitterness: 'I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die an exile.' * * * 'In exile thou canst not die! Vicar of Christ and His

Apostles, thou hast received the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.' ”

Musing on this strange, storm-wracked story, we pass out into the noisy streets: tortuous, crowded and full of hardest positive suggestion. A carpenter's son, like He whose Vicegerent he was on earth; a monk at first, then a Prince of the Church, and the very heart of the Papacy during three Popes' reigns. Pope at last himself, armed with his lofty ideal, the very weight of which bowed him down like David in Saul's armor—to restore to the clergy apostolic perfection; to free the Church from all temporal suzerainty; to give to Christian Society one vast unity under the high direction of Christ's visible representative.

How little the streets reck of him or his soaring, chill ambitions: as little as they did when he himself walked them; and beyond, the pitiless blue sea smiles her unheeding smiles under the unsympathizing sky that wots nothing of clouds. All around the mountains range their serried ranks: blue and purple, rose-golden and silver-pink, pearl and

amethyst; and the evening creeps among them.

And the days weave themselves into years,
and the forgetful centuries are born to the
aged years, and Gregory the vexed sleeps on.

THE COAST OF AMALFI

THE COAST OF AMALFI

THE number of expeditions that can be made from Cava dei Tirreni, their beauty and their interest, would make it a chosen place of sojourn even were it much less lovely itself.

And of these none could excel the drive from Cava to Amalfi, and from Amalfi to Sorrento, from Sorrento to Castellamare, and from Castellamare back to Cava. For this, of course, several days are required; indeed, Cava dei Tirreni may well be used as a headquarters and base for excursions during three weeks or a month.

Leaving Cava by the Salerno entrance, one passes on the left a barracks, formerly a convent, and close to it, to the Church of the Olmo. The road is now carried on a long viaduct above the twisted valley, and the views on every side are beautiful.

Half a mile outside the town is a small manufactory of rough pottery, some bits of

which are well worth buying. The forms are pure and pleasing, the colors mellow and harmonious, the cost a few soldi.

As we were leaving Cava for the last time, and stopped here to buy a vase or two, numbers of country carts came by, marvellous in shape, being oddly high, narrow, and long, and wonderful in decoration; each was like a tall arbor, if any arbors were addicted to galloping along full of gaily-dressed, gaily-laughing contadini and contadine.

There was a procession of them; and each was carrying pilgrims on their way home from Monte Vergine.

But Monte Vergine is too interesting, by far, to be dealt with in a parenthesis, and must have more attentive notice hereafter.

It is only necessary to remark here, *en passant*, that Monte Vergine is much the most important pilgrimage in this part of Italy; and has been so at all events since A. D. 1119, when San Guglielmo, of Vercelli, was led thither by a flight of white doves, and laid there the first foundations of the community of hermits that has ever since clung, like a swallow's nest, to the side of the precipice.

For half the year snow lies deep in the courtyard, and the monks have their wild eyrie pretty much to themselves. But during the other six, scores of thousands of pilgrims make their way here up the mountain.

At the bottom of the Cava valley, where it falls steeply into the Gulf of Salerno, one turns now to the right, leaving Vietri through which we have already passed on our way to Salerno. Outwardly it is prodigally picturesque, inwardly it possesses little to interest, little to attract.

But now begins the wonderful coast drive that is to end only with Castellamare, far away round many headlands on the Gulf of Naples. The road is already of exquisite beauty, but far more amazing wealth of loveliness is in reserve before we shall have done with it.

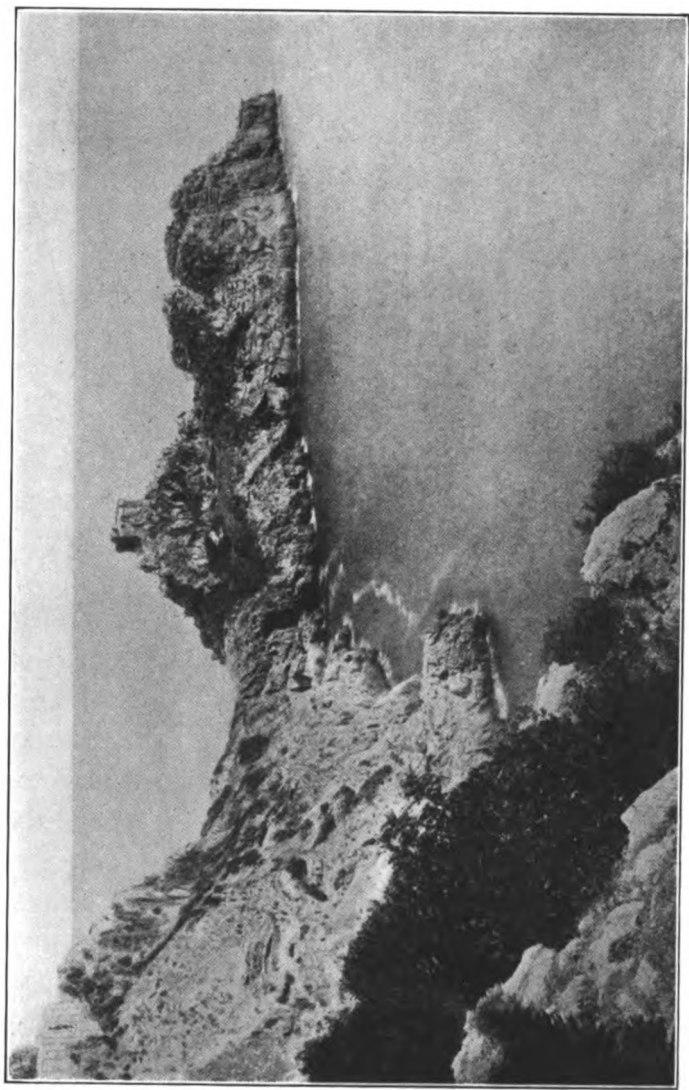
It is a cornice; a shelf hung over the sea along the sides of the mountains that leap sheer up from the narrow strip-coast. Always on the left is the clear, deep, many-hued water, always on the right the wild tangle of gorge and mountain; and yet neither sea nor mountain is ever the same for ten minutes;

the colors of the one, the forms of the other, change perpetually.

Everyone who has written about this Riviera of the South, Dean Alford, John Addington Symonds, and Boccaccio five centuries and a half ago, are alike intoxicated by the woven wonder of the sea's peacock tinting, and the opulent loveliness of the land, where peak and ridge, and gorge, olive-copse and myrtle-brake, domed village and grim watch-tower, yellow strand and black pine-groups, seem the picture of a Dance of Life more startling than any morbid fancied Dance of Death.

Now we come to Cetara, a mere fishing village, but the important boundary once of the great maritime Republic of Amalfi. Hither we have often already come from Cava, and to Riatto there, perched like an osprey on the rock, hundreds and hundreds of feet above the coast. How did it ever occur to anyone to build towns in such places as these?

Down on the left is Capo del Tumolo, with its ancient guard-house of the time of



SORRENTO, ON THE BAY OF NAPLES

Charles V. The view here changes again, and always for a view more lovely still.

For a time our road runs easily downhill to Maiori, among the orange orchards; but on our left we pass Capo del Orso, off which in Charles V's time there was a great sea-fight, wherein the Emperor's Viceroy, Moncada, was killed, victory remaining with the famous Genoese Admiral, Don Filippino Doria.

The sleeping sea looks so blandly innocent now that one cannot picture it the scene of wicked noise and murderous confusion!

At Maiori long ago lived a crocodile in a certain cavern still to be seen, whose diet was much inimical to the Christians of the neighborhood, for on them he principally subsisted. No doubt he wept bitterly for them as he did so. But his tears are long dried, and his cave is empty but for a few tufts of fern and wild-flower.

Another turn of the coast and we are at Minori, certainly not less in beauty than Maiori; it has its own arcades and towers, its own white strip of beach like a narrow satin ribbon, its own boats lying idle by the idle sea,

its brown children, and many-colored houses; its own peculiar loveliness, as each of these places has. And yet, though each is distinct, as one note is distinct from every other, it is not separately that one recalls the memory of any, but as forming with all the others a symphony of remembered beauty.

Atrani comes next, the last town between Salerno and Amalfi, and very close to the latter—as close as Westminster is to London, and, like Westminster, the place of coronation and of sepulture for the rulers of the larger city. For at Atrani, in the Chiesa di San Liberatore, were crowned and buried the Doges of Amalfi. For seven centuries at least Amalfi had its Doges, under whose magistracy the Amalfitans were citizens of a free Republic, like the Pisans, the Genoese, and the Venetians, only the Republic of Amalfi was far older.

Its origin as a separate and independent city is assigned to the days of Constantine; by the time of St. Gregory the Great it was an Episcopal See, and is so mentioned by the Pope in the sixth century; in the seventh it was already under the government of its own

Doges; soon these were freely elected by the Amalfitans. By 890 A. D. its Doges had received from the Pope a title long afterwards borne by the Sovereigns of England, for, in reward of their valiant and unwearied warfare against the Saracen enemies of Christian peace and prosperity, the Holy See accorded to the Dukes of Amalfi the title of Defenders of the Faith.

By the end of the tenth century Amalfi was an Archbishopric, with a population of fifty thousand within the city, and perhaps ten times as many in the dependent territory. Traders of Amalfi were to be found all over the world, and organized colonies of them in Constantinople, Alexandria, and all the great depôts of international commerce, East and West. The whole trade of the Levant was in their hands.

At Jerusalem it was to them that was due the Hospitium for Pilgrims, which led to the foundation of the great Sovereign Order of St. John of the Hospital of Jerusalem, afterwards so illustrious as the Knights of Malta.

So immense was their commerce with the subjects of the Eastern Empire that not only

had they their own colony and quarter at Byzantium, but Byzantium required officials of its own at Amalfi.

So the Emperor of New Rome had a court at the headquarters of the Republic, by which were decided all naval questions that might arise as between Greek sailors ashore at Amalfi, or between them and the subjects of the Doge.

The Naval Laws of Amalfi, the *Tabula Amalfitana*, became the basis of all maritime jurisprudence for centuries, and for centuries was this now-forgotten power the first naval state in the world.

But what power was ever without enemies? and Amalfi had many, and at long last fell before their reiterated attacks.

Sicardo, Prince of Salerno, plundered it in the ninth century, before it had attained the zenith of its greatness. He came, a pious filibuster, bent on stealing the precious body of St. Trofimenia.

Four years afterwards the Amalfitani burned Salerno, and were avenged. At the end of the century following the city of the Republic was besieged by Roger Borsa; then

came the cry of the Crusades, and the preaching at Cava, and attention was drawn away from the too prosperous maritime state.

But in 1129 the Great Count, Roger of Sicily, came against it, took Ravello, its dependant city, and La Scala, too, and finally, in 1181, forced Amalfi itself to give way before his ever victorious arms. He, too, went away, satisfied with their submission, leaving the Amalfitans to govern themselves by their own laws, under their own magistrates.

Only four years' breathing time was given them, then the rival republicans of Pisa came against them: this time the Great Count flew to help them, but though he and the Amalfitani destroyed many Pisan ships and drove the rest away, those which escaped carried off with them the most priceless possession of Amalfi, the Pandects of Justinian, dating from 31st December, 584. They never came back to Amalfi: for three centuries the Pisans kept them, then the Florentines carried them off, in their turn.

In 1187 the Pisans came back to Amalfi to wipe out the stain of the defeat four years earlier; La Scala and Ravello were taken

and plundered, and Amalfi had to buy peace at a dear price.

The glory of the Republic was gone, and two hundred years after the city was finally ruined by a great sea-quake, whereby arsenal and docks, public buildings and harbor, were utterly destroyed. Nowadays the population is about seven thousand five hundred.

Salerno and Amalfi were both great and dominant cities once, and both have entirely fallen, but from neither can the crown of beauty be torn away. Nevertheless, Amalfi is much more beautiful than Salerno, more beautiful and not so irrevocably forlorn.

Both hotels at Amalfi are old monasteries: the Cappuccini and the Albergo de Cuma, and both have fine cloisters.

One can imagine no piazza more picture-like than that before the Duomo at Amalfi, from whence flights of steep steps lead up to the Cathedral door. If pagan gods are dead their tombs are close to the surface here in the south. One enters the church of the great Apostle, Simon Peter's brother, and to the front is an antique heathen vase of porphyry; the columns before the door, upholding the

exquisite portico, were hewn for a temple at Pæstum, and Zeus or Poseidon has yielded them to Christ. Within are two fine Christian tombs, sarcophagi—fashioned for some devout pagan noble, representing the Farewell of Theseus and Ariadne, and the stealing away of Persephone by Dis!

But the glory of the church is its crypt, and the treasurer of the crypt is the headless body of St. Andrew. Here lies the brother of the Prince of the Apostles, the first disciple of Our Lord. After preaching in Scythia, Northern Greece, and Epirus, he was crucified like his brother, some say five years before him, some say three years after him, at Patræ, in Achaia.

How his body came to Amalfi is too long to tell here, where we can but mention that it was brought hither by the Cardinal of Capua in the thirteenth century from Constantinople.

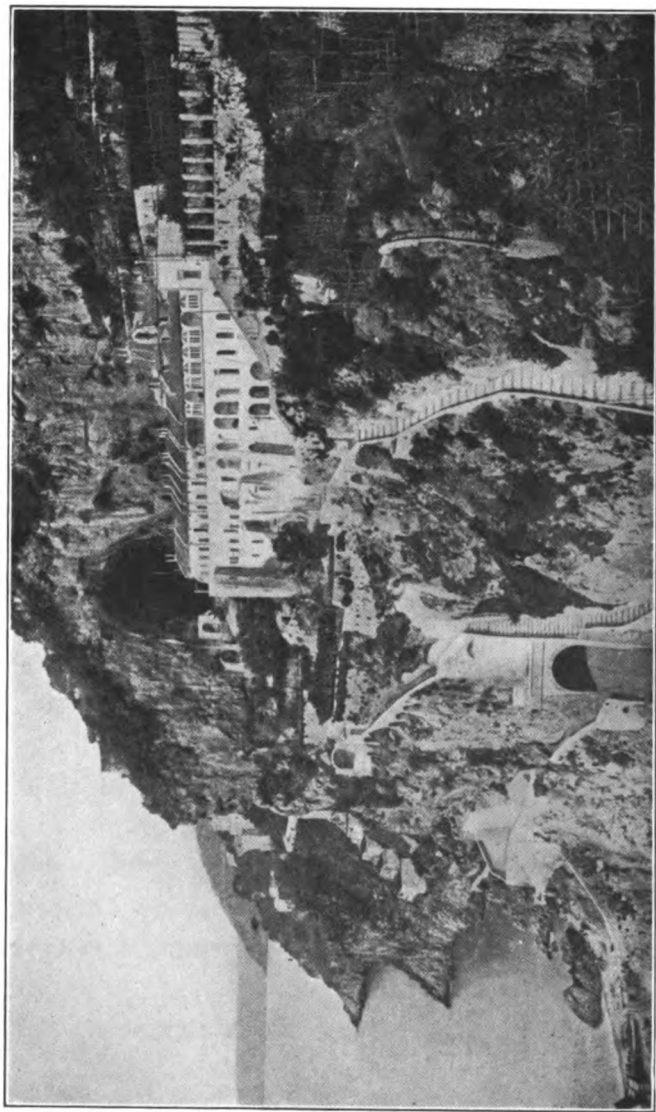
A miraculous oil called the Manna of Sant' Andrea exuded from the body, and countless pilgrims have come hither to venerate the sacred relics. Pius II, well-known to literature as Æneas Silvius, was amongst their

number, and by his command the head of the Apostle was taken to Rome, to rest beside the body of his greater brother in the Vatican Basilica, where it is one of four great relics.

There is here a very beautiful bronze statue of St. Andrew (very beautifully described by the now forgotten Frederika Bremer), presented by Philip III of Spain, and wrought by Michael Angelo Naccarino.

The crypt dates from 1239, but the walls are encased in sumptuous marbles, and this panelling was an eighteenth century restoration. In style it is identical with the crypt of St. Matthew at Salerno, but scarcely so successful in result.

Before leaving the Cathedral, by the west door as we entered it, let us stand in the Gothic portico and look down upon the busy, lively scene in the piazza beneath, and finally note the great bronze doors, reminding us of those we saw at Salerno; there are four sets of these splendid gates of bronze, by the same craftsman, Staurachios of Byzantium, and all given to the churches they adorn by the same noble family, the Pantaleone of Amalfi. There are these, those at Atrani, those at



GRAND HOTEL, FORMERLY A MONASTERY OF THE CAPUCHINS, AT AMALFI

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Monte Gargano, and those at Monte Cassino.

Those at Ravello and Salerno are of kindred type, but of Italian workmanship after Byzantine models.

The date of the Amalfi Cathedral doors is about that of our own Norman conquest, A. D. 1066. Mauro di Pantaleone was a man of wealth, but above all rich in his six sons. The eldest of these, Pantaleone II, "kept himself apart from the wickedness of his people, and walked righteously before God, doing much good at Salerno, lodging in his house all those who were bound on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and providing them with money and all things needful for their journey." At Antioch and at Jerusalem he founded hospitals for the poor pilgrims, and his fame of sanctity spread far and wide.

This pious benefactor gave the bronze gates to Amalfi, Monte Cassino, and Monte Gargano; those at Atrani being the gift of the third Pantaleone, his son.

Leaving the Cathedral, and descending its long and steep stairway into the piazza, one wanders along the quaint streets, with its odd archways, to the Valle dei Molini, much cele-

brated by artists, but not now quite deserving of their praises.

The piled-up peculiarity of Amalfi is striking to those who are here first introduced to an ancient southern city built up a steep hill-side.

There is scarcely any space for a town between the mountains and the sea, and the wonder is that any city should be there at all, rather than it should be piled upon itself as it is, so that the streets run through the houses rather than between them.

Here at Amalfi worked Aniello Falcone, miscalled the Master of Salvator Rosa, to whom was entrusted the ceiling of the crypt of Sant' Andrea in the Cathedral. Between Amalfi and Atrani, in a cottage on the heights towards Pontone, was born Masaniello in 1628.

The son of a poor fisherman he became a popular leader, a sort of duodecimo Rienzi; withstood the Spanish tyranny, successfully opposed the Viceroy Duke of Arcos, forced a treaty on him, and made himself a Tribune of the people. Success turned his head, as it had long ago turned Rienzi's; but turned it

in a different direction: Masaniello became cruel and capricious, a despot himself, given up to wild excess. So that to his own colleagues he became terrible. On July 16th the nine days' wonder ended in his death. Only July 7th he had stepped forward as the Tribune of the Plebs at Naples; nine days later he was assassinated.

Some years ago a landslip at Amalfi carried away into the sea half of the old Monastery of the Cappuccini, and the effects of it are still very visible.

Everyone at Amalfi climbs up the hills to La Fonderia, and up other hills to Castello Pontone, near to which, as has been said, the short-lived Rienzi of Naples was born in the hut of a pescatore.

But much more interesting is the steep drive to Ravello. Close to Amalfi as it is, hanging as it were over it, the little town is a separate See, and has had its own Bishop ever since the far-away days of Victor III. So, too, has the Church of San Pantaleone Cathedral, built by the High Admiral Ruffolo in the eleventh century at the time of the erection of the See.

Here, too, are splendid doors of bronze, but made after Byzantine designs at Trani in 1176, by the pious munificence of Sergio Muscettola and Donna Sigilgaita, his wife, to God's glory and that of Saint Pantaleone.

Another Sigilgaita of the Lord Admiral's family gave the magnificent pulpit, than which few are finer in Italy. Her medallion-portrait adorns the staircase of inlaid marble leading to it.

Opposite, on the Epistle side, is another pulpit, with astonishing representations of the vicissitudes of the Prophet Jonas. This is earlier in date by nearly two centuries, and was given by the Bishop Constantino Rogadeo.

Similar in character to first of these ambones, of mosaic marble, there are in the Sacramentarium two glorious candlesticks and a Bishop's throne. There is here a relic of the patronal saint, his blood, which liquefies like that of San Gennaro at Naples.

For us English Ravello has a special interest; for in 1156 the only English Pope, Adrian IV, who had been Nicholas Breakspere, came here and sang High Mass in the midst of six hundred magnates of these parts.

Before quitting, as everyone must quit this most lovely place with regret, one must turn aside into the adjacent palace of the Ruffolo family, now occupied by English residents noted for their goodness and charity. Here, too, Adrian IV sojourned, and Robert Guiscard, and Charles of Anjou. Its Saracenic cloisters and gardens are exquisite, but beyond description, lovely is the view from its parapet over the Gulf of Salerno. Such loveliness as that remains all one's life after, not a memory, but a possession.

ST. NICHOLAS AND BARI



ST. NICHOLAS AND BARI

TO SAVONA is a far cry from Bolsena; to Bari, far away in the heel of Italy, is a longer flight still. But, as Bari is indissolubly bound up with the name of St. Nicholas, we hope to be forgiven this giant stride.

Bari was the second city of the Regno, inferior in importance and population only to Naples, the capital of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It is to be remembered that we are now treating of what was once Magna Græcia, and the people in feature and type still show many signs of their Greek origin. Again, we are to bear in mind how far south we are, how near to Sicily; and of this the character of the ancient churches of Bari is evidence; for the same Sicilian architects and builders were employed here as worked at Palermo, and on the glorious cathedral of Monreale higher up the Conca d'Oro.

St. Nicholas, of course, had nothing to do with Italy or Bari during his life, or for seven hundred and sixty-one years after his death. He was born at Patara, in Lycia, in Asia Minor, and from his birth gave singular signs of future sanctity. Even as a baby at his mother's breast he showed instinctive obedience to the Church's penitential discipline; for we read in the Breviary that on Wednesdays and Fridays the child would take his natural food only once in the day, and that after sundown. In early youth deprived of his parents by death, he gave away in alms all he inherited from them. A very beautiful and touching story tells how some of this money went.

There was at Patara a citizen so gripped by poverty that he could give nothing for dowry to his three daughters, but began to entertain the horrible thought of letting them earn a ghastly competence by a life of sin. By ordinary or supernatural means, Nicholas became aware of the frightful fate that threatened these poor girls and of the temptation to which misery was leading their wretched

father. Under a cloud of night, the saint stole forth and bent his steps to the house where they lived. When he reached it, from behind the thick banks of cloud the moon cast down one ray of silver light, that showed Nicholas an open window. Into it he flung a well-filled purse of gold, and hurried home to pray. The purse fell at the feet of the unhappy father, and with its contents he dowered his eldest daughter. On another night Nicholas came again and did the same thing, and on a third; so that all three maidens had dowries and found honest marriages. But on the last of these occasions the father had hidden himself in the black shadows of the street; and when the saint raised his hand to fling the purse, he caught him by the cloak, and falling weeping at his feet cried: "O Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself?" Then the saint bade him to tell no man, but give thanks to God, and entreat His pardon for the wickedness into which his weak faith had so nearly thrown him. That St. Nicholas is patron of children and youths all know; but he has also been regarded as a special patron of virgins, and this tale of his charity tells us why.

Later on he had an ardent desire to visit the Holy Land, once pressed by the human feet of God; and he took ship for Palestine. Fair was the sky and smiling was the sea when he embarked; but Nicholas foretold a storm, and dire was the tempest that burst upon the laboring vessel. Then he prayed; and He who had rebuked the frenzy of the Galilean Lake once more showed that wind and wave obey when He commands, and the hurricane sank into a smiling peace. Till then sailors had called Neptune their protector, now they chose Nicholas for patron.

Returning home Nicholas became a monk in the monastery of Sion, near Myra, the metropolis of Lycia, and presently was chosen abbot. When the See of Myra fell vacant, the provincial bishops gathered together at the capital to elect a metropolitan, and they were warned by God that they should choose him, who first in the hours of the morrow should enter the church. At dawn, on opening the gates of the cathedral, they found the Abbot Nicholas in the doorway, dragged him in, and with the hearty consent of all proclaimed him bishop.

In his new office he was distinguished for gravity, chastity, and continual prayer; in fastings often, in vigils often; by sweetness in admonition, generous hospitality according to the apostolic injunctions, and by blaming with severity where blame was needed. The lonely widow and helpless orphan he succored by money and kindly counsel, not sparing his own toil where it could be of use. All who were oppressed found in him a courageous and stalwart friend. Once there were three tribunes unjustly accused to the Emperor Constantine, and condemned by him. The Emperor had often heard of the great bishop and of his many miracles, and held him in high esteem without ever having seen him. Now he saw him in a manner that convinced him that Nicholas was as wonderful as report said. Sundered by many leagues, the saint appeared to Constantine and sternly upbraided him with the unjust condemnation of the three tribunes, whom the Emperor at once set free. Constantine was not yet sole emperor, nor was he a Christian. Diocletian and Maximian were emperors too, bitter heathens, and superior in dignity and power to Constantine.

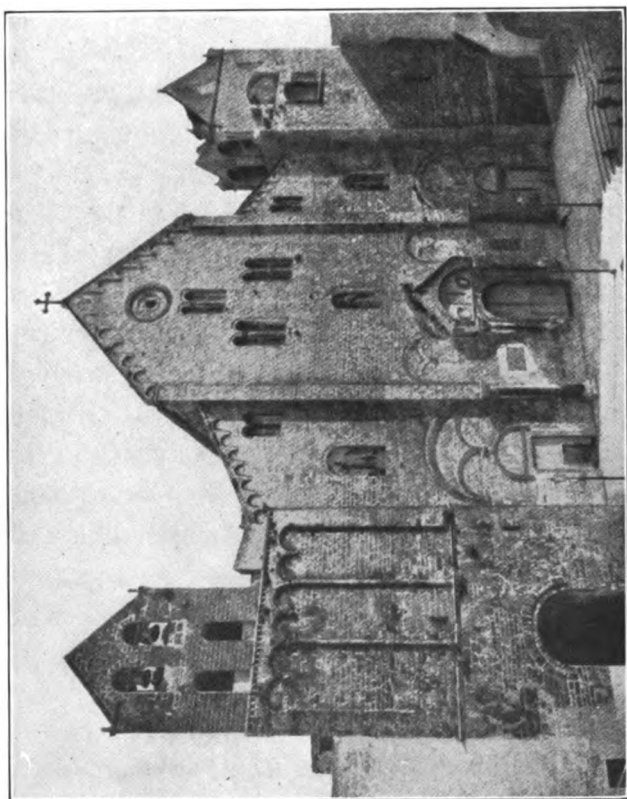
When the storm of Diocletian's persecution burst upon the heads of the Christians, Nicholas entirely disregarded the edict forbidding the preaching of Christ's faith, and continued to proclaim, in his See of Myra, the divinity of the Crucified Nazarene. The creatures of the two imperial persecutors seized the holy Bishop and carried him into distant captivity. Only the accession of Constantine to supreme power opened his prison gates and sent him back to his widowed church at Myra. Not long afterward was convened the great Council of Nicæa, where Nicholas, with three hundred and eighteen prelates, condemned the pestilent heresy of Arius. His share in this great work for the Church was the crown of his life, and soon after his return to Myra he died. To receive his noble and heroic soul, God sent angels who should lead him home to heaven whence all his life had been a patient exile. With those who knelt about his bed he joined in the Psalm, "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped!" till they came to the words, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," Upon them his lips closed: the spirit had gone home.

This was in the year 826. And forthwith crowds of pilgrims began to flock to his tomb, where his miracles continued. Thus for centuries were his relics venerated at Myra. Then arose the grim delusion of the False Prophet; and all the East first, then even the far West, began to groan under the ever-recurrent onslaughts of the Saracens. By them the cathedral of Myra was utterly destroyed, all its precious possessions being hauled away as spoil. The most precious, however, was left; perhaps because they cared more for the jewels and gold of the shrine than for that which it contained, or perhaps because they could not find it. It is likely enough that the coffin of St. Nicholas was hurriedly hidden. At all events, it was found at last by some sailors from Bari, who made diligent search for it among the ruins of the cathedral, in A. D. 1087. In triumph they carried it home, landing at Bari on the 9th of May, 1087. At first it was placed in the church of San Stefano, and thirty diseased persons were cured on the day of its translation from the ship.

Bari had been taken from the Greeks, after a three years' siege, by the great Norman

prince, Robert Guiscard, in 1071, sixteen years before the arrival of the relics of St. Nicholas. He now immediately began building a noble church to receive them; and the first part of the crypt being finished, it was dedicated in 1089. Nothing could be more quaintly picturesque than this lower church, which is often described as "of the Lombard school of architecture," but it is really Saracenic, like the Capella Palatina at Palermo. Its low roof is supported by eight and twenty columns, short and sturdy, with capitals of singular variety and interest. There is a wealth of color, but the light is so tempered that it is all blended into a devout and venerable harmony. There are always pilgrims here, slowly drawing near upon their knees to the altar within which is the "Corpo Santo." For centuries a miraculous dew, or oil, has distilled from the bones of St. Nicholas; and a little of this mixed with water is given to every pilgrim.

At the foot of the stairs leading to the upper church is the interesting tomb of the Archbishop Elias, in whose episcopacy the church of San Nicola was built. His very curious throne, dating from 1098, is in the sanctuary



BASILICA OF ST. NICHOLAS, AT BARI

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above, behind the high altar. Two very interesting things happened in this church—one before it was entirely finished, and one immediately on its completion. In 1094, Peter the Hermit, in obedience to the wish of Urban II, preached in it the First Crusade, and no doubt to hearers sympathizing heartily enough with any plans that might have for their object the downfall of the Saracen power; for this part of Italy had for hundreds of years suffered from their assault, and in the ninth century Bari itself had fallen into their hands. It was taken by the Saracens in 840, and Mofareg-Ibn-Salim made one solid Moorish state of the whole coast from Reggio of Calabria to Bari. For over thirty years Bari groaned under the Saracen yoke. In 875 the Greeks recovered it, and held it for a century, till Robert Guiscard got possession of it in 1071. The people of Bari were coast-dwellers; all their trade and commerce and wealth depended on the sea. By no one could the pirate Saracen be more hated or feared; no city of Italy could have more heartily wished success to the preaching of the French Hermit.

The second notable event occurred as soon as the church of San Nicola was finished.

Urban II, in the last twelve months of his reign (October, 1098) held in it a great Council to condemn the heresy of the Greeks concerning the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Eternal Father only. The church, from its huge size and fortress-like strength was well suited for such a purpose, at a time when assaults of the Saracens were only too possible. The Blessed Urban II presided in person; and there were present a hundred and eighty-five bishops besides abbots and others. Among those present was St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who came with the Pope, a fugitive from the persecution of the English King, William Rufus. With Anselm was his devoted friend and follower, Eadmer, by whom the saint's life was written, and by whom also the acts of this Council have been handed down to us.

The Pope, "with eloquent reason and reasonable eloquence," set forth the Catholic doctrine. When the Greeks attempted to deny the Procession of the Son from Father and Holy Spirit, Urban called Anselm to his side and bade him speak. The courtiers about the Papal throne made way, and the saint was

given a seat upon its steps. Before he rose to answer the objections of the Greeks, Urban commended his learning and holiness to the Fathers of the Council, and spoke of all he had suffered in defence of the liberties of the Church at the hands of the Red King of England.

Then Anselm, in obedience to the Pope's appeal, arose and the Holy Ghost, of whom he spoke, so taught his tongue that one and all were convinced by his reasoning. When he ceased, Urban turned his earnest eyes upon him and said: "Thy heart be blessed and thy mind! And thy mouth and its eloquence be blessed!" Then the opponents of the Catholic teaching were condemned. Afterward the Council discussed the troubles of the Church of England, and all the scandals of the King's life in public and in private, especially his notorious simony and profligacy. The Pope explained that concerning these heinous matters complaints had often been sent to the Apostolic See, and that he had not failed himself to admonish the wretched monarch. The Council, safe in Bari, was all for an immediate excommunication of Rufus; but the "Arch-

bishop of the English" begged them to abstain, and his prayer for his persecutor was heard. No doubt he feared lest, by pushing the King to desperation, still greater outrages might be inflicted by him on the Church of England.

In the July following, Urban was dead, and Paschal II reigned in his stead. When the Red King asked what sort of man this new Pope was, they told him that in some sort he was like Anselm himself. "Then by God's face," cried the King, "he is not of much account! But let him keep himself to himself, for, by this and by that, he shall not come his popedom over me! I have my freedom and I will do what it likes me." On August 2, in the year following (1100), the setting sun stared down on his dead body lying in a glade of the New Forest.

This church of San Nicola was so high in dignity that it became the crowning place of the sovereigns of Sicily, some of whom were Emperors of Germany as well. Roger II, Guiscard's nephew and son of the great Count, was crowned here in 1131. The Emperor Henry VI, the first of the Hohenstaufen to rule in the South, was crowned here, with the

Empress Constance, his wife, daughter of Roger II and aunt of Tancred, in whose right the son of Frederic Barbarossa claimed the throne of Sicily. Here, in 1258, the luckless and romantic Manfred, son of the Emperor Frederic II and Bianca Lancia, was crowned King of Sicily and Calabria, and promptly excommunicated by Pope Urban IV as a usurper. His father, Frederic II, had filled up the cup of his offences against the Holy See by founding a Saracen colony at Nocera. For centuries before and after, the Popes made it their ceaseless effort to drive the followers of the Prophet out of Europe: and here was a Christian monarch, the supreme secular support of Christendom, housing a swarm of Saracen wasps in Catholic Italy! When Manfred was fighting for his throne against the Angevine invader, Charles bade his envoys go back to him, saying: "Tell the Sultan of Nocera that he shall send me to paradise or I will send him to hell."

Manfred fell in the battle of Benevento, February 26, 1266; and his nephew Conradin, a valiant lad of fifteen, was defeated by Charles in the battle of Tagliacozzo, on the 26th of

August, 1268. Flying to the protection of Giovanni Frangipani, Lord of Astura, he was betrayed to Roberto di Lavena, whose cenotaph is here, to the left of the entrance of the church of San Nicola. This man, after a mock trial, in which the famous jurist, Guido di Suzaria, pleaded for the royal boy unanswerably but in vain, condemned Conradin to death as a felon and a rebel. The sentence was not pronounced in public; but Robert of Bari went himself to read it to the royal prisoner, whom he found playing chess with his friend, Frederic of Austria. "Dost thou dare, slave," cried the lad, "to condemn as a felon a king's son and the heir of kings? I am a mortal and must die, but ask of the kings of the earth if a prince be criminal who seeks to win again the heritage of his forefathers." Roberto di Lavena was himself killed by another Robert, the near kinsman of his foreign master, on the very spot, it is said, where he had read the cruel sentence.

The high altar of San Nicola is covered by a noble Gothic tabernacle, added in 1120 by Abbot Eustachio. Behind it is buried Bonna Sforza, daughter of Galeazzo Sforza, Duke

of Milan. She was heiress of her mother, Isabel of Aragon, from whom she inherited Bari, and brought it in dowry to her husband Sigismund I, King of Poland. It is a beautiful tomb, with a kneeling figure of the Queen, who has a sweet and gentle face. Here is the archiepiscopal throne of which we have already spoken. It is of a beautiful design, and at once quaint and simple. It is not lofty, and the back and sides are covered with a carved diapering in very low relief. The back is a low gable. The seat is supported in front by three figures,—two Saracens, with a man in a sort of turban between them. The flat foot-rest is raised on the backs of a pair of crouching lions. Close by, protected by a rail, is a pillar, once of wood, changed into iron by San Nicola as tradition relates.

The church of San Nicola is not the Cathedral of Bari: the Cathedral is still older, having been consecrated in 1085, thirty-six years before Robert Guiscard took Bari from the Greeks. It was built by the Greek Bishop over the ruins of a chapel in which the relics of St. Sabinus had rested since 850 when they had been brought here from Canossa. It was de-

stroyed in one of the incursions of the Saracens, and rebuilt in 1171. The shrine of St. Sabinus is still preserved in the crypt. In many ways the architecture of this ancient church is interesting. The apse is an inner alcove; there is a dome, rather like those of the half-Saracenic churches of Palermo; and the very tall, slim towers are peculiar.

Bari is a great and famous place of pilgrimage, thousands of pilgrims resorting thither in May, every year, for the great *feſta* which commemorates the arrival of the ſaint's body in 1087. The pilgrims come not only from Italy but other countries under the ſaint's patronage. He is regarded by the Ruſſians with peculiar veneration, and was ſo regarded in England before the ſo-called Reformation, nearly four hundred Engliſh churches having been dedicated to him. He was claimed by pariſh clerks as their patron, and we are told that *robbers* alſo claimed him as theirs! We may hope his prayers have obtained the grace of conversion and a good death for ſome of theſe naughty clients of his. In the old days of the *Regno* the kings of Naples often came to Bari, and

in the saint's church were content to rank as senior canons.

In A. D. 1002 Bari suffered from one of its frequent assaults by the Saracens, and on this occasion they received timely aid from a Venetian fleet, in memory of which, on St. Mark's Day, there is a procession to the fortress overlooking the harbor, whence, by way of salute, a cannon is fired three times in the direction of Venice. The people eagerly watch to see how far out the ball will drop into the sea; the farther it goes, the more happy is the augury.

The great day of pilgrimage is the 8th of May, and the pilgrims throng the streets in the wonderful costumes (fast disappearing, alas! but not yet extinct) of the far South. They carry long staves adorned with palm and olive, with a pilgrim's gourd hanging from them. Often the priory of San Nicola has fed nine or ten thousand of these devout people in one day. These are the poorer folk; the rich fend for themselves; they come by train, on horseback, and in carriages, and don the pilgrim's habit only to visit the shrine. Nothing can exceed the simple devotion of the pilgrims. On their knees they make the entire circuit of the huge

church, constantly kissing the pavement and pressing it with their foreheads; and all with the deepest, most serious recollection. Then in long strings they are admitted to the crypt, where the clergy, as they approach the altar-shrine, give them the Manna of St. Nicholas mixed with water.

The sailors have their own special function. Entering the church in the morning, they receive from the clergy a wooden statue of the saint, vested in pontificals; and this they bear in procession through the city, where every window is thronged with spectators, and every street packed with pilgrims. "San Nicola! San Nicola!" they cry. *Confetti* are flung into the air, bells ring, bombs are fired, and often there is a rain of sonnets and panegyrics of the saints. The holy statue is carried to the cathedral, and thence to the harbor, where it is embarked and carried out to sea, the sailors praying to their patron to obtain for them prosperous voyages and favoring winds.

When night falls, with its swift southern darkness, the venerated image is brought to port again, and landed, to find the city ablaze with most beautiful and tasteful illuminations.

Rockets dart up into the skies, where the saint reigns with Christ in glory, and every street resounds with the solemn chanting of the grand medieval litany of San Nicola. The procession carries the statue of the saint to visit his own church, leaves it again, and passes through the town by other streets to return at last and deliver the holy image back to the keeping of the canons. Many of the pilgrims are their guests; the rest find quarters in the town; the poorest not grudging to sleep in doorways and under arches; many spending the whole night in the churches.

The spectacle of such a *festa* is striking even to those who have no great love of the faith of which it is an exuberant expression. They are impressed in spite of themselves, and, sometimes under protest. Many such protests have been heard. Let it console those who make them to remember that as to one thing their minds may be entirely at ease; should Protestant Christianity be in existence sixteen hundred years from now there is not the remotest danger of the relics of any Protestant bishop of today being the occasion of any such exhibition of popular religion.

MONTE VERGINE

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MONTE VERGINE

TO MONTE VERGINE the tourist goes not, but the pilgrim; and so it is little heard of in lands where the pilgrim is scarce and the tourist, in every sense, common.

To start with it is inaccessible, and far out of the beaten track. South of Naples the traveler wanders, the pilgrim is still seen, but the tourist is not heard.

Beyond Avellino the line from Naples does not help him who would wish to scale the sacred heights of Il Partenio; and even Avellino is four hours distant from the late capital of Sicily *citra Pharum*. The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies consisted of the island, and of all Italy south of the Papal dominions; the insular territories being called *Sicilia ultra Pharum*, the peninsular possessions being known as *Sicilia citra Pharum*.

From Avellino, once the headquarters and stronghold of the great feudal house of Caracciolo, which gave a famous saint to the Church

and an infamous lover to Queen Joanna II, one hires a two-horsed *vettura* to Ospedaletto. Hence one goes afoot, or on horseback. It is a long climb, for the monastery stands 4,600 feet above the sea. But exquisite is the beauty of the way, first through filbert copses, and then through deep forests of sweet-chestnut.

Should it be May, September or October there will be pilgrims winding up the steep and rocky paths, following their priest, singing Our Lady's litanies, saying, aloud and altogether, her Rosary, with the Crucifix borne before them as they go. From all Calabria, the Basilicata, Apulia, the Molise, and, in a word from all Southern Italy. Old and white headed grandfathers and grandmothers, who have been hither every year for half a century, since the old paternal days, when the Pope was King in Rome, and their own land was an independent kingdom too; stalwart men of middle age, leading their children by the hand, young mothers with *bambini* in their arms; bridegrooms fulfilling the promise in their marriage contract that once a year they will take their bride to Monte Vergine; youths and young maidens. And all will have gone

to Confession and Communion before they return; for 200,000 Communions of different persons are made annually in the Basilica of Our Lady at Monte Vergine.

Let it be remembered that this is no shrine in an easily reached city, but far aloof in rugged mountains, its nearest station on any railway miles and miles away, and that station merely a small town of the "Principato Ulteriore." Scarcely a pilgrim kneels at the kind feet of Our Lady of the Graces but appeals to her by making up whatever quarrel there may be between him and her Divine Son.

The Madonna of the Virgin Mount is indeed "Prodigiosa," but the prodigies wrought are chiefly those of grace, of conversion and reconciliation, of deepened piety and strengthened devotion. One might expect this from the wise and sane guidance, the wholesome sound influence of the Benedictine spirit that reigns there.

Higher and higher winds the path, up into the clear live air of the silent hills, and far beneath lies the broad valley, that becomes a green lake, as ages ago it was in sooth an inward lagoon of the southern sea.

As we go let us turn backward a glance at the dim past in which, before Christ came, this mountain was already venerable, already sacred to the devotion of those who walked in darkness, but through it groped upward, as they hoped, to what was superhuman, higher than this mere life of sleep and dreams, of food and fighting, of lucre and of lust.

For when this was part of Greece, Great Hellas, Il Partenio, Monte Vergine, was already Parthenon, the Hill of the Maid, and consecrated to the Great Mother Cybele, Demeter; hither came pilgrims then, with choric song and ritual dance, with vow and offering. Long afterwards an illustrious pilgrim made his way hither, the chaste Virgil, to ask an oracle of the Bona Mater. He had read the Sibylline prophecies concerning the Christ, now so near at hand, and to the priests of Cybele in her mystic and holy mountain he came to inquire concerning them. Perhaps they would not, or perhaps they could not answer; they gave him no response. Then Virgil, greater seer than themselves, waited. He stayed upon the mountain, and cleared for himself a garden, sowing in it strange seeds

from the East, tilling the shallow earth about them, and tending them as they grew.

Finally, when the mystic herbs were mature, in a favorable hour he plucked them, and by their spell evoked the mother of gods and men herself; the memory of this old, old legend gives its name still to the mountain, which is often called Monte Virgiliano at the present day, and, at the time of the saint whose name is inseparable from it, Monte Virgiliano was its ordinary title. Even now the Garden of Virgil is shown.

The existence of the priests and temple of Cybele here is no fabulous legend, most interesting remains of the latter having been discovered at various times and being still to be seen. Most important of these relics of the far away past are four exquisite columns of *porta santa*, which may be seen, in the view of the Basilica, supporting the lintels of the doorways leading into the monks' choir on either side of the altar. These were discovered by Abbot Giangiacomo Giordano, about 1630, and utilized by him for their present purpose.

It is not known when the Temple of Cybele fell into ruins or neglect; but no doubt, as the

whisper of Christianity crept through these hidden valleys of the Hirpini, and became more and more audible, the waning devotion of the pagan pilgrim expressed itself less and less in toilsome climbings of these rugged heights. Then there were no pagans left, and perhaps the new zeal of the convert Christians destroyed the temple of an outworn superstition.

Henceforward the Maid Mountain was to be consecrated afresh; and the odor of new sanctity to cling about it. More than a dozen saints and blessed, martyrs and confessors, were to find here a refuge or a home; the bodies of more than twenty rest here now; St. Celestine V and ten other Popes have come as pilgrims hither.

As far back as the times of persecution under the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian the stream of saints began. For then there came hither for refuge St. Felix, and then another Bishop of Nola, St. Maximus, with another Felix, a priest and a martyr. About the same time another Bishop and martyr hid himself for a time in these wild fastnesses of Il Partenio, namely, St. Modestinus of Anti-

och, and with him, companions already of his exile and later of his martyrdom, SS. Flavianus and Florentinus. Then another martyr-priest, S. Hippolytus, rested, as it were, upon the mountain on his way to that death which is the martyr's birth.

All this while the Roman Empire was still pagan, wide as the roots of Christianity had spread within its borders; nor yet was there any Christian church to take the place of Demeter's deserted temple. Then comes another saint, Vitalianus, Bishop of Capua, driven hither by the persecution of the Capuan people, and by him at last a modest chapel was raised on the mountain, clinging like a swallow's nest to its steep and rocky side, and dedicated in the name of God's Great Mother, so that already was the wild mountain called "holy." Finally came St. William, and in his train the sons of St. Benedict, whose white habit has been seen here ever since. The Congregation of Benedictine Monks of Monte Vergine are of the Cassinese observance. But it is probable that the white habit was the earliest worn by the followers of St. Benedict, whose rule specifies its form but not its color.

Born in 1085 at Vercelli, he had scarcely reached man's estate ere he wearied of the world and fled from it to lead the wandering life of a pilgrim. From shrine to shrine he traveled throughout Italy, then to Compostella to honor the Apostle who has been for so many centuries the Protector and Patron of Spain, thence to the holy places of Palestine. At last there came to him that mystic call to come up into the Mountain alone with God, as it came to Moses, as it came to Elias, and the pilgrim became a hermit.

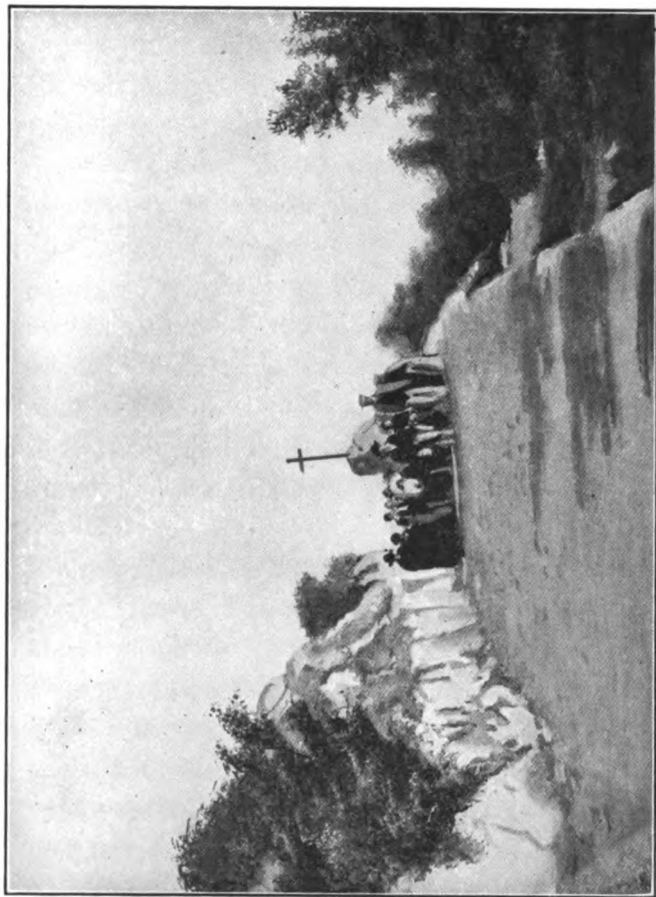
But just as others had gathered round Elias on Carmel, and Benedict at Subiaco, and Bruno in the year after William's own birth at Chartreuse, so now around the young cenobite crept a little group of followers, drawn by the sweetness of his life, the fragrance of his virtues, and the beauty of his abnegation. A chapel was built, a rule of life was given, and finally another branch was added to the great tree Benedict had planted. At this time St. William was scarcely thirty-five years old: 1120 is given as the date when he became first Abbot of Monte Vergine.

Four years later, in 1124, the abbey-church

was consecrated, in presence of a great concourse of pilgrims, and with all solemnities, by John, Bishop of Avellino. As the chapel of St. Vitalianus had been, so was this new shrine dedicated to Our Lady, and in it was exposed to the veneration of the faithful the great picture on wood, already ancient and of true Byzantine type, called then "Our Lady of the Graces," and now the "Madonna of St. William." This after eight centuries is still venerated in the abbey, though now it no longer adorns the Basilica, but is the principal object of devotion in the Monks' Night Choir, or "Il Loretto di Notte," where the night offices of the community are recited. Not long after the inauguration of his new branch of the Benedictine family, its founder left the little mother-house and founded other monasteries of the Order elsewhere. In his place he left a worthy representative, the Blessed Albert, who, at the founder's death in 1142, succeeded him as Abbot. St. William died at Goletto, having lived to see his Congregation approved and enriched with privileges by Popes Honorius II and Innocent II, and endowed with all manner of benefactions by the Norman

Sovereigns who ruled in Sicily and Southern Italy, throughout which the Monks of Monte Vergine were spread far and wide. St. William had been a pilgrim and a wanderer all his life, and he died far from the home that he had founded on the mountain; but the saint remembers, as we forget, that he is always in the house of his Father, and that no spot in this little world is farther from God than any other. But to his children in holy religion it must have seemed hard that their father should have gone away and never returned to them. For hundreds of years they waited for him, and then he did, at last, come back. Of that strange home-coming, we shall speak again presently.

Meanwhile the Benedictine Congregation of Monte Vergine flourished and grew; within two centuries of its birth there were already in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies alone more than twenty distinguished abbeys and fifty priories. These palmy days continued from 1124 to 1349, when the great misfortune of the "Commenda" fell upon the great Mother House from which the others drew their life. The Benedictine chroniclers themselves speak



A SMALL PARISH PILGRIMAGE ON THE WAY TO MONTE VERGINE

1908

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plainly enough of what happened when their own Abbot, "of ill-starred memory," "O, infausta memoria," bargained away his Abbacy for the Prelaturá of San Pietro ad Aram in Naples with Cardinal Ugo di Lusignano. Six Cardinals reigned in succession as Commendatory Abbots from 1431 to 1511, and all these were, of course, absentees, drawing the abbatial revenues, but leaving the Congregation without any real head. They were not, of course, Benedictines, or monks; stepsons at best of St. Benedict. In 1511 a worse misfortune befell, when the "Commenda" passed out of ecclesiastical hands altogether, Cardinal Ludovico d' Aragona selling the "Abbacy" to the Governors of the Annunziata at Naples.

Seven of these gentlemen in succession, from 1511 to 1585, drew as Vicar-General of Monte Vergine for seventy-four years the revenues which, in the hands of its Abbots, should have been devoted to the advancement of learning and religion. It was during this dismal time that there came to the despoiled Abbey a friar of Montalto, Fra Felice Peretti, who had been born just ten years after the installation of Don Andrea Bruno di San

Severino as first Vicar-General of Monte Vergine. Another Vicar was drawing the revenues now; the spoliation had continued for many years. And the keen, searching eyes of the stern friar noted on every hand evidences of penury. Child of the Poor Man of Assisi as he was, he did not grudge to the sons of St. Benedict what was their own. He grudged it to those who had diverted it from his hosts. He thought of the great Abbey like to fall to ruin, and the zeal of the house of God burned in him. "Wait!" he said, with a grim laugh. "When I am Pope you shall have justice done to you."

In 1585 Pope he was, and amid all the fierce and stern energies of his reign he found time to remember his promise, and the Governors of the Annunziata were made to lose their grip on the patrimony of St. William, and the Congregation was given an Abbot General again.

The present Lord Abbot Ordinary is his Most Reverend Excellency Monsignor Vitore Maria Corvaja, the hundredth successor of St. William; for the Commendatory Abbots are not counted on their list by the Bene-

dictine annalists of Monte Vergine. The Ab-
bacy of Monsignor Corvaja began twenty-
three years ago, in 1884. The Abbot of
Monte Vergine is called Abbate-Ordinario,
because he is the "Ordinary," and is in fact a
Bishop, like the Abbots of Monte Cassino,
Monte Oliveto, and St. Paul's Outside the
Walls, of Rome, all Cassinese Benedictines,
and the Abbot Subiaco, who is his present
Holiness.

Abbot Corvaja, a very handsome man with
a keen, alert face, was born in the capital of
Sicily seventy-three years ago, and succeeded
Abbot de Cesare in 1884, having previously
been his Lordship's Coadjutor.

* * * * *

We may now suppose ourselves arrived
almost at the Abbey, the first impression of
which gives an entirely wrong idea of mo-
dernity. Nor is it easy to realize in a blazing
summer afternoon that for half the year snow
lies drifted in the abbey yard.

As a fortress, one would say that the Badia
should be impregnable; for where could artil-
lery be turned against it? And what but artil-

lery could assail effectually such strength of position and of structure?

Near the Basilica is the Observatory for meteorological observations inaugurated in 1888 by the illustrious Italian scientist, Padre Francesco Denza dei Barnabiti.

One of our illustrations presents a small parish pilgrimage, headed by its Parroco in the big, shaggy form of the clerical hat peculiar to the Regno, leading them (to the left of the picture) arriving near the goal of their journey. Behind them the hillside falls, almost a sheer precipice, to the valley thousands of feet below.

Soon they will arrive at the Miglio Sacro, the last mile of the steep ascent, along which at intervals, built against the rock, are little shrines or chapels of *travertine*, each framing one of the Stations of the Way of the Cross. The representations are in majolica, and are of severe and simple beauty. The fourteen Stations were designed and painted on the faience by the devout and illustrious artist Vincenzo Volpe.

Immediately after the last Station the path emerges on the Largo dei Tigli, so called from three immense linden-trees flourishing here, planted, it is said, by St. William eight centuries ago. Here the immense size of the renowned Abbey becomes apparent.

On one's right, raised on a peculiar trilateral stairway, and hanging on the edge of the rock, is the chapel called *Torrione*, and also *Capella della Scala Santa*. According to tradition it was on this spot that the Saviour appeared to St. William, and pointing to the ruined site of the temple of the "Bona Mater" bade him build there a sanctuary in honor of the true Mother of Men. The pilgrim begins in this little chapel his devout greetings to the holy site he has come to visit.

The actual Abbey is entered through a door under the Guest-House or *Foresteria*, where gratuitous accommodation is provided for the pilgrims. This building is in part that of 1585, due to the "zeal rather than the munificence" of Ferrando Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno. But much is a restoration, the Guest-House of 1585 having been the scene, in 1611,

of a terrible calamity; on the night of the Feast of Pentecost in that year a fire breaking out, and four hundred persons having perished in the flames, or been crushed to death in the panic they occasioned.

The Church of the Abbey of Monte Vergine is a Basilica; it has no exterior façade, but is approached by a covered *atrium*, to which one mounts by another peculiar, trilateral stairway of travertine, from the great courtyard of the abbey. At the head of the steps, oddly jammed into a corner of the *cortile*, is a huge doorway, filled by a wrought-iron Gothic gate, passing through which one arrives at the principal door of the Basilica itself, which was a benefaction of Charles I, the Angevin King of Naples, after his victory at Benevento; it is interesting to see the lilies of France forming part of its sculptured ornament.

Let us now enter the Basilica, Sanctuary, and Cathedral; for the Abbatial Church of Monte Vergine enjoys all three dignities. The present building is of the late *Rinascimento*, of a fine rather simple severity; but from the time of Ruggiero, the great Duke, there has

been here a sanctuary enriched, generation after generation, by the successive dynasties that have ruled in the Regno. Hence, among its other titles, the Basilica has the quaintly-sounding one of Royal. William the Good, and William the Bad were alike in this; so were the very different Emperors Henry VI and Frederic II, the Angevin Charles and the Aragonese Alfonso, and finally came the Bourbons, all vying with one another in their honors to Our Lady of Monte Vergine.

Supporting the architraves of the doorway, on either hand of the high altar, are the four beautiful columns of the *porta santa*, part of the original temple of Demeter, discovered in digging for the foundations of the Foresteria, or guest-house. Through these grilled doors one enters the monks' choir; with splendidly carved stalls, surmounted by a rich cornice supported by foliated sculptured brackets; at the back of which, visible from the nave, towers the famous organ, with a gorgeous façade designed by the architect Benvenuti.

The high altar itself, an exquisite piece of

Florentine mosaic, is a parterre of colored marbles and precious stones, agate, lapis-lazuli and mother-of-pearl. Over it stands a life-sized statue of Our Lady of Grace, with angel figures on each side, holding candelabra of wrought bronze.

There are two lateral naves, that on the right containing the Chapel of the Madonna which is the goal of our pilgrimage; and also the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. That on the left is open, and in addition to the altar at the end has six lateral altars, each in its own chapel.

The Blessed Sacrament altar, again of richest marble mosaic, stands beneath a baldacchino of lovely Byzantine design, presented to the former church by Charles Martel, King of Hungary, in 1808. It is most regrettable that space will not allow of a fuller description or of a photograph of this antique monument of art and devotion. In this chapel are two ancient Lombard sarcophagi containing the remains of the French Vicomte, Bertrado de Lantco, who died in 1835, and of his son William, who died a year or two earlier.

Just outside is the fourteenth-century monument of Caterina Filangieri, wife of the too famous Ser Gianni Caracciolo, whose family gave a saint to the Church, but who was none himself.

Hard by is the exquisite tomb of Cassiodorus and his wife Beatrice Pera, of Naples, with their basso-relievi portraits, between a medallion of the Divine Mother and Son, of rare dignity and beauty.

The first chapel of the left nave is that of St. Michael, with a statue of the great leader of the heavenly hosts by Giovanni di Nola, called Il Merliano.

The second chapel, of St. William and Holy Relics, contains, beside the body of the saint himself, those of a score of other saints, and innumerable other important relics. The great founder of Monte Vergine died far away from the cradle of his congregation in the abbey he had founded at Goletto, not far from Sant' Angelo dei Lombardi, and there for seven centuries his venerated body lay. But, in 1807, all the abbeys of the Congregation of Monte Vergine were suppressed by the French rulers,

with the solitary exception of the mother-house. When Goletto stood empty and deserted, the pious populace fell into such vehement religious strife as to what church should now have possession of St. William's body that the French authorities decided to end the question by sending it away altogether to Monte Vergine. And so, on the 2nd September, 1807, after an absence of seven hundred years, the founder came home to the house whence he had gone forth to raise new shrines to God and new houses of religion.

The chapel of St. Joseph has nothing of special note except Volpe's picture of the Head of the Holy Family, the Spouse of the Queen-Mother of the King, the Protector of the Universal Church, and the Patron of man's poor temporal needs.

Next comes the chapel of Santa Rosalia, the great virgin-saint, protectress of her native Palermo; then that of St. Benedict, the Patriarch of the whole Benedictine family and of all the monks of the west. Adjoining it is the chapel of the Crucifix, always venerated with special devotion here, where the sacred effigy

is said to have spoken to a holy monk, the master of novices.

The last chapel, "della Schiodazione," is not the least interesting, historically almost the most so. It was the offering of the hapless, most romantic King Manfred, in whose tragic story ends the tangled tale of violence, disaster, and poetry of the Hohenstaufen rule in Italy. Here he wished to be buried, close to Our Lady's shrine; here is the tomb he meant to hold his bones, a tomb already more than a thousand years old when he set it here; and here the tomb still stands, though six centuries and a quarter have rolled by since Manfred died by the Bridge of Benevento. Dante sings in poignant verse of the broken hero's death, and of the scattering of his bones.

Manfred dedicated his chapel to Christ unnailed from the Cross, and the crucifix, severe and antique, so represents Him, His arms hanging lifeless and loose. There are several tombs here of much interest, though none so pathetic as Manfred's empty sarcophagus. The most venerated is that of "Il Beato Giulio," a monk of Monte Vergine, who died in 1610 in the sweet odour of sanctity.

And now, at last, we pass to the "Cappella Imperiale della Madonna." The imperial chapel of Our Lady is of grandiose proportions, and prodigally rich in marbles, mosaics, frescoes, and statues, but the Madonna herself, the Immagine Prodigiosa, dominates it all; and it is impossible that anyone entering should be able to attend to, or wish to attend to, anything else but this colossal picture. It occupies the whole space between the huge columns behind the altar, and its solemn eyes arrest one's own instantly and permanently.

That St. Luke, the beloved physician, the third evangelist, and author of the Acts of the Apostles, was also a painter has been the constant tradition, and in different parts of the world more than one of his works is shown. One of these, an eikôn of the Blessed Virgin, was from the dawn of Christianity held in veneration at Antioch, where St. Peter's See was at first, and where first the name of Christians was given to the followers of the Poor Man of Nazareth.

In A. D. 438 the Empress Eudocia, daughter of Leontius the Sophist, being then a convert to Christianity and thirty-seven years



old, and the wife of Theodosius II, sent this sacred picture to her husband's sister Pulcheria, who from the year 414 had directed the government of the weak Emperor; the account of this translation of the eikôn is given by Theodore the Reader, and other very ancient writers. The church honored by its reception was the famous Odeghetria, known to the Christian world as Our Lady of Constantinople. Here the picture remained, a centre of devotion, for eight centuries and a quarter, until the Latin Empire of Constantinople fell. Baldwin II, forced to take refuge in flight, took away with him in 1265 the sacred Head of Our Lady, by immemorial tradition ascribed to St. Luke, together with other treasures of the church. Eight years later Baldwin died, poor and still in exile, leaving what claims he had to the Eastern Empire to his son Philip, after whose death they devolved upon Catherine I, wedded to Charles of Valois, and finally upon their daughter Catherine II of Valois, wife of Philip of Anjou. By her the ever-venerated eikôn was offered in donation to Monte Vergine, whither it was solemnly translated in 1810, as eight hundred and seventy-

two years earlier it had been solemnly translated from Antioch to Constantinople. At its feet the pious "Empress" willed that her mortal part should rest, after life's fitful fever should be past, and there her ashes still lie. The rest of the figure, of the painting as we see it, was painted in her life-time and by her order, by Montano d'Arezzo. Her own imperial crown the discrowned Empress gave to be set upon the head of the honored eikôn.

The imperial chapel is enriched with beautiful marquetric of marble and precious stones, with the monument of Catherine and her two children, Ludovico and Maria, and with frescoes and paintings by the brothers Angelo and Vincenzo Volpe. The altar, of mosaiced marbles, is the votive offering of a devout Neapolitan, Bellottolo, raised in 1627. Hard by is the painting by Volpe of Our Lord's apparition to St. William.

The rest of the monastery is full of interest; remains are shown of the primordial temple of Cybele, and in the monks' night choir is venerated the ancient panel painting on wood of Our Lady of the Graces, of Byzantine

type, and ascribed to the lifetime of St. William himself. Another illustration shows a party of pilgrims returning homeward down the steep zigzag of the mountain road. Following them one comes in time to Mereogliano, where is the abbatial winter palace, once famous for its splendid library, now, alas, confiscated and dispersed.



CAVA DEI TIRRENI

CAVA DEI TIRRENI

THE name is attractive, but the attractions of Cava dei Tirreni are by no means merely nominal. Scarcely out of the beaten track, the track thither is scarcely to be called beaten by English folk; it has been the haunt of the traveler, perhaps, but not of the tourist, that dire parody of the traveler, who does his sight-seeing in a disconcerting succession of saltatory glimpses.

For Cava is within ninety minutes of Naples, and ought to be within forty; it lies in an elevated valley tilted up to the back of Vesuvius at one end, leaping abruptly into the Gulf of Salerno at the other. The lower end of the gorge, looking seaward, is the loveliest frame of as lovely a picture as there is in the world. And, caught as it were, in the fork of the pair, hung, like a lamp at night, 'twixt torrent and mountain, is Villa Cardinale, the ideal home of Mrs. Augustus Craven, where much of the ever-famous "Récit d'une Soeur" was

written. The place is oddly, and incongruously, pervaded by her memory. One is compelled to think of her, and every thought of her seems contradicted by the prodigal and unrestrained beauty and romance of the place. It ought to have been George Sand who imprisoned here her pathos and her passion. "Consuelo" would be more appropriate than the "Récit d'une Soeur"; and yet, as I have said, the spirit of Mrs. Craven haunts here almost visibly. There are mountains all around; the Red Queen could say of it, "Call *this* a valley! I could show you valleys compared with which this would be a mountain."

Among the hills are walks and rides of extravagant beauty; indeed beauty is an incorrigible prodigal along these golden shores of the "tideless, dolorous Midland Sea." And there are no brigands—at all events no nearer than Pæstum, and that's a couple of hours by train. Highest of the mountains is Finestra, window-pierced near its craggy summit, and through it pierce the weirdest shafts of blazing sunlight.

Riding and driving are cheap, and so is living; we generally rode every morning, and

drove every afternoon. Our hotel was the Victoria, charmingly situated outside the town, and yet within five minutes' walk of its Cathedral, with lovely views in every direction, and a very pretty garden. Here we paid six francs a day, and had good rooms, excellent food, careful attendance, and plenty of very decent wine. The landlady, Signora Apicella, is Swiss, and talks English admirably. But the guests were almost all Southern Italians, the majority hailing of course, from Naples. Some of those who were at Cava with ourselves were people of very high rank, with imposing titles and illustrious names. One of these was familiar from the "Lives of the Saints"—Carracciolo; the present head of the house graced by the virtues of St. Francis Carracciolo we found to be a delightful, though not aggressively saintly or ecclesiastical, person.

All our Southern fellow-guests we found most friendly, and far more amusing and better company than Tuscans, Romans, or Piedmontese. Their voices are, it must be admitted, less musical; they are apt to be noisier; their tones lack the sonorous dignity of a Ro-

man's, and the clear melody of a Tuscan's; but what they say is generally livelier and more interesting.

After dinner we used to sit for awhile in the moonlit garden, watching the gradual lighting up of each village on the hills, each seeming (like Tennyson's Pleiades) to "glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid," and now the braid was black, the sable ribbon wherewith night binds her hair. There would be the weird, unearthly call of the cicala; the smell of the south, to remind us how far away northward were the Alps.

Later we would go indoors and upstairs to the Salone, where our lively Neapolitan friends would make us join in all manner of games and music.

One should spend one's mornings riding through the woods, where it is always shady and always cool, where nothing would surprise one less than to catch a troupe of Dryads at play in the leafy cloisters of the trees.

For the afternoons there are a succession of most beautiful and varied drives, and walks too; for, of course, expeditions that might, in the hottest months, be too much to make afoot,

might very easily be so performed in cooler seasons.

One of the nearest, and perhaps the first, is to the great Badia, or Abbey of Cava itself; the monastery being, however, at several miles distance from the town, in a deep and wild valley of the mountains. The road, an excellent one for riding or driving, turns abruptly from Cava, and seeks to hide itself among the forest-clad hills. At every turn it offers a fresh view; sometimes far, far across the sleeping waters of the Salernian Gulf to where the Calabrian Apennines seem ever to hang in a woven haze of mystery; as though the incredible pink and purple mountains, range intersecting range, in a frenzy of loveliness, were a net wherein the eternal secrets of history and of poetry were caught * * * over yonder, between the unearthly ridges of the hills and the unearthly, interwoven blues and greens of the ocean-plain, lie, sleeping their august sleep, dreaming their divine dreams, the three great temples of Pæstum; the most priceless jewels set in the shroud of Greece. Let us not be guilty of dismissing, in a mere parenthesis, the thought of that loveliness which must ever reign alone,

mistress of an uninvaded solitude, in our heart.

At the crown of a long hill, on the fringe of the forest, looking thus seaward, stands a chapel, *Pietra Santa*, through whose pavement, in front of the altar, a rock projects strangely; thence was the first Crusade preached; thither came Urban II eight hundred and twenty years ago, with the great Norman conqueror, Duke Roger, and all his pomp and chivalry; but the Pope made all dismount and, setting them himself the example, insisted that all should pass afoot over ground so holy. Thus, down the steep but straight slope, they came to the Abbey whither we ourselves are bound—than which in Southern Italy no Benedictine house, save Monte Cassino, is of greater dignity and importance.

To Pope Urban II it was like coming home; for the Abbot, the great and holy Pietro da Salerno, had been his own tutor and spiritual father. To the Pope, as to us to-day, would be shown to the right of the high altar, in a chapel that had been a cave, the tombs in *pietra dura* of St. Alferio, founder of the Abbey, and of his successor, Leo of Lucca,

another saint, and the immediate predecessor of Peter of Salerno himself. During Leo's abbacy the cruel Gisulf ruled as Prince across the bay of Salerno; and Gisulf was patron and over-lord of the Abbey. But Leo alone could curb the license of the wild feudal chieftain; his calm, upbraiding voice was the only one that dared to lift itself in warning and reproach against the Prince's misdoings.

By Leo's tomb Urban II knelt; and inevitably must his own thoughts have flown across the gulf to Salerno, where, half a dozen years before, the stormy, tried life of his own much greater predecessor, Gregory VII, had ended in exile and apparent failure! Between himself and Gregory lay only the scant two years of Victor III's papacy. Praying here by the honored tomb of the holy Abbot who had tried, often in vain, sometimes with success, to mitigate the fury of a mere princeling, Urban must have thought of the much holier Pope, whose life had been one ceaseless, great-hearted struggle against the Emperor's aggression.

Presently a third sarcophagus of *pietra dura* was to be added to those which Urban II

visited; and his venerated tutor, Cava's third Abbot, to be laid in it.

Giovanni da Capua sings in stately measure of these three tombs:

Abbas Alpherius primus virtute coruscus
Anno centena bis deno vixit in orbe.
Quen Leo subsequitur, vir providus atque benignus.

Qui laudabiliter tres denis præfuit annis.
Ordinis instructor post, Petrus tertius Abbas,
Ipse quaterdenis est Coris fortius usus.

In this same chapel, through whose marble the native rock of the grotto pushed itself forth, is a fourth tomb, of the fourth Abbot, a sainted youth, Constabilis, who carried the crozier in his pure hands, who bore the mitre on his clear unsullied brow but one illustrious year. But years afterwards, when he had long passed to join the hundred and forty and four thousand of those shining and untainted souls that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, monks of this great House of Cava, shipwrecked on the African shore, were held pris-

oners by the ferocious Saracen. To their captors, as to them, the saintly Abbot showed himself, mindful in Heaven of his brethren's need on earth. And in his seraphic beauty, in his gentle authority, was something the wild Corsairs of Barbary found irresistible. He asked, in calm assurance, the release of the captive monks; and he so asked that his claim was admitted; they were his, and the Moorish pirates gave them back to him; from the foul Moslem slaveship to the ship of Peter. Not many paces removed is a very different grave; visited with very diverse feeling. A plain marble slab, and on it a reversed mitre; beneath the unhonored bones of an Anti-Pope, a false and discredited Pretender to the Papal Throne.

No less than three Anti-Popes were sent at different times prisoners to Cava; the Anti-Pope Innocent, by Alexander II; Theodoric, by Pope Pascal II; and "Gregory VIII" by Calixtus II. This Anti-Pope died at Cava in 1122; and must of course not be confused with Gregory VIII, successor of Urban III, who reigned for a few months in 1187. The organ in the Abbey Church is one of the best in Italy; but its great glories are its pulpit and its pave-

ment. The latter is of *Opus Alexandrinum*, like that of Santa Maria in Trastevere, etc., in Rome, and those of Salerno, Amalfi, Ravello, etc. This splendid mosaic flooring, with its suggestion of a gorgeous carpet, has the faculty of commending itself more and more strongly to the taste with each fine example we meet.

The pulpit, enormous as it is, looks as though it were carved in ivory and gold, and inlaid with gems of every shape and color.

There are fine paintings by such masters as Il Calabrese—a sort of neighbor of the monks, as he came from Taverna across the water in the province whence his art-name is derived as Carlo Dolci; and Sabatini, a much nearer neighbor, hailing from Salerno, where he was born in 1485.

In the modern times the church has been enriched with fresco paintings of the life of St. Benedict and his companions by Morani.

On our first visit we saw the Abbot, who is a Bishop also, for the Abbey is a diocese to itself. Originally the city and district of Cava formed part of it. For the Abbey was already great and important, with a Bishop-Abbot to rule over it when, in 1080, the scattered and

fugitive descendants of the inhabitants of the original Marcina, a most ancient Etruscan city, of which Strabo speaks, utterly destroyed by Genseric on his march to Rome, were gathered together into a small walled city, which took its name of Cava from the neighboring monastery, its protector and overlord. By the beginning of the 16th century, however, the Cavanesi had grown quarrelsome and truculent, the protection of the Abbots was less necessary, and independence was more valued than gratitude. In 1514 Cava was erected into a diocese of its own "immediate soggetto."

The Lord Abbot-Bishop of the Abbey of the Trinitá di Cava is a tall, slender prelate of striking aspect; of great dignity; with the air of a scholar and a great ecclesiastic.

The crypt of the monastery and the Gothic cloisters are extremely interesting; but the proudest boast of the Abbey is its library or archivio. No religious house in Italy has one more important. It contains 1,600 Papal Bulls and Imperial and Royal Rescripts, some with golden seals; some illuminated in Longobardic character on purple vellum; there are 40,000 Acts in MS. on fine vellum; 60,000 donations

and contracts, among these the donation of the Abbey to St. Alferius by Waimar III, Prince of Salerno, in 1025. There is the MS. of Isidor of Seville's "Etymologies" (9th century), that of Bede's "De Temporibus," and letters of the Founder of the Holy Roman Empire. The librarian seemed to feel a special satisfaction in showing these to one of Charlemagne's lineal descendants. But the two supreme treasures of the archivio are the oldest of the three known collections of the Lombard Law, "Codex Legum Longobardorum," and a MS. on vellum of the Bible dating from about 650 A. D. This version of the Scriptures contains a pseudo-psalm of David, not admitted by the Church into the Canon, commemorating the triumph of David over Goliath.

Our first visit to the Abbey decided us to come often again, a resolution we did not fail to keep. Leaving the church, we paused in the fine portico to admire an ancient sarcophagus, and close to it the tomb of Sibylla of Burgundy, Duchess of Apulia and Calabria, wife of Roger Bursa, whose still more famous father Robert Guiscard, was another ancestor of the writer. The Duchess Sibylla died at Salerno,

where her husband is buried. Standing by the tomb was the most picturesque specimen of an old Calabrian peasant woman that could anywhere be seen. Her delight at being photographed was as primitive as herself.

Not far from the Abbey is the wild gorge of Salvator Rosa, the great Neapolitan painter, whose delight in such scenes as these is reflected in so much of his work. Salvator lived long in Cava, and this savage ravine was his favorite place of study. It is, however, a pity to try and crowd into the same excursion the visit to the Badia and that to the Gorge of Salvator.

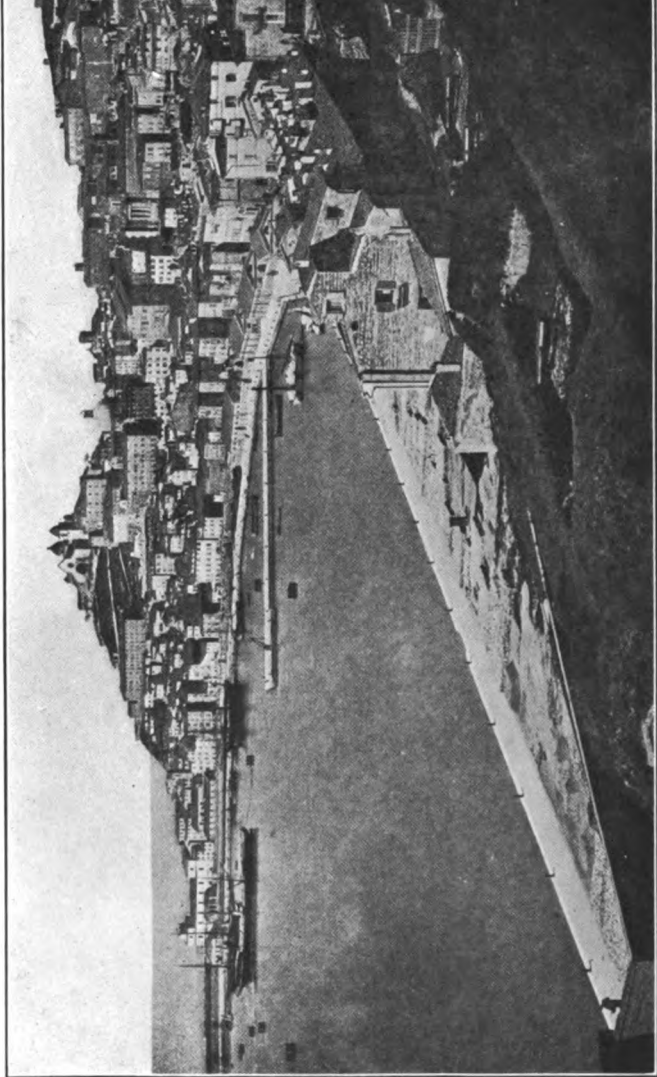
Returning to the carriage-road, and the way back to Cava dei Tirreni, one is struck by the fine statue of Urban II, that had its back to us as we arrived! for the Pope looks down to the Abbey and his hands are raised in blessing over it. The ride or drive or walk back to Cava as the cool shadows rise, like waves, waves out of the deep unearthly beauty of the valleys, is "a joy for ever." Every turn of the ever-winding road gives to the memory a new beauty to treasure. The little Cathedral town, arcaded like Padua, is intensely quaint and eminently characteristic. And specially is it so if you

happen to be there on the occasion of one of their local festas such as the "Olino."

Then the miraculous portrait of the Madonna, found centuries ago hanging in an ancient elm-tree, is taken from the church, near the Salerno entrance, built in its honor and called "Olino" in allusion to its origin. The sacred picture is carried in procession, with flags fluttering and bands clanging and bells jangling; the people running in most admired disorder, "bombs" being let off, crackers bursting in all directions, and a most peculiar mingling of earth and heaven on every side. Then High Mass and innumerable other Masses. Then a fair, with every possible reminder of "Cavalleria Rusticana." For those whose ideas of "sport" are not too fixed there is the Caccia dei Colombi in October; for everyone all the year round are the drives to Annunziata, S. Liberatore, Vietri, Rieto, Salerno, and, further afield, Amalfi, Castellamare, Pompeii, Nocera, etc. But these latter demand from us a less hurried notice.

**ANCONA AND CIVITA VECCHIA—
TWO OLD PAPAL SEA-PORTS**





PANORAMA OF ANCONA

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ANCONA AND CIVITA VECCHIA TWO OLD PAPAL SEA-PORTS

THE ancient harbors of Porto d'Anzio and Terracina having been long so choked with sand as to be useless for vessels of heavy draught, Ancona and Civita Vecchia were, during the last centuries of the Papal rule, the only considerable ports of the States of the Church, one of course on the Adriatic, the other on the Mediterranean coast. Both of our illustrations represent these famous places as they were during the sovereign dominion of the Popes.

ANCONA

Ancona is 185 miles northeast of Rome and 127 southeast of Ravenna. It was founded, about 880 years before the birth of Our Lord, by a colony of Syracusan refugees fleeing from the tyranny of Dionysius the Elder; they gave the place its Greek name, which it has retained unaltered ever since. It soon became, from its admirable situation, an important port, and

held its importance, as it held its name: among other things it was long famous for the manufacture of a splendid purple dye. About a hundred years after its foundation it fell, with the rest of Picenum, under the power of Rome; but as a Roman port its importance was still maintained. Caesar occupied it after he had finally decided on the invasion of Italy, and crossed the Rubicon, in B. C. 49. The Emperor Trajan (A. D. 98-117) showed his sense of the importance of Ancona by a series of magnificent works, still extant and very little changed. At the entrance of the mole built by him a glorious triumphal arch was erected in his honor by the Empress Plotina, his wife, and Marciana, his sister, mother of the Empress Sabina, wife of Trajan's successor, the Emperor Hadrian, who was poisoned, by her husband's order, as it is said, in A. D. 137. This arch, even in its present state, is one of the most perfect monuments of Roman art we possess. It is built entirely of white marble, in the Corinthian order of architecture, and was originally enriched with bronze statues and bas-reliefs. By many it is considered the finest marble arch in the world; it loses, anyway,

nothing from its position, in that respect contrasting fortunately with many other triumphal arches, e. g., that of Septimus Severus in the Forum of Rome.

DISASTROUS EARLY DAYS

When the Western Empire was falling to pieces Ancona suffered many vicissitudes, Goths, Lombards and Saracens expending their fury on it one after the other. In A. D. 550 Totila besieged it: before the century was finished the Lombards sacked it, and placed over it a Lord of the March, "Marchese," and its territory was thenceforth known as the March of Ancona. It was sacked again by the Saracens: but after each of these disasters it recovered itself, and regained independence and importance. Finally it became a sort of free republic under the suzerainty of the Popes, until Clement VII, in 1582, definitely incorporated it with the States of the Church; and with Civita Vecchia it was a principal naval station for the Pontifical fleets. Clement XII (1730-1740), finding that the trade of Ancona had declined since the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape, gave it the privilege of a

free port, which it retained till the fall of the temporal power. He also enlarged the port originally made by Trajan, and built the new mole, adorned with a second triumphal arch, erected by Clement XII from designs by Vanvitelli, the architect of the huge palace of Caserta. It is a fine example of Vanvitelli's art, noble and dignified, but it cannot gain by its proximity to, and inevitable comparison with, Trajan's.

Forsyth did not approve of either arch: he was not likely to approve of one in honor of a Papal monarch.

"The ancient part of the mole," he writes, "is crowned by Trajan's arch, and the modern by a Pope's. But what business has a priest with triumphal arches? And what business has any arch on a mole?"

THE DUOMO

Besides the new mole and the new arch Clement XII built the Lazzaretto, for quarantined travelers arriving from the Levant. Clement VII, two hundred years earlier, had built one of the forts, from designs by Antonio di Sangallo, and Gregory XIII enlarged it in 1575. Other forts crown the

heights of Monte Cardeto and Monte Pelago. Another height is crowned by the Duomo on the foundations of an ancient temple of Venus, which Juvenal mentions in his fourth satire. The columns of the heathen temple adorn the Christian church, as is so often the case in Italy. Most of the existing cathedral dates from the tenth century, and, with its thousand years of history, can only be thought of as *modern* in contrast with the temple that was its original predecessor.

The *faccia*, however, is a thirteenth century work by Margaritone of Arezzo. The beautiful wheel window is closed up, but the glorious Gothic doorway survives; with nine columns, a pointed arch, and thirty-one half-figures of saints in the lower frieze, and grotesques of animals in the upper. The porch rests on four columns, of which the two outer are supported by huge lions of red marble. The octagonal cupola is said by the local antiquaries to be the oldest in Italy. There are two most interesting crypts, one containing a fine sarcophagus, the tomb of Titus Gorgonius, Prætor of Ancona: the other has a much more precious tomb of San Ciriaco.

This saint, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, and who gives his name to Monte Ciriaco (the town lies in an amphitheatre between two hills, Monte Ciriaco and Monte Guasco), was the first Bishop of Ancona, when it became a Christian See in A. D. 862. In this crypt is a beautiful Pietà, and portraits of Pius VI (Gianangelo Braschi of Cesena), 1800-1823.

The other chief attractions of the Duomo are Podesti's painting of the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, Tibaldi's lovely portrait of a child, over the Villa monument, the monument of Lucio Basso, and the noble cinquecento tomb of the Giannelli family.

But the magnificent view over the port and harbor from the outside is alone worth the rather steep climb to the Cathedral. Close to it are remains, much blocked and confused by modern buildings, of the amphitheatre, said to be more ancient even than that of Verona.

OTHER CHURCHES

At least half a dozen other churches are worth notice: but of what Italian city cannot the same be said?

Sta. Maria della Piazza has a marvelous wealth of Gothic ornament, animals and birds

are scattered all over the church in decoration, and there are the most singular examples of transition in architectural forms: there is a beautiful Presentation of Our Lady in the Temple, by the Roman painter Marco Benefial, and a glorious Blessed Virgin Enthroned, by Lorenzo Lotto, the Venetian. San Francesco has three examples of first-rate masters: a Madonna by Titian, painted in 1520, a Crucifixion by Bellini, and an Annunciation by Guido Reni. These works of great painters in comparatively obscure situations should never be overlooked, and so many masterpieces have passed from churches and convents into famous galleries and collections that we need to be reminded of those that remain devoted to the purposes of religion, for which they were all originally designed.

In San Domenico is another Titian, a fine Crucifixion; and the interesting tomb of Rinaldo degli Albizzi, of Florence, Cosmo de' Medici's rival, who died in exile here in 1425. Marullo, the poet, and Tarcagnola, the historian, are buried in the same church. Santa Pelagia deserves a visit for the sake of its picture by Guercino: and Santa Maria della

curious still is the very rich Gothic portal of San Francescone, already changed into a hospital before the Sardinian occupation. Another rich doorway is that of Sant' Agostino, where there are notable pictures by Roncalli, Tibaldi, and Andrea of Ancona.

The Palazzo del Governo, the residence of the Legate in Papal times, is worth notice, and also the Palazzo Feretti, designed and decorated by Tibaldi. There were always many Jews at Ancona, and they, with other sects, enjoyed peculiar freedom here in the period of Pontifical domination.

Ancona boasts many famous citizens — the poets Cavallo (forgotten now, perhaps, but eulogized by Ariosto), Leoni and Feretti; the mathematician, Rinaldini; Scacchi, the philosopher; and Carlo Maratta, the great painter.

Tibaldi's finest work in the city consists in the frescoes adorning the roof of the Loggia dei Mercanti.

CIVITA VECCHIA

Of Civita Vecchia there is less to be said, though it had an importance greater than that of Ancona from being the port of Rome itself.

To the traveller arriving by sea it is somewhat disappointing, for there is not so much to interest in it as its striking appearance would lead one to expect. Its classical name was Centum Cellæ, which is supposed to be in allusion to the palace built here by the Emperor Trajan (A. D. 98-117). As at Ancona, he made a port here, and built a mole, making the place habitable by bringing good water to it from Tolfa, by means of an aqueduct he also built. In fact Trajan created the place. Ancona had centuries of importance behind it when the Emperor carried out his works there, but Centum Cellæ dates from his time. It was therefore natural that it should be known as Portus Trajani, and by that name Pliny the Younger describes it. Like Ancona it was besieged by Totila and his Goths; then Narses recovered it: but about two centuries and a half later, in 818, a new enemy came against it, and by the Saracens it was completely destroyed; this was while Charlemagne was still alive, and during the reign of the great Pope Leo III. For forty years its walls remained dismantled, and those of its inhabitants who had not been slain or carried

on into slavery by the Moors lived as they could, hiding in the mountains in daily fear of a return of their enemies. St. Leo IV at last determined to build them a new city of refuge: he went down to the place and made a careful examination of the neighborhood to find a suitable site: want of water was now the great difficulty, either because Trajan's aqueduct had been destroyed by the ruthless Saracens, or because the Pope did not think it would be safe to build his new city amid the ruins of the old.

A PROJECT THAT FAILED

At last a site was shown to him in a vision; he saw himself at a certain place, where was pointed out to him where the churches should be built, and where the two gates of the city should be. Next day St. Leo IV called to him the Master of the Soldiers, and gave him a large sum of money in silver mancuses to enable the homeless people to build up their new town. It soon sprang up, and received the name of Leopolis after its founder: it was solemnly dedicated by Leo himself in the eighth year of his reign, A. D. 854. He gave to its churches the very precious gift of seven

Catholic codices, including psalters, books of the gospels, antiphonaries, etc. (*Liber Pontificalis*).

Nevertheless, the people in time longed to be nearer the sea, and gradually the old city was recolonized, and new houses grew up among the ruins of the old ones; probably those very ruins were the quarry whence the stones for the new buildings were drawn. So, Leopolis being gradually deserted, and its population finding a home where their ancestors had lived, *Centum Cellæ* became known as the Old Town, *Civita Vecchia*. Among the vineyards between it and Corneto remains of Pope Leo's city are still to be seen.

Clement XII, who made, as we have seen, a free port of Ancona, encouraged the trade of *Civita Vecchia* in the same way.

The great warrior Pope, Julius II, built its fortress from designs by Michaelangelo, and Julius III, fifty years later, added to it; and forty years later still, Urban VII (*Gianbatista Castagna*, 1590) further strengthened it with a wall. During the Papal rule, *Civita Vecchia* was the capital of a Delegation, the smallest in the States of the Church, having

an area of 180 square miles, and a population of only 20,000. It was not an episcopal see till 1825, when Leo XII made Cardinal Pacca its Bishop: and it was soon re-united with the ancient dioceses of Porto and Santa Rufina.

PROSPERITY AND DECLINE

From the time of Clement XII it enjoyed a very considerable commerce, which leapt into more vigorous life with the introduction of steam-traffic. During the first half of the nineteenth century five lines of steamers sent vessels there three times every month, so that at least thirty passenger steamers brought travelers thither monthly—an average of one a day. In some years sixteen thousand travelers landed there on their way to Rome: for Civita Vecchia was the gate of Southern Italy for all who came thither by sea. The invention of railways and, later, the fall of the Papal sovereignty brought all this prosperity to an end. In 1870 the Italian General Bixio occupied it with his Sardinian troops. Its commerce declined almost to zero, and it is seldom visited now: a few of the steamers from Genoa and Livorno call here on their way to

Naples, but the larger ones pass it by: and perhaps the only importance it retains is due to the fact that certain foreign consuls make their official residence here.

It was, as we have noted, the chief naval station under the Pontifical Government, but Spezzia has taken its place under the new régime.

What countless thousands of pilgrims and travelers once landed here, eager to take the road for the Eternal City, four-and-twenty miles away! By rail it is fifty miles: and no one now dreams of making it the gate of Rome.

A "NOTABLE PRISONER"

In old days, Civita Vecchia had a somewhat dismal importance as the seat of the greatest prisons in the Papal States: and for many years it was a silly fashion of travelers to visit, by special permission obtained through favor of their consul, a "notable prisoner" held in durance there. Like Barabbas, he was a robber and a murderer; Gasperoni was his name, and Dumas, in his novel of "Monte Cristo," immortalized what had been the rufian's first notorious escapade. Gasperoni's

father was head shepherd of one of the great Roman princes, and his *fidenzata* had fallen in love with a certain splendid dress, and the jewels worn with it, belonging to the princess. So the young man set fire to his master's villa, and in the confusion he and his fellow-brigands carried off the clothes, the necklace, and the bracelets: after that his career was terrible and notorious. He joined the brigand-captain Cucumello, and on that distinguished person's death was unanimously elected his successor. For half a dozen years every robbery from Rondi to Sant' Agata dei Goti was attributed to him, every incendiary fire and every murder. That he had murdered more than thirty persons he, however, indignantly denied. At last he and twenty of his band were caught, and for twenty years he lived on in prison, amusing his leisure by translating into Italian such lady-like romances as our grandmamas thought proper reading for our mamas in their school-days—Paul et Virginie, Soave's moral tales, and Casti's "Animali Parlanti." He appears to have disdained "tips": "I have been," this dignified

person would say, "accustomed to *take* what I wanted: never to accept alms."

Those who have lived in Southern Italy in recent times will not need to be told that Gasperoni has had his successors quite lately. Brigandage was not slain by the Government of United Italy: what ruined the industry was the general introduction of railways: and in regions untouched by railways brigands have plied their romantic trade in very recent years. Within the last decade there was the famous Calabrian Musolino, whose atrocities and whose daring were at least equal to Gasperoni's.

VITERBO

VITERBO

AMONG the cities of the Papal States Viterbo ranks high in interest, as high perhaps as Anagni, Perugia, Spoleto, and even Sienna; higher than Orvieto, Arezzo, or Bolsena.

Six Conclaves were held there; six Popes were elected there. Four Popes lie buried in its Cathedral. It is intimately associated with the only English Pope, and with another great Englishman of royal blood who narrowly missed being called to the Throne of Peter, who was the last Archbishop of Canterbury to hold Cardinalitial rank, and the last Catholic to wear the mitre of St. Augustine and St. Thomas; who, finally, seemed at one time likely to share as king-consort the throne of England.

And Viterbo is linked with the memory of a saint and heroine whose brief life of eighteen years had features not unworthy of comparison with that of the Holy Maid of Orleans.

Viterbo crouches at the foot of Monte Cimino; it was once a chief city in the dominions of the great Countess Matilda of Tuscany, and after she had bequeathed them to the Holy See was one of the foremost towns in the patrimony of St. Peter; till the fall of the temporal power it was the capital of one of the Legations, and the seat of the Legate. It was at the end of the thirteenth century the dwelling-place of several Popes, who ruled the Church from it, so that it was for a time the Papal capital *de facto*, and the seat of the Papal Court, to which kings and rulers resorted to pay homage to the Pontiff or to annoy him. The Legation, of which it was the capital, was one of the largest, containing more than six hundred square miles of territory. And it was the See of a Bishop.

Long before the birth of Christianity it was famous and important. Fanum Voltumnæ was the place where the Etruscan cities held their general assemblies. About sixty-seven years before Urban IV was elected there, Celestine III raised Viterbo to the rank of a city.

Alexander IV, who had been elected in

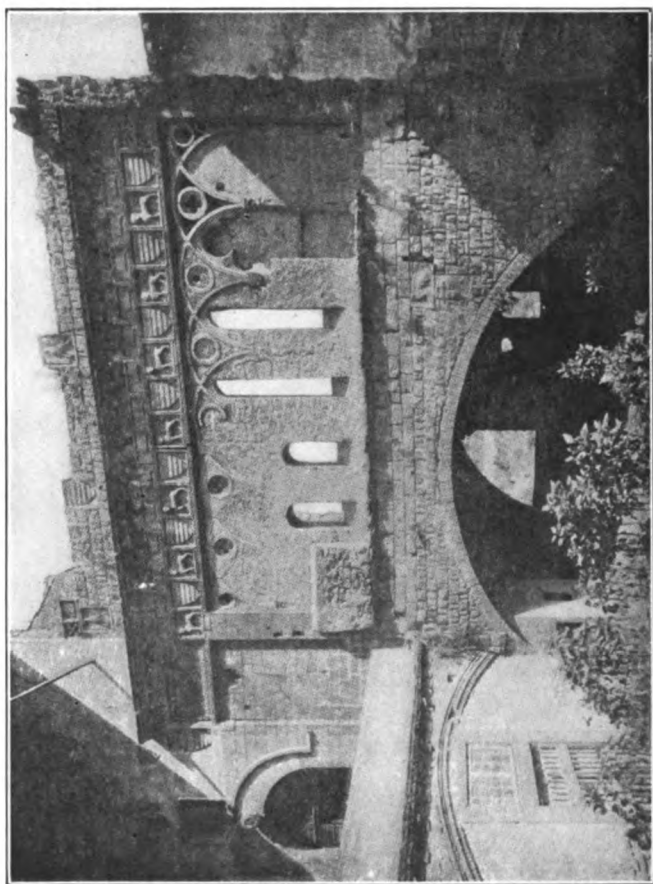
1254, died at Viterbo in 1261. By birth he was Count Rinaldo di Segni, of the great house of Conti that gave six Popes to the Church. His short pontificate was distinguished by his earnest efforts after reunion between the Greek and Latin Church, and by the struggles between the two fierce rival parties of Guelph and Ghibelline. The turbulence of the strife between these factions forced him at last to quit Rome, and the last year of his life was passed at Viterbo. Shortly before his death there came to his Court, to seek help for the oppressed Christians of Palestine, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. This was Jacques Pantaléon, son of a cobbler of Troyes, who, having studied common law and theology in Paris, had entered the ecclesiastical state, and been employed on various embassies by Innocent IV (Fieschi), Alexander's predecessor. Alexander himself had sent him as Latin Patriarch to Jerusalem.

On the 29th August, 1261, after a three months' interregnum, the Conclave at Viterbo elected the Patriarch Jacques Pantaléon to the See of Peter and he ascended the Papal

Throne with the title of Urban IV. He reigned three years, during which he strove, but strove in vain, to stir up a new Crusade for the relief of Jerusalem, whose sorrows he knew so well. At home his Pontificate was vexed by the struggles for the throne of the Two Sicilies. In 1264 Urban instituted the Feast of Corpus Christi: in the autumn of that year he was to meet Charles of Anjou, the claimant of the Sicilian Crown favored by himself: but before he arrived Urban died, on the 2nd of October, at Perugia, where he was buried close by a mighty predecessor, Innocent III.

Urban IV was succeeded on the Papal Throne by another Frenchman, Guy Foulques, Archbishop of Narbonne, who was elected in his own absence by the Conclave at Viterbo. He made his way thither in disguise, for times were troublous, and not everyone in Italy was favorable to the Angevin claims on the Crown of the Two Sicilies as he and his immediate predecessor had shown themselves. On his election he took the name of Clement IV.

The ecclesiastical state was his third choice of a profession, for he had been first a soldier,



ANCIENT ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE AT VITERBO

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then a lawyer. Louis IX had chosen *the* clever jurist for his secretary, so that Clement had a natural leaning to the side of St. Louis' brother, Charles of Anjou. Whether he thought both brothers were saints we cannot now guess. At last Manfred was slain in the great battle of Benevento just a year after Clement became Pope.

Se'l pastor di Cosenza, ch'alla caccia
Di me fu messo per Clemente, allora
Avesse in Dio ben letta questa faccia.
L'ossa del corpo mio Sarienò ancora
In co' del ponte presso a Benevento
Sotto la guardia della grave mora.
Or le bagna la pioggia, e muove il vento.
—*Dante, Purg. iii.*

Charles had the young Conradin, Manfred's nephew, in his hands, and brought him to the block, Clement disapproving of this and the Angevin's other cruelties after his victory.

Clement IV has a special interest for us because he was a patron and protector of the

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English philosopher, Friar Roger Bacon. This Pontiff is commended for his dislike of nepotism, and consistent refusal to enrich or favor his own family. He lived throughout his Pontificate at Viterbo, and died there in November, 1268.

After an interregnum of three years Clement was succeeded by Gregory X, also elected by the Conclave at Viterbo, while he was absent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He was a native of Piacenza. Immediately on his return from Palestine he called a Council to meet at Lyons, to consider the state of the Holy Land and the possibility of reunion with the schismatic Eastern Church. On his way home from this Council to Rome, where he was about to organize a new Crusade, in which he had persuaded Edward of England, Rudolf of Habsburg, Philip of France, and the King of Aragon to join, Gregory X was seized with a fatal illness at Arezzo, and died there on the 16th of January, 1276. He is buried in the Cathedral of Arezzo, in a fine tomb by Margaritone. He belonged to the great feudal house of Visconti.

After Innocent V, who only reigned six

months, and Adrian V, who only reigned five weeks, John XXI was elected at Viterbo in the same year as his two predecessors, 1276; he was a native of Portugal, Pedro Juliani by name, and he was a man calculated to shed lustre on his rule, but in the year following his elevation he was killed by the fall of the roof of a room he had planned for his palace at Viterbo.

John XXI was succeeded on the Throne of the Fisherman by Nicholas III, Giovanni Gaetano, of the great house of Orsini, which gave another Pope to the Church in the person of Benedict XIII (1724). Nicholas was also elected at Viterbo, but lived chiefly in Rome, where he added to the Vatican and restored and strengthened the Lateran. He counts as one of the great Popes, and short as was his reign, he did much in it. From Rudolf of Habsburg he obtained the cession of Romagna and of the Exarchate of Ravenna to the Holy See, and Charles of Anjou he forced to abandon his Vicariate of Tuscany. Charles was also compelled to give up his dignity of Senator of Rome, the Pope declaring himself perpetual Senator, naming as vicar

his nephew Orso. He died suddenly of apoplexy on August 22nd, 1280.

We now arrive at the last Pope elected at Viterbo. On the death of Nicholas III the Cardinals again met in Conclave in the palace which had been the residence of so many Pontiffs. But months went by and no choice had been made. Then Charles of Anjou stirred up an insurrection against them, and the citizens tore off the roof of the palace to force them to a speedy decision. Letters still exist from the Cardinals of the Conclave dated "from the roofless palace."

At last, on February 22nd, 1281, the choice fell on Simon de Brion. He was already seventy years of age, having been born in Touraine about 1210. He had been created Cardinal by Urban IV twenty years earlier, having already been chosen Chancellor of France by St. Louis in 1260. He assumed the style of Martin IV, and was crowned at Orvieto, the turbulent Romans refusing to receive him. He reigned four years, and was a persistent foe of Pedro of Aragon and a partisan of the Angevin claims to the crown of Sicily.

He died at Perugia on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1285, and was buried in the Cathedral there, near the tomb of Urban IV, who had raised him to the purple, and who, like himself, had been elected Pope at Viterbo. We may now turn to three events in the history of Viterbo connected with that of our own country.

During the long interregnum of three years that followed the death of Clement IV, in 1268, many princes came to Viterbo on their way home from the Crusade, which ended in the death of St. Louis at Tunis. Among these were Philippe le Hardi, King of France; Prince Edward, eldest son and successor of Henry III, King of England; Charles of Anjou, and Prince Henry of England, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans; it will be seen, therefore, that Prince Henry was first cousin of Prince Edward, the "Hammer of the Scots."

There was at Viterbo another Englishman, Guy de Montfort, who was Lieutenant of Charles in Tuscany. This Guy de Montfort was fourth son of the famous Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who had been killed

at the Battle of Evesham, fighting against Henry III, father of Prince Edward and uncle of Prince Henry. This was in 1265.

The rebel earl was not only slain but his body was torn from his horse and dragged in the dust, for which Guy, who had also fought in the battle, swore a *vendetta* against the royal house of England.

One morning Prince Henry was hearing Mass in the Cathedral of Viterbo, kneeling on the very step of the altar: Guy de Montfort had dogged his steps and saw him there: rushing on his victim he pierced him with his sword, and the Prince died instantly: de Montfort coolly turned and walked out of the church, none of the alarmed and horrified congregation daring to intercept him. At the door he met some of his own following.

"I am now avenged," he said proudly.

"How so," sneered one of them. "Your father was not only killed but dragged through the dust afterwards."

To this de Montfort made no retort; but instead of leaving the church he went back to the altar; and seizing the murdered prince by his long hair, dragged him by it the length of

the Cathedral and so out into the square. Then, indeed, he fled and hid himself in the Maremme, the desolate marshy waste that lies along the seashore for hundreds of leagues. Charles of Anjou, his master and patron, made no serious attempt to have him caught and brought to justice; and Prince Edward and King Philip left Viterbo in disgust at the Angevin's inaction.

The heart of Prince Henry, enclosed in a golden casket, was sent to England and set on a pillar on London Bridge "for a memorial to the English of the said outrage."

Poco piu oltre il Centauro si affisse
Sovra una gente, che infino alla gola
Parca che di quel bulicame uscisse.
Mostrocci una ombra dalla uno canto sola,
Dicendo: colui fesse in grembo a Dio
Lo cor, che'n su Tamigi ancor si cola.

Thus Dante in the Twelfth Canto of the *Inferno* describes the place where Guy, among those guilty of crimes of cruelty and violence, are guarded by Centaurs and the

Minotaur, and circled by a river of boiling blood.

A century earlier Viterbo had been the scene of an Englishman's triumph over the greatest earthly potentate. Nicholas Breakspere was born at Langley, near St. Albans, some time before the year 1100 A. D. At first he wished to become a monk in the great abbey of St. Albans, but Abbot Richard would not permit this, and Nicholas betook himself to Paris and there studied with brilliant success, especially distinguishing himself in the school of theology. Having entered holy religion in the Abbey of St. Rufus, in Provence, he was so much venerated for his piety, learning and observance, that ultimately he was chosen Abbot. In 1146 Pope Eugenius III created him Cardinal-Bishop of Albano, and in 1148 sent him Legate to Scandinavia, where he converted numbers of the heathen to Christianity and founded the archiepiscopal See of Upsala.

Anastasius IV had succeeded Eugenius on the Papal throne, and not long before Breakspere had come back to Rome this Pope also died, and Nicholas was, by unanimous con-

sent, but much against his own will, elected in his place, assuming the name of Adrian IV. He proved a strong and vigorous Pontiff. He made Henry II of England yield on the vexed question of investitures. The contumacious William, King of Sicily, who had dared to invade the States of the Church, he excommunicated and brought to submission, restoring him to his throne on promise of a tribute, thus extorting admissions of vassalage. Then began the long strife between the Supreme Pontiff and the secular head of Christendom. Frederick Barbarossa, of the ever-turbulent house of Hohenstaufen, was now Emperor, and he poured down into Italy hosts of warriors, himself at their head, to compel the Pope to yield him the crown of Germany.

Pope and imperial claimant met in Viterbo. In the square before the Cathedral Adrian insisted that, before his own Court and Frederick's, the haughty Hohenstaufen should admit his inferiority to the supreme head of Christendom by holding the Pope's stirrup while he dismounted from his mule. Barbarossa had to yield and give this proof of

submission and vassalage, declaring afterwards, to his courtiers, to "save his face," that he had done it in homage not to Adrian but to Peter.

Four centuries after this Viterbo became identified with another illustrious English name—that of Reginald Pole, "Cardinal of England," who was three times nearly being elected Pope, whose mother was the "last of the Plantagenets," and whom Queen Mary was prepared to accept as king-consort.

He was born, A. D. 1500, at Stourton Castle in Staffordshire, and from his infancy destined to an ecclesiastical career. His father was Sir Richard Pole, Knight of the Garter, who married Margaret, niece of Edward IV, Countess of Salisbury in her own right, after the execution in 1499 of her only brother, Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. Edward and Margaret Plantagenet, the brother and sister, Earl and Countess of Salisbury, were the only children of George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV, who was put to death in 1477 in the Tower of London by being drowned in a butt of Malmsey.



Thus Reginald Pole was a near kinsman of the reigning family in England—his mother and Henry VII's queen being first cousins, he and Henry VIII second cousins.

After studying in the Charterhouse at West Sheen, he proceeded to Magdalen College, Oxford, and at the age of sixteen was ordained deacon; forty years later he was ordained priest! Meanwhile he had held high place in the Church for many years. At sixteen he was Dean of Exeter, besides holding many other lucrative ecclesiastical offices; at thirty-six he was created Cardinal; not for another twenty years after that did he receive the priesthood. From Oxford the youthful Dean proceeded to the University of Padua, and having concluded his studies there went on to Rome to pay his homage to Clement VII (Giulio de Medici), who had succeeded Adrian VI while Pole was studying theology and law at Padua. Beside his income from ecclesiastical sources, the young Dean had a pension from his cousin Henry VIII, with whom he was high in favor.

When he returned to England from Rome Pole was twenty-five years old; Henry was

anxious to keep him at Court and Queen Catherine (of Aragon) was devoted to his mother. But Pole made no effort to engage in public life; he seemed averse to a Court career or a political one, and kept himself much in retirement. However, the horizon soon grew dark and threatening; the question of the King's divorce arose; and, though Henry persuaded his cousin to go to Paris in 1580 to obtain from the Sorbonne its opinion as to the validity of his marriage with Queen Catherine, we can easily understand with what misgiving Pole did even thus much. His mother was Queen Catherine's loving friend, and he was, and always remained, intensely loyal to the Church.

Though he brought back from Paris the decision Henry VIII had asked for, he plainly stated his disapproval of the divorce and of the policy connected with it. Henry endeavored to bribe him with the archbishopric of York, vacant by Wolsey's death; but, dazzling as such bait must have seemed to a deacon of thirty, Pole refused to be thus entangled, and kept his hands free. He refused the archiepiscopal mitre and protested cour-

ageously to Henry against the evil course he was running. Not for two years did he leave England. So far he had, however, remained in favor; Henry did not interfere with his income, and exempted him from swearing allegiance to his issue by Anne Boleyn.

At first Pole bent his steps to Avignon, but he soon went on to his old home at Padua, where he had left many distinguished and learned friends, and where now he made others. At last, in 1535, Henry sent to demand from his cousin a plain declaration of his opinion of the divorce and as to the Royal supremacy over the Church. Pole replied in a letter or treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, which was, at all events, plain. It did not mince matters, and roundly threatened Henry with punishment at the hands of the Emperor Charles V and King Francis I if he did not mend his ways. This letter reached Henry early in 1536, and the King was furious. Pole was summoned to England to answer for himself: and as he did not obey this order his income was confiscated and his benefices taken from him. In reply, the Pope, Paul III (Alessandro Farnese) created Pole a Cardinal, 22nd

of December, 1536. The new prince of the Church was, early in the next year, sent legate to the Low Countries, to Charles V, to confer with the Emperor and such English malcontents as made their way thither. Henry caused the Cardinal to be attainted of high treason, and set a price on his head: as, however, that head was out of reach the King seized and threw into the Tower the aged Countess of Salisbury, Pole's mother, and others of his family, for the crime of corresponding with him. His mother and one of his brothers was beheaded.

It was just at this time that Cardinal Pole's connection with Viterbo began. In 1539 he was appointed to the government of the "Patrimony of St. Peter," and Viterbo was his legatine capital. In the palace which had seen the election of many Popes he fixed his residence for the next three years. On the death of Paul III he was all but elected Pope himself; and twice again, on the deaths of Julius III and Marcellus II in the same year, he seemed likely to succeed.

When Mary was called to the throne of England she was much disposed to give her

hand to her kinsman as king-consort; and, as the cardinal was not a priest, the question of dispensation would probably have been arranged. But Charles V wanted his son Philip to share the English throne, and, as we know, he did so. Pole came to England as Legate, and received the submission of the realm, absolving the Houses of Parliament and the country from schism on 30th of November, 1554. Cranmer had been degraded from his Archbishopric of Canterbury, but while he lived Pole refused to accept it; on Cranmer's death, however, he did accept the Primacy of England, and was at last ordained priest, 20th March, 1556, being consecrated Archbishop two days later. Queen Mary died on 17th November, 1558, and sixteen hours later Pole had followed her to the grave. He is buried in his own Cathedral of Canterbury: the last of the long line of Catholic Primates of England that began with St. Augustine.

A MALTESE HOLIDAY

SYRACUSE

ANYONE who knows what Malta is like in August will sympathize with our delight in escaping from it on the 15th of that month. S.S. *Enna*, of the Flori-Rubattino line, was not due to sail till 10 a. m., but by 7.30 some of us were on board, and in full fight with the stewards concerning cabins. These had been apportioned before our arrival without much concern as to such narrow considerations as the sex of the holders of various berth-numbers. Thus, an elderly English lady found herself billeted with two officers of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment; while a third officer learned that a couple of Maltese ladies, of ample proportions, were his appointed "stable-companions."

The rectification of these arrangements occasioned our first use of that Anglo-Italian-French dialect in which we were to converse during the next five days.

With excellent punctuality "strangers" were driven ashore, and very soon after ten we were steaming out of the Grand Harbor between the white fortresses of St. Almo and Ricasoli; Daghisos dropped astern, so did Isola, so did Cospiena, and Vittoriosa, and in a quarter of an hour Malta lay behind us panting in her hot mist, and we were as cool as if there were no such thing as a sirocco; the sea was gloriously blue, with cool white horses chasing each other across it, and an honest sea-breeze met us with appetite and good spirits in its mouth.

The appetite was quite à propos; for long tables were being laid on deck, set out with a comfortable array of china, plate, and glass; bottles of red and white wine, fruit, and flowers.

Throughout the voyage all meals were served on deck, and our party of fourteen friends had one table and one side of the poop to itself, the other being appropriated to a much more numerous Italian party. The food provided was excellent and varied; the company in hilarious ocean spirits at its escape from the Maltese oven, and its holiday,

so that for five days it was a continuous picnic—with nothing to carry, which constituted the bitterness of most picnics. Our party consisted of eleven officers, mostly young and all good tempered, and three ladies, wives or mothers of the former.

Our meals on board followed Italian custom as to hours and numbers, and consisted of a long breakfast *à la fourchette* at 9-30 (11-30 on that first day) and dinner at 6. True to her flag, one of the English ladies would make tea daily in the afternoon, but it was somewhat puzzling, with dinner at 6 o'clock, to know at what hour to perform the sacred national rite.

Very soon after breakfast, Sicily began to lift itself out of the horizon, and by 3 o'clock was in full view. Some of our party had never seen flying-fishes before, and obliging specimens of those ghostly little creatures now showed themselves.

Cape Passaro, where Admiral Byng defied the Spaniards in 1718, was soon doubled, and we were sailing close to a rocky coast that some of us objected to as being "too like Malta"; and between four and five we

dropped anchor in the roads of Syracuse. The harbor was for long centuries believed to be choked with sand until in 1798 Nelson quietly sailed into it with all his fleet. Close to us several Italian war-vessels lay at anchor in the marvellously green waters; and our snap-shotters were instantly pouring broadside after broadside into them.

Syracuse is best known to the English reader as the home of Antiphrilos of that ilk, and his servant Dromio; but it really has a bewildering plethora of history at its back previous to their time.

"The Corinthian Archias founded it in 735," the chaplain informed us with a suspicious definiteness and certainty as to dates, which caused one of our flippant juniors to murmur:

"Baedeker!"

"B. C. or A. D.?" demanded another, hoping by the sudden discharge of this question to put his erudition out of action.

"735 A. D. would be a bit late for Carthaginians," retorted the chaplain serenely. He kindly added that the place soon became of immense importance, both commercially and

politically; that for centuries it was the axis of a ceaseless whirl of struggles between Rome, Carthage, and Greece.

"I thought," soliloquized the flippant junior, "that an axis was one of those short things at the beginning of Euclid, next door to a postulant."

"In thinking thus," observed the chaplain blandly, "your customary accuracy, for once, failed you. Demosthenes * * *"

"* * * besieged Syracuse in B. C. 413," brutally interposed another officer barefacedly, reading aloud from a Continental Bradshaw.

"Permit me to add," interpolated another from over his shoulder, "that Archimedes was killed here in the siege of 212 B. C."

"Serve him right, he was a screw," cries the wit of the party amid a melancholy hush.

Thus we passed our time till dinner, gathering scraps of local history in a queerly slipshod and untidy fashion; but all, somehow, arriving at the knowledge that the place had been old and important long before the Greek occupation of it began, that it had Punic, Hellenic, and Roman memories and monu-

ments; and that even the gods had loved it, and loved in it, and left their mark upon it.

To us, as we looked landwards, while our cheerful meal went forward, it was a great treat to see wide stretches of wooded distance, hills shouldering a far-off sky, and to know that here were rivers and fields, vineyards and quiet valleys, where streams hustled downwards through shady underwood.

The ancient city of Syracuse covered an area fourteen miles in circumference, still marked by temples and amphitheatres; but the existing city is practically confined to the Island of Ortygia, around which the sunset is now flinging rosy arms. Much of the present town dates only from 1757, the year of the great earthquake, but much is immensely ancient. After dinner we went ashore in twos and threes, and by this time the muddy sunset had faded into dusk, and soon a southern moon peered down upon us.

We drove first to the Greek amphitheatre, an immense and prodigious monument of a dead people and a dead history. This is some distance outside the present town, and a solemn silence broods about the place which



was once so full of worldly noise and mirth. The long curves of the rock-hewn tiers of seats of the huge auditorium, the galleries leading to them through the solid rock beneath, all are in a wonderful preservation considering the two thousand years and some odd centuries that have passed since the sweating slaves toiled at their masters' play-house in the pitiless Trinacrian sunlight.

Anyone with a leg to break would do well to skip up and down the Greek Amphitheatre at Syracuse by moonlight as we did. Close to are the Latomia out of which Syracuse was built six and twenty centuries ago. There are many of these, but this one, in some ways the finest, is called the Latomia del Paradiso.

It is an immense quarry, out of which hundreds of thousands of tons of stone have been hewn; but the roof of live rock, scores of feet in thickness, is still left intact, supported, by colossal columns, not *placed* there, but *left* there by the removal of the surrounding rock. Of course each is a giant monolith; and there are so many that the great cave, whose blackness they interrupt with their looming

whiteness, seems in the moonlight like the Cathedral of some dead and lordly faith.

Hard by the Latomia del Paradiso, or rather forming part of it, is the famous Ear of Dionysius, the strange cave that the tyrant of Syracuse is said to have had hewn out of the rock four hundred years before the first Christmas night at Bethlehem. They pretend that it was a huge whispering gallery, or rather eavesdropping trumpet, in which the monarch could hide and overhear the criticisms of his subjects. If that were so, there can be little doubt he must often have emerged in an exceedingly bad temper. From these places we walked back to our carriage, up a sort of lane skirting the beetling rock, in a silence bred of the memories that lay sleeping round us, and marked, rather than broken, by the noises of the southern night, the voice of cicada and grasshopper, the drip, drip of unseen water falling into unfathomed darkness—the place seemed haunted by mighty phantoms, Dionysius, the soldier, turned sovereign, and sovereign turned poet, prouder of the oak leaves from Athens than of all the laurels with which he had crowned himself; the other

Dionysius, his son, who must have brought his guest Plato to see this famous spot; Archimedes, stooping in thoughtful calculation; Nicias, Agathocles, Hiero; Dion, the friend of Plato and father-in-law of the first Dionysius—and much older heroes looming dark behind, Archias and his Punic chieftains—they all seem breathing in the panting warmth of the southern night.

A few hundred yards bring us to a locked gate in a white wall, over which we scramble, with little difficulty but much merriment, into a little vineyard dropping abruptly into the Roman Amphitheatre. One of us thinks this finer than the Greek theatre; it is certainly much more perfect, seeming indeed almost modern in spite of its two and twenty centuries. It is huge though less immense than the other; and the moon now shows more clearly the serried tiers of seats, the oval arena, the dens of the wild beasts, the prison-caves of the condemned combatants—all empty, all inexpressibly sad, pitifully eloquent of the vanity of human greatness; we climbed down to the arena, and crept into the darkness through which once gleamed those fierce eyes

of a lion and panther; we sat where the sovereign and his court were used to watch the play that was such bitter earnest to the players; and in and out we threaded our way through the entirely perfect galleries that led from tier to tier, emerging at last by one of the vomitoria, just as a Syracusan twenty centuries ago would do when the play was over, but not jostled like him by a crowd of other pleasure-makers. I think one never will lose the memory of that night, the intense strength and reality of its present, so weighed upon by the almost greater force and powerfulness of the huge past that seemed to lean upon it.

Outside the little vineyard our carrozza driver was awaiting us, with bland southern patience. To the northern waiting is so much more difficult than doing, and to the southern so much easier! He was a delightful person, with an incongruous British appearance! in figure he was like a stalwart north-country grazier, with the rubicund generosity of visage of a prosperous butcher. He was always more or less laughing, and his subdued merriment shook his big body like a jelly. He took our praises of the antiquities personally, and

evidently believed that we somehow placed their excellence to his credit.

He now suggested that we should taste *moscato*; and it was forthwith offered us in green glasses by a peasant from an adjoining cottage that made some pretence at being an *albergo*. Moscato is a Syracusan wine of a delicious flavor, made of muscatel grapes, but with such a strength and lusciousness as to suggest liqueur-glasses rather than tumblers. A lira was the modest price of the three glasses we had between us. Our cicerone required no pressing to take his share of these libations, and he dexterously wasted very little while spilling some to great Bacchus.

Now we started on quite a long drive to the *Latomia dei Cappucini*; but suddenly, en route, our burly friend pulled up and pointed out to us a very old and very beautiful church, with a lovely narthex; this we got down to admire more at large, and finding us thus appreciative he proceeded to remark that it was unlucky one could not see the catacombs by night.

"What catacombs?" I demanded in Italian.

"Of San Giovanni," he replied. "They are finer than those of Rome."

"Oh, of course," I observed in the vulgar tongue.

"I've never seen any catacombs," remarks A—— as it were irrelevantly, or without prejudice, as Mr. Zangwill would say.

For my part I knew those of Rome, and the hour was late; but nevertheless I thought it a chance not to miss for one who had never met a catacomb.

"Are you sure they are not to be seen at night?" I demand, reverting to the local idiom, or rather to my own patent approximation to it. He began to relent.

No, he was far from sure; should we go and see?

We went; we drove between green blind walls, with vineyards behind them, along odd involved lanes, ultimately arriving at a dilapidated and melancholy looking monastery; here our burly friend set to work on a singularly hopeless-looking door, out of which, however, he ultimately drew a young Friar. The Friar, I think, had been in bed; and I think also he had gone thither supperless. He looked hun-

gry and starved, quite unlike our fat Maltese Capuchins; he had a good devout face, and a gentle, patient manner that was, somehow, pathetic.

He at once said we should see the catacombs; and proceeded to light a very quaint torch or lamp, consisting of four wicks mounted corner-wise on a mediaeval-looking stalk of iron. Whereupon we plunged, between rows of towering nettles, into the bowels of the earth.

It would not be easy to find anything more interesting than these catacombs, which certainly yield nothing in point of perfection to the much more famous catacombs of Rome. They would extend, if drawn out into a single line or street, six-and-twenty kilometers, consisting, as it is, of a subterranean city of crossing and re-crossing streets, with many chapels, countless frescoes, arched and recessed mausolea, altars, tombs of martyrs, and their very bones, all stretching back to the very first ages of Christianity, long before the faith of the Nazarene had dared to lift itself above ground into the light of day.

The tranquil dignity, yes, and beauty of some of the frescoed figures it would be hard to imagine; the silent, reticent pathos of the whole place impossible to exaggerate. Nor did the place lose anything for us at the hands of our guide. He seemed himself to belong to the buried city of the dead; as though he were its last survivor, and the dust of those he loved lay around him. He had none of the gêné officialism of the cicerone; none of his insistent, half-conceited, half-apatetic, exaggeration that seeks to flog its own interest awake long after custom has killed it forever.

In the rough brown wool of St. Francis, with his old-world torch casting its weird flickerings on vaulted roof and shadowed tomb, as on his own earnest, ascetic face, he seemed half unearthly.

He showed us strange things: the stone altar where St. Paul said Mass; that used by the first Bishop of Syracuse, and the stone pillar where he was flogged, which still exudes a sweat of horror where the martyr's body touched it; but these things he pointed out with a quiet simplicity of personal belief singularly unlike the incredulous, swaggering



THE CATHEDRAL AT SYRACUSE



assertion of the ordinary custodian of such relics.

At length we came to the surface again, and were shown the second Cathedral of Syracuse—the first above the earth, that had been, before, a temple of Bacchus. And now we left our guide with an odd regret; his thin, youthful figure remains on our memory, thrown into a Rembrandt-like relief by his torch, against the darkness into which we drove away.

To the *Latomia dei Cappucini* was quite a long way, but we had plenty to say as we went and soon we came into the open country, by the weird moonlit coast, beyond which the Tyrrhenian Sea lay sleeping in the night, "breathing like one that hath a weary dream." Our busy driver pointed out to us a place where he said there was an opening from the catacombs we had just visited on to the rock-bound shore. And soon afterwards we came to the *Latomia*.

This quarry is quite unlike that near the Ear of Dionysius, but not less striking in its different fashion. Instead of being a cave hewn out of the side of a rock, it is a stupen-

dous pit dug in it. The depth seemed very great, and the length and breadth were considerable. As to the former, the stones we dropped in took a long while falling, and the tops of the trees growing at the bottom were far beneath us. Giuseppe Mazzini, the "Red" patriot, is buried, so our guide informed us, at the bottom of this Latomia.

There is no sort of rail or fence around the brink of this huge pit, and our burly driver declared, with ineffable merriment, that many lovers and other idiots had intentionally leapt into it. His fat sides literally shook with inward laughter as he thought of these unpractical persons.

As he preceded us back to the carriage his mirth bubbled over altogether on catching the word "Moscato," whence he conjectured that my friend desired a repetition of the dose.

Now we drove back along the seashore and entered the town, soon crossing by a low bridge on to the island of Ortygia, upon whose hog-back the city sits. A very ancient temple of Diana was visited, and next the Cathedral, itself a modified temple of Pallas, with the original columns built into the outer walls. Though much less Oriental in char-

acter than Malta, the older streets of Syracuse, as well as its inhabitants, give many a hint of the Saracen dominion.

Turning down a steep street to the sea, we come to the Fountain of Arethusa; and now it is no longer the ghosts of men, pagan or Christian, Punic or Greek or Roman that gather about us, but the ghosts of dead gods; here the fair nymph Arethusa made the river god so love-sick with her beauty that he forgot his godship and would have been human for her sake; here he pursued her; here she called on Diana to take her part; and here, in answer to her prayer, the goddess changed the nymph into the fountain that forever bears her name. It is rather conventional and prosaic now; perhaps the most interesting thing about it is the gray-green cloud of papyrus bushes that half veils it. These trees were brought from the Anapus, three miles away, the only place in Europe where they grow wild; thither they were brought from the Nile twenty-one centuries and a half ago.

As we leant over the rail and tried to think of nymphs and water-gods, a sudden screaming made us turn; at the corner of a street

close to us a child, absolutely naked, lay passionately crying. Many people were standing near, chatting and laughing, not one of whom took the slightest notice. Many others, homeward bound from theatres and cafes, also passed, but none interrupted their gossip to pay any attention to the child that continued to wail piteously. At last one of these, a lady, stooped down, picked up the naked infant in her arms, and carried it away on her breast.

We were much puzzled: Is this a Syracusan custom?

Five minutes later we had made our farewell to our burly driver, and were being rowed out to the *Enna*. It was near midnight, and in an hour we were to call for Catania.

"We only left Malta at ten o'clock this morning!" said A—— as we stepped on deck.

It seemed impossible—we had seen so much, and our imaginations had been carried through so many ages.

"I shall never forget Syracuse," added A—— as we leant over the taffrail looking to where she sits, a half-forgotten queen, on her island-throne between the seas.



**CATANIA, TAORMINA, AND
MESSINA**



CATANIA, TAORMINA, AND MESSINA

WHEN we went on deck next morning we found ourselves warped to a bollard on the quay of Catania, and Etna became the prominent impression. Last night we had already seen him from Syracuse, but he had there appeared merely as a great phantom, wreathed with cloud, amid the sunset.

“As far as that goes,” A—— had remarked, “I have seen Mount Etna from Vardala Barracks in Malta.”

“How over-rated a person was Ananias,” the flippant junior had declared irrelevantly.

But at Catania there is really nothing but Etna; or Et-ana as they call it there, when they call it Etna at all.

An Italian detests the juxtaposition of two consonants; and that, perhaps, is why the mountain is “Mongiello” in Italian, a queer reduplication made up of *mon* and *ghebel*,

both meaning the same thing, but one root Latin, and the other Arabic.

In Catania Etna seems to be the one idea; of course, it is standing at the end of every street, and you can never help seeing it unless you keep your head in a bag. For my part, I do not consider it a beautiful mountain; it is a monstrous exaggeration, like a preposterous molehill. And it is black and of a malign expression. Colossal repose is the natural suggestion of the everlasting hills, and activity seems to me out of place in a mountain.

The activity of Etna is indisputable. In 1188 he energetically destroyed fifteen thousand people at once; in 1669 Catania lost eighteen thousand of her citizens at one eruption of the mountain, and two thousand more were slain in the neighboring villages; in 1693 the total loss of life caused by the great eruption of that terrible year was sixty thousand; and 1783, 1809, 1818, 1880, and 1843 were all dreadful and memorable on account of the destruction wrought by this abominable mountain.

Four times has Catania been ruined; and the ever present black lava seems to be for

ever reminding its inhabitants how easily it might be ruined again. Everything seems to be of lava and the result is sinister and ugly.

The sights of Catania are inexpensive, for there is really nothing to see but Etna, and no charge is made for that.

It may be said that the peak of the great pyramid is thirty miles distant; and that the base of it is nearly a hundred miles in circuit.

Catania was a city and colony of Chalcis eight years before Remus jumped over Romulus's wall down in the marshy valley by the Tiber.

As soon as A—— was dressed and on deck, which was never unduly early, a brief council was held as to the day's programme. The *Enna* was to remain all day at Catania, and three of us had no desire at all to stay with her.

"Whereas," observed the present writer, "Taormina is the most beautiful place in the world."

"Lets go," moved A——, who was always anxious to see anything which one did not have to walk to.

So off we went; P. W., A——, and a Ter-

tium Quid, as Mr. Kipling would say. What rather annoyed us was that we had to go ashore in a boat, a distance, perhaps, of nine feet. But there was no gangway, so we had to submit to a toll of a lira each for being rowed.

We saw nothing very interesting as we drove to the station; in fact, antiquities are bound to get rather out of stock in a town which is being constantly submerged by tidal waves of black lava.

The suburbs of Catania and the neighboring villages are terribly characteristic. Nothing could be more delicious to our tired Maltese eyes than the prodigal greenness of the vegetation, but lacing the green everywhere was the black lava; and behind and above every thing stands Etna with perpetual menace. To-day the only hint of its latent powers was a thin ferment streaming from the summit, like a puff of lightest cloud.

The journey from Catania to Giardini, the nearest station to Taormina, takes two hours and twelve minutes, and it is always beautiful. The Mediterranean lies, incredibly blue, on one's right, and to the left are the green

vine-clad foot-hills of the huge black Etna. To be morbidly just, one should confess that Etna is not *all* black; it has three zones: Piemontana, at the bottom; Velvosa, where the feet of the mountain are shod with deep forests of the great chestnut; and Deserta. But it all *looks* Deserta, and the green zones seem to belong to the foothills.

Nine miles from Catania the train stops for conversation at Aeireale, near which is the cave of Polyphemus, the ugly Cyclops, who fell in love with Galatea. We pass through the very fields where he pastured his flocks; down there is the place where Galatea used to play on the sea-shore with her merry water-maidens, and tormented her hideous admirer by her flirtations with good-looking Acis. And there, among the rocks, the brutal Cyclops killed his pretty rival with a kick. Up that green slope Odysseus and his storm-worn mariners trailed from the weary sea; there Polyphemus caught them and haled them bound to his foul cave, where the man of many evils put out his one eye with the flaming brand. How young it makes one feel, all this reminder of the days when the world herself

was young and gods and goddesses fell out and made love, and got sharp lessons from clever men!

In the train there was shade, and a fresh breeze blowing through the mountain to the sea; but when we reached Giardini, and got into the carriage that was to drive us up to Taormina, we realized that it was a Sicilian noon in August.

Everything seemed to lie asleep in the blazing light and heat, everything but these three English wanderers, and three hundred million grasshoppers and cicadas. Where was Tennyson when he wrote:

“And the cicada sleeps.”

Certainly not in the south. Whenever did the cicada sleep?

As one winds up and up, from where the sapphire sea lies dozing by the saffron shore, up the twisted white ribbon of the hanging road, with all the southern noon flaming round one, the voice of the much older poet sounds in our ears among the unresting scrape of the grasshoppers, and one knows what sort of day it was whereon he cried that they were “a burden.”

Higher and higher; and lovelier grows the way at every turn; and lustier are the sun's kisses of the lovely land. Hot as the air is, it is full of life, innocent of the hateful languor of the sirocco.

A long half hour brings up into the old-world streets of Taormina, that are altogether fascinating and characteristic. It is a small enough place now, but it has the subdued dignity of traditional importance.

The people and their houses, alike, remind one of the Saracenic conquest of 968, and the long subsequent occupation.

The Hotel Tuneo touches the Greek theatre, and here we lunched in a room outside whose windows lies, surely, one of the loveliest views in all this lovely world. But now every window is close shuttered against the torrid noon; and inside is the cool twilight.

Afterwards we rested for a while, but were too English to bear the close jalousies beyond which we knew lay the very beauty we had come to see. And after all the sun was warded off by trellised vines and crimson-starred hibiscus.

From the flowered terrace fell the steep

hill-side that was almost a precipice; downward through vineyards and villages to the silent sea.

At half past three the energy of the present writer burst its banks, and carried away, so to speak, in its flood the laziness of A——.

"If you only meant to go to sleep," urges the P. W., unanswerably, "you could have seen as much at Catania."

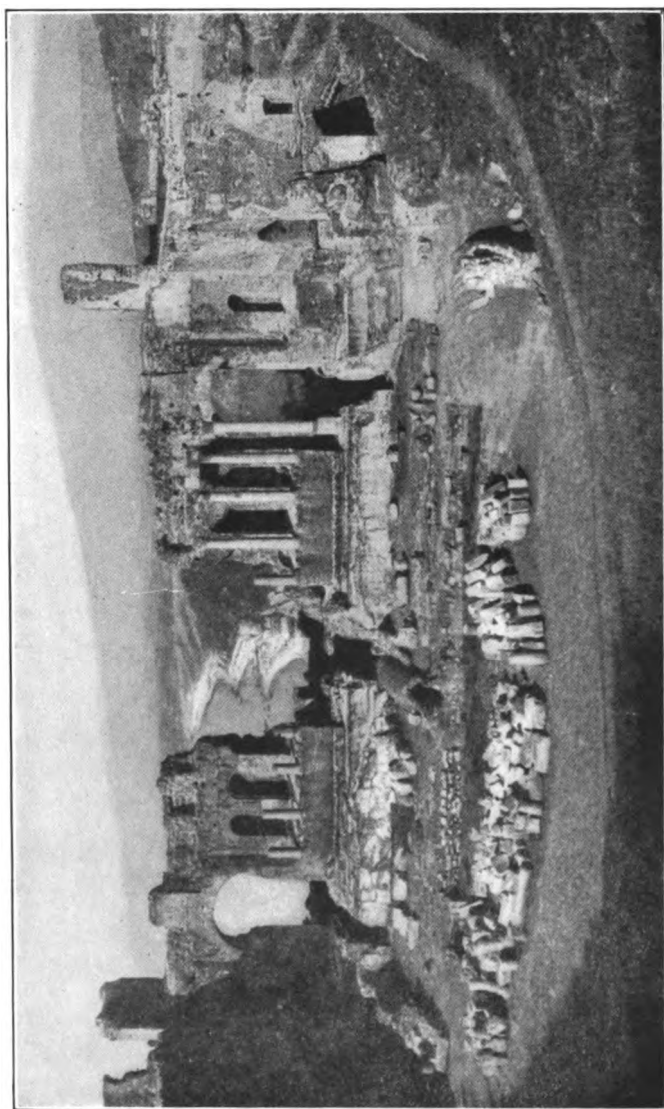
"How clearly you put things; terribly clear," murmurs A——, stretching himself, however, into wakefulness.

Outside it is undeniably hot; but, then, how beautiful.

Even at our rate of walking, seventy seconds bring us into the Greek amphitheatre. There the Tertium Quid sits down to sketch, selecting her spot much more with a view to its shadiness than with reference to the excellence of its prospect.

The theatre at Taormina is artificial and not rock-hewn, like the one we saw last night at Syracuse. Was it last night! It seems to lie back in a far-off vagueness of past time.

The pillars of the proscenium still stand erect; the tiers of brick-built seats still range



RUINS OF GREEK THEATRE AT TAORMINA

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themselves in front of it; and through it one gets the most exquisite glimpse that there is on earth of mountains piled on mountains, lifted into an ocean of sapphire sky; of feudal strongholds crowning crags that are almost pillars, of utterly impracticable villages hanging on summits obviously inaccessible; of deep, deep forest places where shadows sleep in the blazing afternoon; olive groves, clouding the green with their silky gray; terraced vineyards; red-roofed convents crumbling into quiet ruin; and behind all, over all, incomparably haughty, Etna; the white clouds are far beneath her head, and she seems to shake them down on to her shoulder; she has, it would seem from here, nothing to do with yonder lower world of green and red and gold. She belongs to the lonely regions of the air; she hangs from heaven, instead of resting her huge foot on a hundred miles of earth. And beneath all, carrying away into unmeasured distances of blue, stretches the tideless Tyrrhenian Sea.

That is, after all, only one view; the most beautiful, truly; but only one out of many. There is that along the coast in the opposite

direction, northwards, towards Messina, with its sleeping towns lying on their yellow ribbon of sand between the mountains and the sea. There are those inland, that carry the eyes and the imagination through gorges of great hills into labyrinths of valley and mountain; there is that seaward, and eastward, toward the purple-rose range of Calabria; there is that overhead, to where castles and ruined Greek cities cling to stooping heights of blue-black crag. To describe Taormina is impossible. There is no other way to conceive its beauty than to go there and stand among the ruins of its theatre, and look east and west, north and south, hour after hour till the sun falls among the hills and flings their lordly shadows seawards across the vine-clad land that lies between them and the shore.

It is little wonder that the ancient dwellers in such a region should have peopled it with gods; it is too beautiful for mere men.

Far, far beneath us, among the brown rocks on the yellow shore, one fancied that even now Galatea and her nereids might be at play, and tritons "blowing their wreathed horns."

It was decided by A—— and the present



writer that Aunt Mona must be made to come up here and see all this; so we went down into the theatre to fetch her. The sketch was finished but she was scarcely to be persuaded; the guiding principle of her life is never to go up anywhere, and never to go down anywhere lest she should have to come up again. But we were firm, and ultimately she too stood on the topmost terrace of the hill where the perfect taste of the old Greeks had planted their theatre. Then she thanked us.

Before dinner there was just time for a stroll through the little town, which offers quaint bits of architecture, and perfect glimpses of landscape in every street—carved stone doorways of the *Renascimento*; Norman-Gothic belfries; ornate balconies; and, wherever street crosses street, tall and narrow slips of prodigally lovely pictures framed in these.

Many of the men were obliging enough to look, as we decided, exceedingly like brigands—which, indeed, it is extremely possible that they were—but the truth is, your Sicilian brigand has not a particularly characteristic exterior. He is often a mealy-mouthed looking

ex-baker or hotel waiter, or bank clerk: and ferocity of mien is by no means a *sinê qua non*.

After dinner we drove down to Giardini in the gathering dusk that added a new and different beauty to the lovely views that each abrupt twist of the road brough into sight.

The fourth place in our carriage was taken by a young matron with a very tiny, pallid baby in her lap. She had a fine face, with the ineffable expression of inward, silent sadness that comes sometimes, though not always, into the eyes of mothers that have lost their baby-children: only when it does come it comes to remain always.

I think on her face it was destined to grow deeper, for the little life over which her own brooded was visibly but a flicker soon to be puffed out. Suddenly her baby opened its solemn, wondering eyes and took hold of one of Alfred's fingers in its tiny, colorless hand; then, still clinging to it, went contentedly to sleep again.

We did not have long to wait for the train from Messina at Giardini: only long enough to allow a couple of rather good-looking Sicilian lads to torment Alfred for cigarettes

—for one cigarette between them—nay, then, for the stump of the one he was smoking. * * *

The *Enna* weighed anchor at 2 a. m., and when we went on deck about 7:30 she had already dropped it off Reggio. No one went ashore there; nor did the place look interesting. The situation is beautiful, and the Calabrian coast on one side, and the Sicilian opposite, with the blue straits between, make a fine expanse very pleasant for the eye to wander over.

About twenty minutes after eight we started off again, across the strait to Messina, which we reached at nine. It was a delicious morning, cool and breezy, with plentiful lacings of white on the blue-green of the water.

The harbor of Messina is much more beautiful than that of Catania, or even that of Syracuse. It is always compared to a sickle, the point of which is a picturesque fortress. Along the handle of the sickle runs the fine Marina for a mile or so, presenting a busy and amusing scene, for it seems to be the centre of the city's life. Behind this screen of buildings lies the town; behind the town rise low hills

studded with villas and vineyards, and two crowned with picturesque old castles; behind these are the mountains, gazing forever across the strait to those of Calabria.

During our *dejeuner* we were favored by the performance of a band of three Messina artists: a violinist, who should have been a contortionist; a tiny, elderly-faced youth with a mandolin; and a telegraph-post with a guitar. They played very well, but played nothing more local than "Funiculi, Funicula," and "Santa Lucia."

We were—as usual, I think—the first to go ashore, and our first visit was to the Cathedral, which is worth seeing, though ill-kept and worse restored—or rather rebuilt a hundred years ago. The exterior, especially from the west, is quaint and picturesque; the high altar is said to have cost £120,000, and is a sumptuous combination of gold, silver, and lapis-lazuli. Some of the other altars have been fine also, but, though their marbles are still beautiful and some are well decorated with painting and sculpture, there is a general air of dilapidation and neglect that is both Sicilian and depressing.

The truth is, everyone is very poor in Sicily—from the uneducated, haughty, and penniless country nobles down to the beggars. The former come very little to the towns, and lead a rough, half-bandit life in their ruinously picturesque castles among the hills—their wives and daughters, one would think, finding existence insupportably dull: without change, without occupation, without books.

Hanging from the roof in the middle of the Cathedral at Messina is a huge and handsome lamp, enclosing a vast globe of crystal within a grille of wrought bronze. The reflected figures of those who pass to and fro beneath produce a peculiar illusion: one would declare that they were fishes swimming about within the globe.

Outside, in the piazza planted with palms, is a really splendid fountain of white marble, octagonal, with many figures and much basso-relievo carving, by Montorsoli.

From the piazza of the Cathedral we went, through narrowing streets that ever grew dirtier and dirtier, to the great Convent of San Gregorio, whose spire one sees everywhere in Messina. The church crowns a steep hill, and

one gets to it by narrow flights of shabby, broken stairs, where a fresh—nay, anything but fresh—smell meets you at every turn.

A sudden gulp of agonized emotion from A—— made me look in his direction. He was surveying with rapt and horror-stricken gaze an earthen dish at an open door: it was filled with an appalling mash of some blood-colored, raw, and revolting looking substance, obviously destined for food. This loathsome looking stuff one sees everywhere in Messina, and fortunately nowhere else. A—— tried to believe it was, after all, only a pulp of tomatoes, but entirely without success. It was quite the wrong color. For my part, I believe it was raw black-puddings without any skins!

From the little stone court before the convent the view, over city and strait to the Calabrian mountains, is really beautiful; and the church itself is sumptuous inside and out. But filthy were the children, and half-naked, who played dismally and self-consciously on the cracked and broken flags of the pavement; and gruesome were the piles of miscellaneous *debris* on the cracked and broken steps. It

seemed as if everything in Messina which could not exactly fall into ruin should be filthy.

We went into the conventual church, which is beautiful as well as splendid. It is not large, for it was never intended as a parish or public church, but only as the private chapel of the strictly enclosed nuns to whom the convent belongs. It is octagonal in form, surmounted by a dome or lantern which runs up into the quaint twisted spire visible all over Messina. There is something of barbaric splendor about this spire, something pagan. It is certainly original, and half suggests the Kremlin, half reminds one of a Hindu temple.

The interior of the church is undoubtedly gorgeous, but not at all barbaric. Each inch of wall is inlaid with exquisite designs, all symbolic and of immense interest, carried out in many-colored marbles, lapis-lazuli, malachite, amber, jasper, and countless other precious and semi-precious stones.

The convent was built for a large Community, and now the melancholy of gradual extinction hangs over it: they are allowed by the Government to take no novices, so that the Community is now reduced to three or four.

From San Gregorio we drove to the Campo Santo, as A—— had never seen one. But it was a disappointment to the present writer. The beauty of the situation left nothing to be desired; but all was brand new, and much was vulgar and within easy distance of the grotesque. The grotesque is delightful when it dates from the Middle Ages, but contemporaneous grotesqueness is merely vulgar.

Let him who expects to be reminded of the Campo Santo at Pisa keep away from that of Messina.

Judging by its combined immensity and newness, one would gather that Messina must be far from a healthy place of residence.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

PART I

THE period immediately following the disastrous series of events known as the "Reformation" was by God's gracious Providence peculiarly rich in saints: as though it were the Divine Pleasure to show, to all who cared, that the Church was still, as it had always been, the home of sanctity. And among the illustrious servants of God whom those years produced, two of the greatest had the same name and belonged to the same religious family, which had itself sprung into being as a protest and counter-blast against the new heresies. The Society of Jesus was above all an expression of the spirit of loyalty, and of obedience to the Church's central authority and supreme head, just as the heresy of the Protestant "Reformers," extremely disunited in itself, had no common basis of motive or action beyond its revolt against supreme authority, and especially against the Vicar of Christ as

representing the theory of authority in its highest and most august expression.

St. Francis Borgia and St. Francis Xavier were both Jesuits; both were contemporaries of St. Ignatius and personally known to him. Like himself they were both Spaniards, and like himself they came of ancient and noble stock. Francis Xavier was born not so many miles from the place where Inigo Lopez de Recalde, not St. Ignatius yet by any means, was living, then a gay lad of fifteen. Francisco and Inigo were both of the country of the Basques: and the families of both were remarkable rather for noble blood than for a superfluity of wealth.

Francisco was the youngest son of Don Juan de Jasso, Privy Councillor of Jean D'Albret, King of Navarre, and of his wife Dona Maria Azpilcueta Xavier, sole heiress of two noble Navarese families. His birthplace was her Castle of Xavero, at the foot of the Pyrenees, on the Spanish side, and hard by the little town of Sanquesa; sixty miles away as the crow flies was the birthplace of St. Ignatius; sixty miles to the south was

Borja, from which the family of the other great Jesuit St. Francis took its name.

Francis Xavier was born on 7th April, 1506, three years before the accession to the throne of England of Henry VIII, who was then, like Ignatius of Loyola, a cheerful, happy lad of fifteen, full of youth and promise.

It is still a custom frequent in Spain for the son of noble parents to take the surnames of both. And Francisco, being, as we have seen, his mother's youngest son, took her name as his principal surname.

He grew into a tall, healthy youth, full of activity and liveliness. Mind and body were alike alert and vigorous, and his disposition was cheerful and happy. But he had a turn for books, unlike some active, lively boys: and was not like Ignatius of Loyola, drawn to the seductive profession of arms. His father too, unlike some fathers, did not insist on his following a calling to which he had no bent, and scraped up the money necessary to send him to the University of Paris, where many Spaniards were studying.

He entered the College of St. Barbara there had for companion and room

young Savoyard, Pierre le Fèvre, or Peter Faber, as the English books call him. There grew up a close and beautiful friendship between the two youths, and, as it happened, this intimacy was to have an important effect on the destiny of Francis. He was eighteen when he began his studies at Paris in 1524 (three years after the publication of Henry VIII's treatise against Luther, on the Seven Sacraments), and in 1528 he was already a lecturer on the philosophy of Aristotle in the College de Beauvais. In that same year Cardinal Campeggio was sent by Clement VII to England, as Legate, to inquire into the business of the King's divorce, and in that year an event of more personal importance to Francis Xavier took place—Ignatius Loyola came to Paris.

Ignatius was no light-hearted lad now; his conversion had taken place, and he had ceased to be a soldier of any earthly monarch: in his deep and silent mind was growing his great idea of a corps to be altogether at the disposal of the Viceroy of Christ: the station of whose members should be wherever obedience sent them, whose battlefield should be the whole world, new and old. The man who came to

their college to learn like a lad seemed to Francis middle-aged: his dress was mean, he was worn and haggard with harshest penance, and he was grave and wrapt in the solitude of great thoughts. The fire of his zeal was not to be hidden: it consumed him. But at first the brilliant, successful young man of letters, fifteen years his junior, a University teacher at two-and twenty, keenly alive to his own talents, ambitious, perhaps, eager for applause and distinction—at first Francisco was by no means willing that Inigo's zeal should consume him also.

We are told he could not endure him: perhaps he liked him all the less that his bosom-friend, his intimate companion of six years, had fallen quickly under the influence of that master-spirit. Le Fevre had great talents, but Xavero was by far the more brilliant, and his own influence over his friend dwindled under that of the new-comer, whose gifts were hidden as carefully as his were displayed.

Francis, with youth in his hand, life at his feet, the world in his grasp, shrank instinctively from the reproof of those silent eyes

turned away for ever from all that fame and success had to offer.

It is certain that he resisted. Ignatius was determined to win him for something greater than himself: *he* was determined not to be won. Ignatius would not value him for the things for which he valued himself: and that provoked him. Ignatius insisted on seeing in him qualities much greater—and Xavier did not care about them.

Paris was a brilliant center of intellectual life, and Francis knew himself to be one of its most brilliant ornaments: Ignatius had no eye for ornament. Francis was content to become one of the most admired philosophical teachers of his age: Ignatius would see nothing less in him than one of the greatest missionaries of Christianity that any age had produced since that of the Apostles.

It was a hard struggle, and a long: on one side Francis and the pride of life: on the other Ignatius and God. With such protagonists the final result was sure.

One day the young professor had been lecturing on philosophy, with more than his wonted skill and genius, and more than ordi-



**ST. FRANCIS XAVIER PREACHING AND WORKING MIRACLES
IN INDIA. BY RUBENS.**

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nary applause. He was full of the delicious elation of success and recognition. He could not sit still, but paced about, aglow with youthful pride and pleasure. It was not mere vulgar vanity. His nature was eager, ardent, hopeful: he came of illustrious folk, and he had started with all the tiresome weight of poverty upon his back. To send him here to Paris his kind father had made sacrifices: now he was repaying them. His success was all the reward his family wanted at his hands. And, at an age when other young men were making nothing but debts, wasting themselves and their natural gifts in follies and faults, he was plucking the clean and honest fruit of academical honors.

With radiant face he walked swiftly up and down, his graceful frame and noble stature more erect, his proud footfall lighter than ever. * * * Fame hung on his arm, and whispered delightful promises into one willing ear. But Ignatius whispered into the other:

“And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

It is not hard to imagine how chill and

unwelcome such sombre reminder fell on the averted ear of the self-absorbed young courtier of success. Who cannot pity him? The words hit him with the deadening shock of a bullet. If we can feel for him, all his elation numbed in one overpowering moment, we may be sure Ignatius pitied him more. We are not to take for granted that he would in such a moment have spoken thus to everyone: but he knew his man better than the man yet knew himself. There is a knowledge of men that is almost devilish: that comes from a fiendish genius for perceiving the worst that there is in every man: that appraises everyone's price, and can tell with precise instinct the breaking point of temptation. Ignatius knew men because he knew God who made man. And Francis knew that the words Loyola had chosen were none of his own: behind him stood a more August Speaker. That was why he could not harden his heart.

An echo of the same Voice said: "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that shall lose his life for Me shall find it."

That had been the young man's ambition—life: to find it in rich fulness, not to slug it

away in nothings; to live for life itself. And now he was bidden to live for its Giver: to think not so much of the gift, imperial as it was, but of how to repay it.

No doubt he was troubled, disconcerted; to have all the centre of one's gravity thrust aside, pushed outside oneself in a moment—how hard a thing to agree to, how difficult to adapt oneself to!

With what unspeakable groaning Ignatius must have prayed for him! If it be true that Francis had been repelled by him, "could not endure him," we may be sure Ignatius knew it well enough. It only made his task the harder—but the task had to be done all the same. And it was done.

Rough and uneasy as the words had been, coldly unwelcome, Francis could not forget them. They were not to be ignored or made little of. He could not deceive himself: God was greater than himself: there could only be one success—to be what God meant him to be: only one failure—to be anything less, to be content with anything short of God, who offered Himself more sincerely than the world offered itself.

When he yielded he yielded altogether.

There were no half measures. Hitherto he had held aloof from the friendship between his own friend and Ignatius. Now he entered into it. With Le Fèvre and Loyola he spent hours in prayer, learning spiritual exercises, as an athlete learns *his* exercises; no man is born an athlete: it can come by training only. To him also now Ignatius slowly unfolded his ideas of the Society: presently there were seven of them: Ignatius of Loyola, Francis Xavier, Diego Laynez, Alfonso Salmeron, and Nicholas Alfonso de Bobadilla, all Spaniards: Simon Rodriguez, a Portuguese, and Pierre le Fèvre, a Savoyard. These seven took their first vows together on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, 1584, in the crypt of Our Lady's Church of Montmartre.

For over two years most of them remained in Paris, where Francis had taken his degree of Master in 1580. On November 15th, 1586, Francis and his companions set out for Italy: Ignatius had gone to Spain, but was to join them there, and they found him at Venice on their arrival at Epiphany-tide of 1587. Owing to the political disturbances of the time their journey had been slow and difficult. Ignatius

had three new recruits, the two brothers D'Eguia and Hosez. He himself remained in Venice, but sent them to Rome to Pope Paul III, from whom they readily obtained permission to go as missionaries to the Holy Land, and also authority to be ordained priests by any Bishop, on satisfying him of their due qualification. Accordingly on their return to Venice, they and Ignatius were ordained. But war breaking out between Turkey and Venice, their scheme of proceeding to Palestine was checked, and they dispersed about various missionary work in Italy. Francis, after laboring in the hospitals at Venice, went with Bobadilla to Monfelicce and thence to Bologna. Ignatius was now in Rome and thither he summoned them: the draft rule was subscribed by all in April, 1589; in the following year it was approved by the Pope. King John III of Portugal had applied to the Pope for six Jesuits to go as missionaries to his dominions in the East Indies. Ignatius could spare only two and one of them falling ill, ultimately Xavier was chosen. He received the order to go on the 15th of March, 1540, and left Rome for Lisbon on the day following, after receiving

the Pope's blessing on his work. At Lisbon his exquisite sanctity and irresistible charm entirely won the King, and on his thirty-fifth birthday, the 7th of April, 1541, he sailed from the Portuguese capital for the Indies. The Governor of India, Martin Affonso de Souza, was on board, and offered him every accommodation and distinction suitable to his noble birth and exalted rank as Papal Nuncio for the Indies. But Francis refused everything except a few books and some badly needed clothing. He lived among the common sailors, amusing and interesting their hours of idleness, ministering to their needs of soul and body, and tending them with loving solicitude during an outbreak of scurvy. They adored him—and no wonder: all the grace and sweetness of his youth were his still, only lifted to a higher plane. With the "chords of a man, the strings of Adam," he wooed men for the Man of Men. After five long months, the happiest those poor sailors had ever known, they reached Mozambique, and wintered there, Francis himself laid low during part of the time by a heavy attack of fever. His patience and sweetness during illness were characteristic of his happy, unselfish nature. He seemed gayer than ever.

At last the long voyage began again: at Melinde Francis heard that Islam was weakening its hold: at Socotra he was saddened by the decay of Christianity: at neither place had he time to do anything. At last, thirteen months after leaving Lisbon, they reached Goa, on the 6th of May, 1542. There, with many tears the sailors had to part from their beloved friend and father: but he had won them to a greater Friend, and he left them to the loving care of a Father they had been careless of before.

PART II

At Goa his first act was to visit the Bishop, Dom Joao de Albuquerque, and present his credentials from the Pope and from the King: and obtain his cordial permission to work in the diocese. He began a mission at once: he, Papal Nuncio, as he was, himself walking through the streets ringing a little bell, and inviting all whose attention it attracted to come to the church for Christian doctrine: for five months he labored at Goa itself with extraordinary fruit, reforming many, and infusing new life and ardor into the faith of his

hearers. Then he turned to the coast, and labored with unremitting toil from Cape Comorin to the Paumbem Pass. The Paravas, a tribe engaged in the pearl fishery, had been converted, but had relapsed into paganism: among them he preached and toiled for more than a year, returning then to Goa in search of helpers for the mission. He went next to Travancore, where he founded nearly fifty Christian congregations, baptizing in one month ten thousand converts. He was no more a linguist than were the Galilean fishermen of the Day of Pentecost: but his hearers, like theirs, each in his own tongue understood from him the wonderful works of God. Then and to the end his labors were attested by miracles; even by the greatest miracle of all, the raising of the dead to life. Even had it not pleased God to signalize his Apostolic preachings and toils by miracles equal to those wrought by the first Apostles themselves, he would have been miracle enough himself. Even the heathen poet, long ago, knew that noble words have much more power when spoken by the noble: and who could resist the speech of such lips as his?

He was a servant: what must his Master be? What must the Potter be who had made such a vessel?

He sent a missionary to the island of Manaar, and went himself to the island of Ceylon, where he converted to the faith of Christ the King of Kandy, with many of his people: and thence he passed on to Meliapur, as a pilgrim to the tomb of the Apostle St. Thomas, his great predecessor in the apostolate of the Indies. Arriving there in April, 1544, he stayed four months, always laboring at his work of a missionary. Then he went to Malacca, writing thence to King John of Portugal, urging him to repress the growth of Judaism at Goa, and to establish there the Holy Office. After a missionary journey to Amboyna and other islands of the Moluccas, he came back to Malacca, where he found three brother Jesuits from Europe awaiting him.

During this second visit to Malacca it happened that the Sultan of Atchin in Sumatra made an attack on it, and the Governor seemed little inclined to punish it; but Francis gave him no rest till an expedition was organized, and as it proved most successful, and the

assault on Malacca was signally chastised, the credit of Francis was much increased, and his labors were the more fruitful.

At Malacca was a Japanese exile, Han-Siro, who fell under the influence of the saint, and was altogether won by his irresistible attraction and spiritual power. St. Francis, in turn, caught from his convert's enthusiastic love of his native people a vehement desire to carry to them also the Light of Faith. After a round of visits to former scenes of his labors to confirm the infant congregations in their belief in and loyalty to Christ, Francis came a third time to Malacca and sailed thence for Japan, accompanied by Han-Siro, whose new name was Paolo della Santa Fede. After a voyage as full of perils as one of St. Paul's, they reached Kagoshima, in the island of Kiushiu, at the south of the Japanese archipelago. This was Han-Siro's birthplace, and he was warmly welcomed home by his friends, who gave a favorable ear to all he had to tell of his wonderful new master, Francis. The Daimio of Satsuma was friendly at first, too—out of policy, it seems, as anxious to secure Portuguese good-will with a view to advantages of trade.

But when he found that the merchant ships did not care for the anchorage there, preferring that of Firando, as safer, he showed how little his friendship was worth, forbidding the missionaries to preach and declaring that he would put to death any of his people they might convert.

Undismayed, Francis left the ships altogether and went *on foot* to Firando, where he preached with rich fruit: thence he boldly moved on to Mikado, afterwards called Kioto, the royal city of the Mikado himself. Here also he preached successfully, but the keen-eyed saint perceived that the real masters of Japan were then the great Daimios, and that more could be done by a round of missionary visits to their courts than in Mikado, and he took to the road again. He recognized, too, the difference between the Japanese and the people of India. There asceticism and holy poverty had for ages been the sign of a holy man and an illuminated teacher: here, in Japan, there was a certain simple childish love of pomp and magnificence. Accordingly, St. Francis, who knew that holy poverty itself is but a means to an end, not an end in itself,

presented himself at the court of the Daimio of Yamaguchi with some of the external state befitting a Papal Envoy, and brought handsome gifts—as a Pontifical Ambassador at home would do on presenting credentials to a European potentate.

It was as he had foreseen: he was received well and allowed to preach, which he did with unfettered success. At Fucheo, capital of the territory of Dugo, he had still greater success—more than anywhere before.

Believing that the work he had begun in Japan his followers could now carry on, he turned his eager thoughts to the enormous empire of China, and determined to attack that huge dragon. In 1551 he left Japan in the “Santa Cruz” for Malacca, and talked over his tremendous project with the captain, Diego Pereira. His plan was to persuade the Viceroy at Goa to send an embassy to the Celestial Emperor, with Pereira as envoy, and himself as chaplain in the envoy’s train. Early in 1552 the “Santa Cruz” reached Goa, and there St. Francis did actually succeed in winning over the Viceroy to do what he wanted. The royal treasury contributed generously to

the expenses of the mission; private persons gave also, filled with admiration for the heroic zeal and courage of the saint. Pereira was appointed envoy, and St. Francis set sail from India on the 25th of April, 1552; to meet him at Malacca.

So far all seemed to have succeeded beyond hope; but human jealousies and human ambitions were at work, and now the untiring patience of the saint was to be tried to the full. Alvaro d'Ataide, Governor of Malacca, had a grudge of his own against Pereira, and he wanted to go to China as Portuguese Envoy himself. Francis, who knew his man, had hoped to forestall his jealousy by coming provided with a high dignity for Ataide himself, and had procured from the Viceroy his nomination as Captain of the Malaccan Seas. This was to be held in addition to his office of Governor. The Viceroy had also sent strict injunctions that St. Francis and his embassy were to be helped in every way: and severe penalties were threatened for disregard of these orders.

St. Francis now, too, for the first time produced his own high authority as Papal Nuncio.

All these years he had shown the brief to no one but the Bishop of Goa on his first arrival in India. Not for his own sake did he even now let it be known how great his dignity really was: all he wanted was to be free to carry to China, that enormous Empire lying in darkness, the light he had already borne to Japan. He went to the Vicar-General of Malacca and handed him his brief from the Pope as Nuncio of the Indies, bidding him warn the Governor that the penalty of excommunication was denounced by the Sovereign Pontiff himself against any one who should presume to thwart the work of conversion for which the Nuncio had been appointed. Ataide held to his policy of bluff, pretended to believe that Francis had forged brief and viceregal commission both, and stirred up the people against him. At length he gave on to a certain compromise: the embassy as such was not to proceed, Pereira was kept back, and though Francis and his companions were to go on, the crew of the "Santa Cruz" was packed with nominees of the Governor, in place of those who had originally voyaged with Pereira and Francis.

On the 16th of July, 1552, the "Santa Cruz"

set sail at last. St. Francis embarked, shaking the dust of Malacca from his shoes, as Christ had bidden his first Apostles do in those cities or towns where their work should be impeded. The Vicar-General asked him if he would pay a ceremonial visit of farewell to the Governor, but he answered that he would not—they should meet no more till the Day of Judgment, when Ataide would have to give account, not to him but to the Inexorable Judge of all men, for the hindrance he had tried to put in the way of the spread of the Gospel.

Francis was now forty-six years old: still young in heart and energy, with, to all human calculation, many years of life in front of him. If he had, indeed, been spared to reach to the allotted span of human life, to the three-score and ten years of the Psalmist, how great might have been the difference in the destiny of that ancient empire to whose conversion he was hastening! But, alas! the end was very near.

The *Santa Cruz* touched at Singapore, making only a brief stay there, during which Francis wrote letters to the authorities at Goa, and to his religious superiors at home. Then they sailed again, reaching Chang-Chuan be-

fore the end of August. This island, not very far from Canton, answered in some sort to the free-ports of later days: Europeans, forbidden to trade direct with China proper, used it as a meeting place and base. Almost immediately on his arrival Francis was attacked again by his old enemy, fever, and his illness was aggravated by his eagerness to get on and be at work: and by the unwillingness of the Portuguese to attempt the forbidden voyage to Canton, where he earnestly begged them to land him. At last he turned to the Chinese themselves and persuaded the skipper of a junk to give him a passage: he made every arrangement for re-embarking. Three whole months had been wasted in negotiation and by his illness, but at last he saw himself on the point of being carried to the door beyond which lay the great work to which he had devoted himself: then his sickness came back with greater virulence than ever: the fever held him in its relentless grip, and on the 2nd of December, 1554, he died. His death was as lovely as his life: the only regret he had in feeling its approach was that he could not do what he had meant for his Master. He died like a valiant general, cut off

by sickness at the opening of what had seemed about to be the great campaign of his life, without a blow struck, without a post taken. But the warrior's greatest campaign may mean that in which most lives are lost, most suffering entailed, often on those least concerned in the quarrel of those who made the war. In the campaign Francis was about to open, no lives were to be sacrificed, only souls saved. Perhaps the dying general cannot always say that he leaves to God the work he himself must leave undone: in the cold sincerity of death he may scarce take for granted that God is all on his side. Francis could. So he could die untroubled, unrepining.

At first he was buried hard by the wretched hovel in which he had ceased to breathe: but the holy body was not destined to lie there long. Presently it was carried back to Goa by way of Malacca, where, let us hope, the Governor beheld its arrival with tardy self-reproach. At Goa it still lies, incorrupt after more than three centuries and a half, in the magnificent shrine that the piety and veneration of the people raised over it. The Goanese have not been very consistent in their loyalty

to the Society of Jesus that gave them St. Francis Xavier: but his body has been and still is, after three hundred and fifty years, their proudest possession. By Paul V the saint was beatified in 1619, and three years later he was canonized by Gregory XV.

It is well known that for beatification and canonization miracles must be proved; in the case of Francis Xavier the only difficulty must have been which to choose: pages and pages would be filled by the mere epitome of them.

Like our Lord he gave sight to the blind; like Him he stilled the tempest and changed it to a great calm; when men were dying of thirst he healed their thirst; crowds of sick brought to him from all sorts of places, he restored to health. He raised the dead to life—some as they were being carried out to their burial, like the widow's son of Naim; others already buried, like Lazarus. He had the gift of prophecy and the gift of tongues.

Always gentle to others, his only cruelties were practised on himself. He scourged himself till the blood flowed in copious streams: denying himself first meat and wine, he would then indulge his palate not even with bread of



wheat, but only ate the meanest food that would keep life in his body to do what his soul bade it. Often when offering up the Ineffable Sacrifice body and soul were wrapt, so that in the sight of all who heard his Mass he was lifted visibly from the earth.

So little did he esteem himself that when writing to St. Ignatius, his religious superior, he would do it only on his knees.

In a brief hurried paper such as this, almost everything is lost: a long book is needful to do justice to such a subject. Only by intimate detail, the little lights and shadows, can a portrait such as that of Francis be drawn so as to live. The mere dry synopsis of journeys, the bald statement of a result here, a trial and a difficulty there, can give no notion of what a man this was: how tender, and how sweet; how brilliant and gifted, how humble and how wise. One must read his letters to understand what Francis was like—his genius, his patience, his indomitable courage, his hopefulness; his readiness to begin any work when he heard the summons "*Magister adest et vocat te;*" his readiness to leave it to others when the same

Voice called him away to another work in another place.

From his letters one divines his subtle charm, his nobility. To almost everyone he was irresistible. He had all the graciousness of his namesake of Sales; an even more human tenderness and gift of sympathy. Sinners could not help loving him—no one could.

For three centuries and a half he has quitted this earth for the heaven to which he had belonged long before he saw its Gates of Pearl; but his spirit is alive here still. His death only made him a more universal possession of the living. He gave himself from the world to the Society of Jesus, and the Society of Jesus has given him to the world again. He is a treasure of the Universal Church.

The mother of the Gracchi had no jewels and showed her children; the Church, robbed here and there, if the world should leave her penniless, would smile still and point to hers: "Here are my jewels!"

Nor are her heirlooms relics only of ancestral ages. Century by century she adds to their number, while the oldest are never lost.

Heresy and schism produce no saints. Protestantism, beginning most disreputably, has never attained a height greater than respectability: sanctity remains one of the Four Privileges of the Church.

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